SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XVIII SEPTEMBER 1895 No. 3

A HISTORY OF THE LAST QUARTER-CENTURY IN THE UNITED STATES

BY E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS

"ANYTHING TO BEAT GRANT"

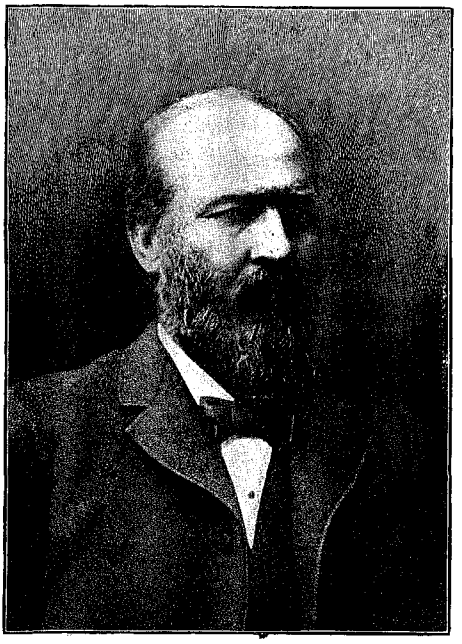
THE THIRD TERM AGITATION
BEGINNINGS OF CIVIL SERVICE REFORM
THE SANBORN CONTRACTS
OVERTHROW OF THE WHISKEY RING
BRISTOW'S GREAT WORK
GARFIELD NOMINATED
CONKLING CONCILIATED
BLAINE IN THE CABINET
DEFECTION OF THE STALWARTS
ASSASSINATION OF GARFIELD

MR. HAYES'S very honorable administration neared its end and the presidential campaign of 1880 approached. Spite of the wide unpopularity of resumption, spite of the hard times and the labor troubles, the party in power was now in far better condition to win than it had been in 1876. The Republicans therefore had no dearth of potential standard-bearers. Returning from a remarkable tour around the world, General Grant became, in 1880, a candidate for a third-term nomination. There is reason to think that Grant himself did not greatly desire this, but was pushed forward by Senator Roscoe Conkling, of New York, to insure the defeat of James G. Blaine, of Maine, whom Conkling not merely disliked but hated. Conkling was now in effect Republican dictator in his State. Its delegation to the convention was hence expected to be a unit for Grant, in which case it would form a good nucleus for the third-term forces. Don Cameron, of Pennsylvania, and General John A. Logan, of Illinois, like Conkling, strongly favored Grant, securing for him, not without some contest, the delegations from their respective States. Mr. Blaine had great strength in the West and considerable elsewhere. Senator Edmunds was the cynosure of a knot of Independents, mostly Eastern men. Sherman's masterful handling of the Treasury brought him also into prominence, almost into popularity, as a candidate.

General Grant was now more than ever a hero. He had recently visited every prominent court and country on the globe. The Emperors of Germany and Austria, the Czar, the Queen of Great Britain, the Sultan, the Pope, the Kings of Belgium, Italy, Holland,

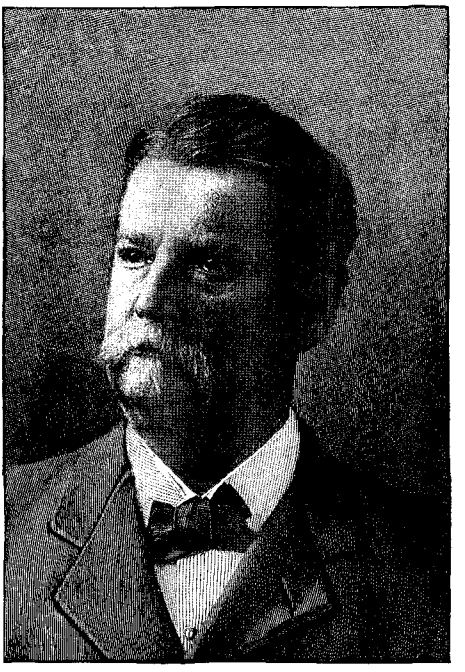
Copyright, 1895, by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



James A. Garfield.

After a photograph by Bell—the last picture made before the assassination.



Winfield S. Hancock.

Sweden, and Spain, the Khedive of Egypt, the Emperor of Siam, the Mikado of Japan, the Viceroy of India, and with them a host of the world's most distinguished statesmen, soldiers, and literary men, had vied with one another in rendering the ex-President's progress from land to land a continuous ovation. No human being in all history had ever received such honors. The ex-President's self-possession amid all this pomp, his good sense and sturdy maintenance of simple, democratic manners, impressed everyone. Some who had opposed him in 1876 now wished him elected, on the ground that four so honorable years in private station justified renewed promotion, while not transgressing the unwritten law against a third term.

So formidable did Conkling's movement for Grant become that the opponents of the two rallied to the war-cry, "Anything to beat Grant." About this time the superstitious were stirred by Mother Shipton's prophecy,

"The world to an end will come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one."

An anecdote was told of a preacher who dwelt upon the impending cataclysm, urging his hearers by all means to be prepared. While he was describing the peril an earnest voice from the congregation ejaculated, "Thank God!" The minister sought out the possessor of the voice and asked why he was thankful for a prospect at which most men shuddered. "Anything to beat Grant," was the answer. A determined sentiment hostile to the ex-President's candidacy found expression in the resolutions of the Republican Anti-third-term Convention, held in St. Louis on May 6th. These resolutions declared against the Grant movement as likely to revive the memory of old scandals, and certain, if successful, to introduce personal government and to hinder civil service reform.

PROGRESS OF CIVIL SERVICE REFORM

MANY a reader whose memory does not reach back to those times no doubt wonders at this dislike toward Grant, so general and so deep-seated, not only among the Democrats but within his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

own party. We have now reached a point in our narrative, the close of President Hayes's term, where we can explain this phenomenon more satisfactorily than was possible earlier. Under Hayes the systematic prostitution of our public offices for partisan and private purposes was, if not definitely ended, so discouraged that it has never since recovered. In this those years form an epoch. The spirited and all but successful effort to make Grant the Republican candidate in 1880 impressed this contrast strongly upon the public mind, rendering the review of his presidential career before and during the campaign more critical and severe than would ever have occurred otherwise.

Ever since the days of President Jackson, in 1829, appointments to the minor federal offices had been used for the payment of party debts and to keep up partisan interest. Though this practice had incurred the deep condemnation of Webster, Clay, Calhoun, and all the best men in public life, it did not cease, but prevailed more and more. So early as 1853 pass examinations had been made prerequisite to entering the civil service, but the regulation had amounted to nothing. The honor of being the first to make a systematic endeavor against this abuse belongs to the Hon. Thomas A. Jenckes, a representative in Congress from Rhode Island between March, 1863, and March, 1871. Beginning in 1865, Mr. Jenckes, so long as he continued in Congress, annually introduced in the House a bill "to regulate the civil service of the United States." Early in 1866 Senator B. Gratz Brown, of Missouri, also undertook to get the "spoils system" superseded by the "merit system." No success attended these efforts.

James A. Garfield.
Before entering college—from a daguerreotype by Ryder.

In 1870–1871 reform in the civil service almost became an issue. It was one of the three cardinal principles of the Liberal Republicans, was an item in the "New Departure" made by the Democrats that year, received compliments, more or less sincere, from politicians of all stripes, and in 1872 was recognized for the first time in all the party platforms. On March 3, 1871, an act was passed authorizing the President, through a commission to be appointed by himself, to ascertain "the fitness of candidates as to age, health, character, knowledge, and ability, by examination," and to prescribe regulations for the conduct of appointees. The President that year appointed a commission, with George William Curtis for chairman. On December 19th he sent a message to Congress, transmitting the report of the commissioners, together with the rules submitted by them in relation to the appointment, promotion, and conduct of persons filling the offices covered by the law.

These rules provided that each applicant should furnish evidence as to his character, health, and age, and pass a satisfactory examination in speaking, reading, and writing the English language. Positions were to be grouped and graded according to the nature of the work, admission to the civil service always introducing the candidate to the lowest group. Public competitive examinations were to be instituted, and a list of examinees made up and kept on record, with the order of their excellence. Each appointment was to be made from the three leading eligibles. Admission to a group above the lowest could be had only by one of three candidates from the next lower grade who stood highest in a competitive examination. An applicant for a place of trust where another officer was responsible for his fidelity could not be appointed without the approval of such officer; and postmasterships yielding less than two hundred dollars a year were not placed under the rule. With some exceptions, notably of postmasters and consuls, appointments were to be probationary for a term of six months.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Best of all the regulations presented was the following: "No head of a department or any subordinate officer of the Government shall, as such officer, authorize or assist in levying any assessment of money for political purposes, under the form of voluntary contributions or otherwise, upon any person employed under his control, nor shall any such person pay any money so assessed." Higher officials and some others were, however, excepted from the operation of this rule.

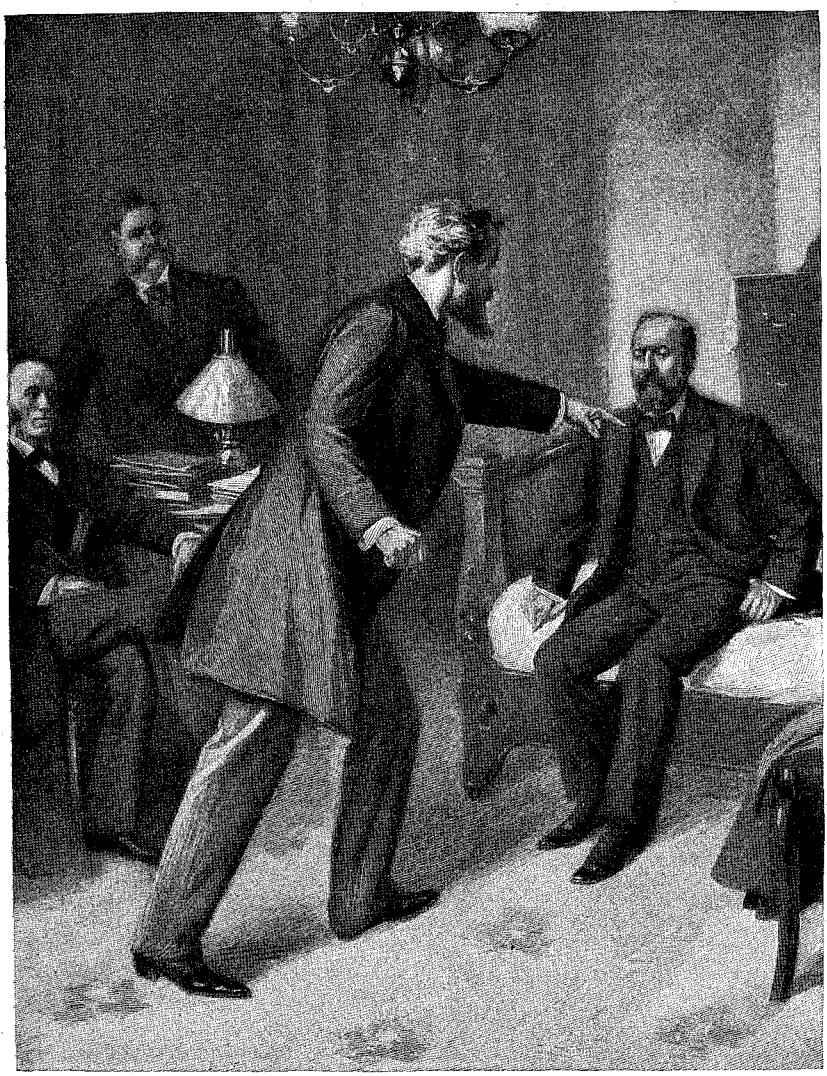
President Grant reported that the new methods "had given persons of superior capacity to the service;" yet Congress, always niggardly in its appropriations for the commission's work, after 1875 made no appropriation at all, so that the rules were perforce suspended. Ardor for spoils was not the sole cause of this. Many friends of reform thought the new system, as it had been begun, too stiff and bookish, too little practical; nor could such a view be declared wholly mistaken. Intelligent labor-leaders, it was found, usually opposed the reform in that shape, as it would exclude themselves and all but the most favored of their children from public office.

Roscoe Conkling.

Unfortunately, the President cared as little as Congress for a pure civil service. This was everywhere apparent. During Grant's double term the spoils system was suffered to invade every branch of the Government. The odium heaped upon carpet-bag rule at the South was all along due in large measure to its corruption. By their influence and example the white federal office-holders misled the negro officers, State and National, and the voters as well, to regard office as the legitimate prey of the party triumphant on election-day. At the North, no less, appointments in answer to political wire-pulling were the regular order of the time. "Work!" said an office-holder in 1870; "I worked to get here: you don't expect me to work now I am here?" *Harper's Weekly* for March 21, 1874, said: "No recent political event is comparable in the excitement it has caused to the appointment of the Boston collector" (Simmons, Butler's friend, late of Maine). "The situation every day forces upon the most unwavering Republicans the question, When will it be necessary for our honor as men and patriots to oppose the party?" Simmons had been condemned by the Massachusetts Republican Convention for unendurable officiousness as a political boss. Federal offices were needlessly multiplied. In March, 1871, a custom-house appraiser was appointed at Evansville, Ind. He informed "his Senator" and the Secretary of the Treasury that his office was a sinecure, writing "his other Senator" soon after that it ought to be abolished. He was removed and a more contented incumbent appointed. "Yet," says the ex-appraiser, "there could be no charge of neglect or incompetency, for no officer was ever more faithful and diligent in drawing his salary than I was during those two years, and absolutely there was nothing else to do." In connection with offices where there were far weightier functions than drawing salaries, extravagance, carelessness, and corruption were exposed with damning iteration.

In 1871 the District of Columbia had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Platt. Arthur. Conkling. Garfield.

The Interview at the Riggs House.

been given a territorial government, with a Governor, a Board of Public Works, and a Legislature. The new territory lived too fast to live long, letting out contracts at exorbitant rates, so that they were bought up and sublet, sometimes again and again. It entered upon ambitious schemes of city improvement, which involved the District in a debt of nearly $21,000,000, whereas by law its debt was limited to $10,000,000. These and other evidences of wasteful administration led Congress, in 1874, to abolish the territorial system, and again assume direct control of the District.

INTERNATIONAL REVENUE SCANDALS

More notorious than the "Washington Ring" were the scandals connected with the collection of the revenues. Early in April, 1871, a meeting was held in New York to protest against the revenue and "moiety" laws; the latter adjective

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

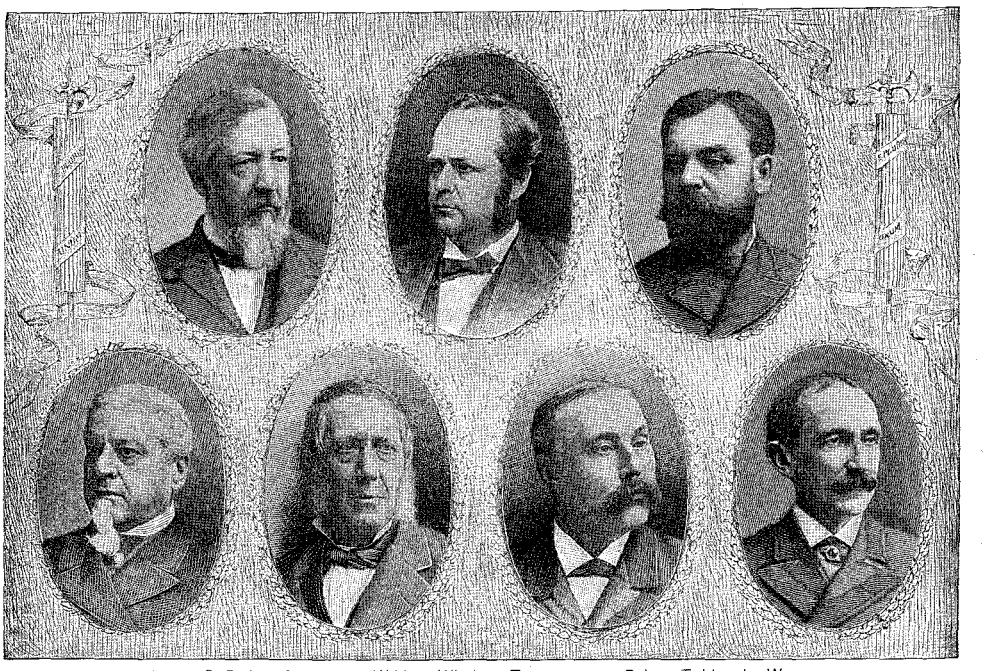
meaning that the law gave to a spy or informer one-half, or "a moiety," of the property forfeited to the Government by fraud discovered through such person's agency. Under these laws there were repeated instances of technical forfeitures and condemnation on the ground of constructive fraud, owing to some slight accidental mistake. The laws were often confused and self-contradictory, placing honest officials in danger of committing flagrant wrongs by the effort to execute their terms. A. T. Stewart is said to have been at one time liable to a forfeiture of $3,000,000 for an error of $300.

An informer intimated to a revenue official that an importer had defrauded the Government in the matter of duties upon imports. The official then obtained a secret warrant to seize the books and papers of the importer, which

H. L. Dawes, Mass. E. H. Rollins, N. H. J. P. Jones, Nevada. Roscoe Conkling.

"I declare to you, his friends, he will bite the dust."
Conkling's speech before the "Committee of Conciliation."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



James G. Blaine, State. William Windom, Treasury. Robert T. Lincoln, War.
W. H. Hunt, Navy. Thos. J. Kirkwood, Interior. T. L. James, Post.-Gen. Wayne MacVeagh, Att'y-Gen.

President Garfield's Cabinet.

was done. The contingent rewards of the informer were so enormous that every kind of intrigue, deceit, subornation, and blackmail was practised. In one case a man named Jayne, the most notorious of all the informers, received nearly $70,000 for his services. No wonder that he made the utmost of every clue. He used to say: "When I am fishing for trout I don't throw away chubs." He was charged with downright blackmail, for which the power to seize private books and papers gave him exceptional opportunity. He and his like sought to stigmatize the entire mercantile class in the importing cities. The terror in which the house of Phelps, Dodge & Co. was long kept by the spies and agents of the Government would be incredible to most of our citizens now. It was a system which would not have surprised people in Naples, but it was revolting to Americans. "Every clerk might become an informer. The Government stealthily put its hand into every counting-room, as the Church through its agents surreptitiously knew every secret of the household." Vicious as it was, not until June 18, 1874, was a law passed putting an end to the moiety abuse with its lucrative espionage and other iniquities.

About this time public wrath was aroused by the exposure of the "Sanborn Contracts," made in 1872, between the Hon. William A. Richardson, then Acting Secretary of the Treasury, subsequently promoted to Mr. Boutwell's seat in the Cabinet, and Mr. John D. Sanborn, giving Sanborn the right to collect for the Treasury, "share and share alike," taxes which were already collected by regular officers of the Government. Such officers were not only directed not to interfere with Mr. Sanborn but bidden to co-operate with him. By March, 1874, less than two years, this profitable arrangement had paid Sanborn over $200,000. Morally indefensible as it was, it seems to have been legal. A House committee examined into the case and reported that three persons, Richardson, Secretary of the Treasury, the Assistant Secretary, and the Solicitor of the Treasury "deserved severe condemnation for the manner in which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they permitted this law to be administered." The committee recommended repealing the law and the annulment of contracts made under it. Mr. Richardson's resignation was soon after reluctantly accepted by the President, and his nomination to the Court of Claims confirmed with equal reluctance by the Senate. Hon. B. H. Bristow, of Kentucky, succeeded him in the Treasury.

DOWNFALL OF THE WHISKEY RING

The new Secretary at once bent his attention to reorganizing and improving the customs and internal revenue service. His fearless removals and searching investigations, however, soon stirred the venomous hostility of various corrupt cliques which had been basking on the sunny side of the Treasury. There were the instigators of the Safe-Burglary frauds, the Seal-Lock frauds, and the Subsidy frauds, besides jealous, chagrined, and corrupt officials; but, most formidable of all, and in a sense at the head of all, was the Whiskey Ring. It was patent from statistics that the United States had, by 1874, in St. Louis alone, lost at least $1,200,000 of revenue which it should have received from whiskey, yet special agents of the Treasury set to work from time to time had failed to do more than cause an occasional flurry among the thieves. The guilty parties were somehow always effectively forewarned and forearmed against any effort to punish or identify them. The ring seemed to have eyes, ears, and hands in every room of the Internal Revenue Department, in the Secretary's office, and even in the Executive mansion.

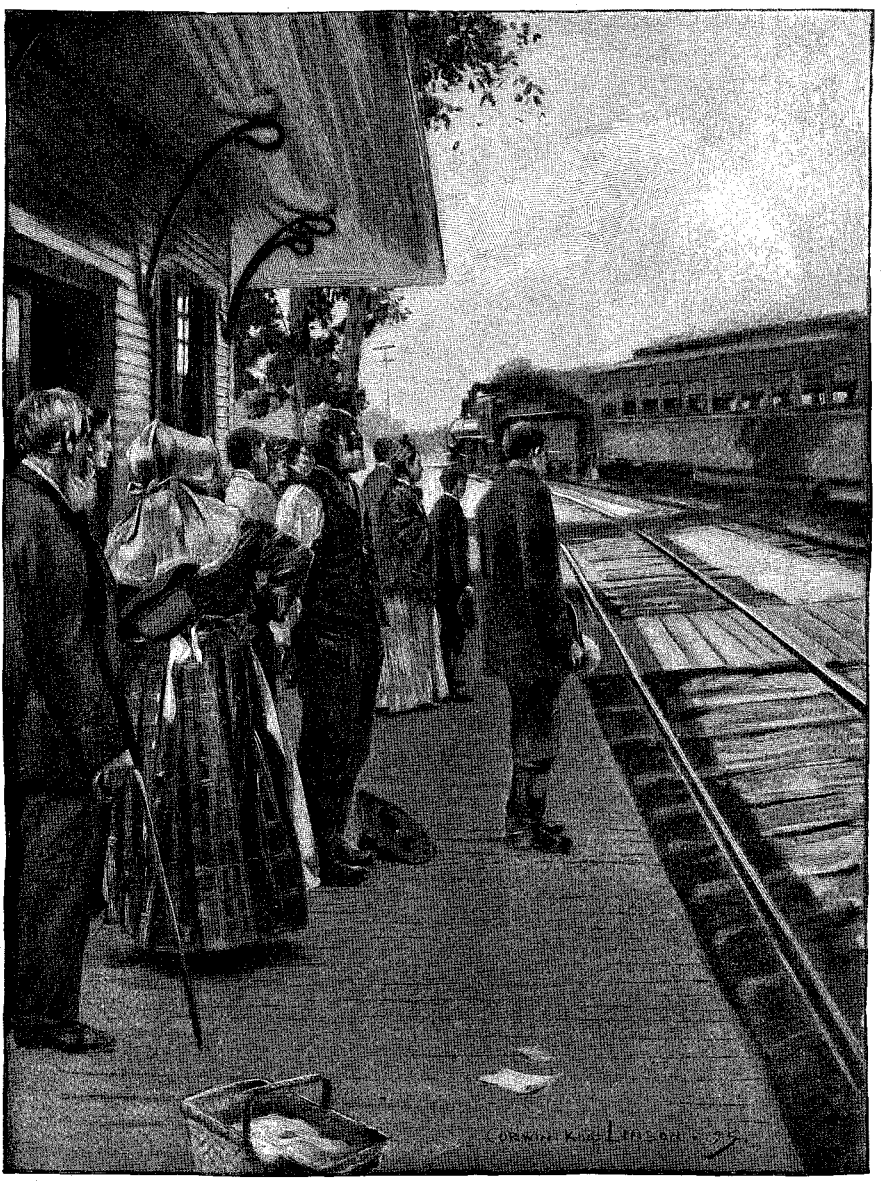
The Whiskey Ring was organized in St. Louis, when the Liberal Republicans there achieved their first success. It occurred to certain politicians to have the revenue officers raise a campaign fund among the distillers. This idea the officers modified later, raising money in the same way *for themselves*, and in return conniving at the grossest thievery. As it became necessary to hide the frauds, newspapers and higher officials were hushed, till the ring assumed national dimensions. Its headquarters were at St. Louis, but it had branches at Milwaukee, Chicago, Peoria, Cincinnati, and New Orleans, and an agent at Washington. A huge corruption fund was distributed among gaugers, storekeepers, collectors, and other officials, according to a fixed schedule of prices. Subordinate officers were not merely tempted to become parties, but were obliged to do so on penalty of losing their places. Honest distillers and rectifiers were hounded with false accusations and caught in technical frauds, till their choice seemed to lie between ruin and alliance with the ring. One or two persons peculiarly persistent were assaulted and left for dead. They besought the Government for speedy relief, threatening, unless it was granted them, to expose the corrupt intimacy between the Internal Revenue Bureau and the ring. So potent had the organization grown that the politicians persuaded Grant, "for the party's sake," to countermand, though he had at first approved, Bristow's order directing a general transfer of supervisors, as such transfer would have thrown the thieves' machine wholly out of adjustment.

At length, upon the recommendation of Mr. George Fishback, editor of the *St. Louis Democrat*, the reform Secretary appointed Mr. Myron Colony, of St. Louis, a special agent to unearth the frauds, with the co-operation of Bluford Wilson, the Solicitor of the Treasury. One of the conditions upon which Mr. Colony accepted his grave and difficult charge was that of perfect secrecy. The first plan was to ascertain by means of detectives the amount of grain carted into the distilleries, with the amount of whiskey shipped to rectifying-houses or elsewhere, and to establish the fact of illegal nocturnal distillation — for the law allowed but one distillation every seventy-two hours.

S. B. Packard.

From a photograph by Vandyke, lent by Charles W. Boothby.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Scene at a Station on the Pennsylvania Railroad as the Garfield Ambulance Train Passed on its Way to Elberon.*

* On September 6th, the President was removed to Elberon, N. J., in a specially designed car, the bed being arranged so as to minimize the jolting. It was an extremely hot day and the train went very fast, the President sending a message to the engineer to increase the speed. At the stations and in the fields knots of people congregated to watch the passage of the train, instinctively removing their hats as it came into sight.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

President Garfield's Remains Lying in State at the Capitol.

This effort the guilty parties discovered and opposed, midnight combats taking place between the burly detectives and ruffians hired to fight them. That line of attack was finally abandoned, not, however, till valuable evidence had been secured.

The next move was as follows: Under pretext of gathering commercial statistics, a work which, as financial editor of the *Democrat* and as Secretary of the St. Louis Board of Trade, Mr. Colony had often done, and could, of course, do without suspicion, he obtained at landings and freight depots copies of bills of lading that showed all the shipments of staple articles, including whiskey, to or from St. Louis, Chicago, and Milwaukee. The record gave the names of the shippers and the consignees, the number of gallons and the serial number—never duplicated—of the revenue stamps on each and every package. The discrepancies between these way-bills and the official records furnished to the Internal Revenue Office showed conclusively the extent of the frauds and the identity of the culprits. From July 1, 1874, to May 1, 1875, no less than $1,650,000 had been diverted from the Government till.

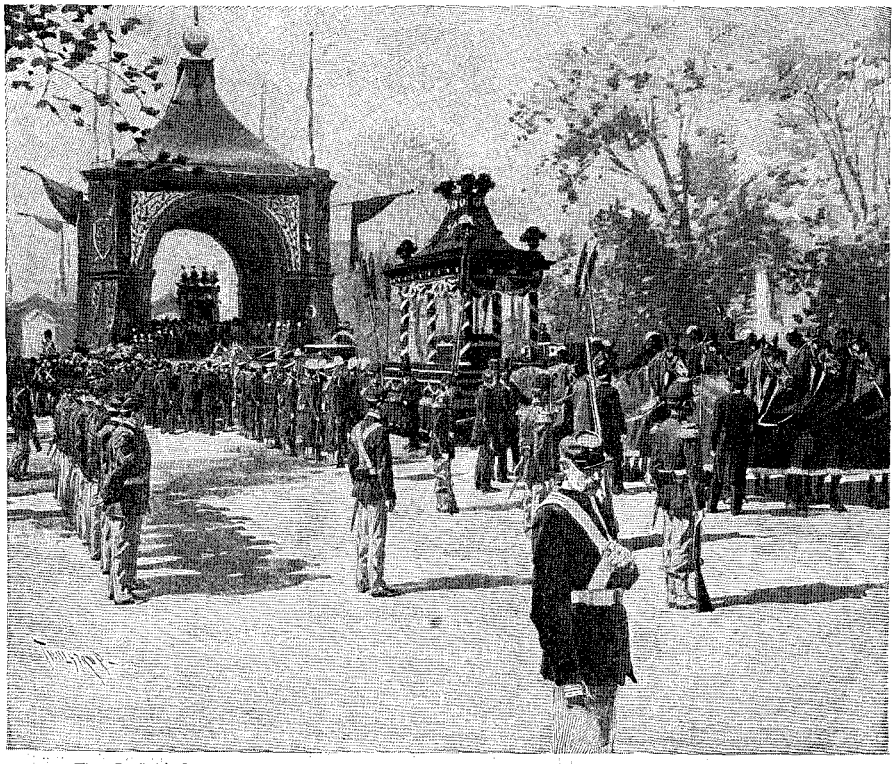
The illicit distillers lay quite still while the toils were woven around them. They were aware of the Secretary's enmity and cordially reciprocated it, but their suspicions had been lulled by his first retreat. Moreover, they felt that news of any proposed investigation would be sure to reach them from their official correspondents. They were not prepared for an investigation conducted in the main by private citizens, and kept secret from the Department, which was in more intimate alliance with them than with its own chief or with the people whom he was serving. When little remained but to unmask the batteries, a vague sense of uneasiness began to express itself in Congressional and other queries at the Internal Revenue Office—which was as blissfully ignorant as the ring itself—and later at the White House, where it was learned that investigation was indeed on foot. The investigators, too, were startled, after they had fixed Mon-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

day, May 10th, as the date for the *coup*, by learning of a telegram to St. Louis running, "Lightning will strike Monday! Warn your friends in the country!" It turned out that this telegram was from a gentleman who had been informed of the purpose to strike on that day, and had communicated it to a distilling firm in St. Louis hostile to the ring.

Its torpid writhings availed the monster nothing. Nor did the pious preparations that were at once made for a mere raid. The traps set with secrecy and patience were sprung simultaneously in St. Louis, Chicago, and Milwaukee. Records seized justified further arrests in nearly every leading city. Indictments were found against one hundred and fifty-two liquor men and other private parties, and against eighty-six Government officials, notably the chief clerk in the Treasury Department, and General Grant's Private Secretary, General O. E. Babcock. On the back of a letter from St. Louis making a charge or suggestion against Babcock, Grant had indorsed, "Let no guilty man escape." Five or six times in the progress of the case he said: "If Babcock is guilty there is no man who wants him proven guilty as I do, for it is the greatest piece of traitorism to me that a man could possibly practise." Still, Babcock's prosecutors complained of efforts made to transfer the case to a military court, to deprive them of papers incriminating the Private Secretary, and to prevent important testimony being given by informers on promise of immunity. All the prominent defendants were convicted save Babcock, but three of them were pardoned six months later. After his acquittal, Babcock was dismissed by the President.

In the spring of 1876 the dauntless Secretary Bristow assaulted the California Whiskey Ring, but here at last he was foiled. When the temperature



The Garfield Funeral Car about to Start from the Public Square, Cleveland, O., for the Cemetery.
After a photograph by Ryder.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rose to an uncomfortable degree, a Senator demanded, and in spite of the Secretary secured, the removal of the more active government agents in that section. The retirement of Secretary Bristow followed soon after. With him went Solicitor Wilson, Commissioner Pratt, and Mr. Yaryan, chief of revenue agents. The Treasurer and the First and Fifth Auditors of the Treasury also resigned. The whole course of proceedings was embarrassed by misunderstandings with the President, who was misled into the belief that his own ruin and that of his family was sought by the investigators, especially by Bristow, who, it was whispered, had designs upon the Presidency. The President broke from these maligners more than once, but there was enough in the press, in the popular applause with which the prosecution was hailed, and in the conduct of the trials, to renew his suspicions, to hinder the prosecution of the St. Louis Ring, and finally to unseat the anti-machine Secretary himself.

Great credit was due to the press for its assistance in discovering and exposing these frauds. Notwithstanding exaggerations and errors here and there, laying faults at wrong doors, its work was simply magnificent. As the New York *Times* had exposed the "Tweed Ring," so to the St. Louis newspaper men was due, in large part, the glory of bringing to light the Whiskey Frauds. As in so many other instances, the press had proved the terror of unclean politicians and the reliance of the people. In those times and in the course of such complicated investigations, it was inevitable that libels should occur and do harm. Naturally, and perhaps justifiably, Congress undertook to remedy this ill by amending the law of libel. The debate over the measure was in great part composed of philippics against "the licentious newspaper." The licentious newspaper retaliated in the teeth of the law, which was christened the "Press-Gag Law." The enactment, too much resembling the old "Sedition Law," was universally unpopular, contributing not a little to the Democratic victories of 1874. Judge

The Anti-Chinese Riot of 1880, in Denver, Col.*

* The publication of the "Morey Letter" (see p. 283) stirred up a general anti-Chinese feeling, particularly through the West. On October 31, 1880, a mob attacked the Chinese quarter in Denver, and were only driven back when the firemen turned the stream from their hose on them.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Poland, of Vermont, the chief sponsor for it, was defeated in this election, and as a further consequence of it, in the Forty-fourth Congress, first Session, in 1875, the National House of Representatives, for the first time since the Civil War, had a Democratic majority. It was seventy strong, and elected Honorable Michael C. Kerr Speaker.

George H. Pendleton.

NOMINATION OF GARFIELD

AFTER the revelations now described the movement to elect Grant President for a third term was sure to awaken bitter opposition in his own party. The story of his second term, which might have been left for posterity to extract from the records as best it could, was vividly recalled to memories which had never fully lost it, being rehearsed in a thousand newspapers, now piecemeal, now in whole chapters, till all intelligent people were perfectly familiar with it.

Harris M. Plaisted.

The Republican Convention met at Chicago on June 2d. Conkling, who had charge of the Grant canvass, sanguine of carrying the Convention but fearing a "bolt" afterward, introduced the following disciplinary resolution, which was passed by a vote of 719 to 3:

"*Resolved*, As the sense of this Convention, that every member of it is bound in honor to support its nominee, whoever that nominee may be, and that no man should hold his seat here who is not ready to so agree."

An effort was made to expel the three recalcitrants, but it proved abortive. The rule requiring State delegations each to vote as a unit, which had been assailed at the Cincinnati Convention of 1876, was now definitively abandoned. This gift of a voice to minorities in State delegations lopped off ninety votes from Grant's constituency, which was a great victory for his opponents. It was in effect another blow against the Grant cause when Mr. Flanagan, of Texas, uttered the memorable query, "What are we here for if it isn't for the offices?"

The State of New York had seventy votes in the Convention. Knowing that they would all be needed if Grant were to win, Conkling had gotten the New York Convention to instruct the delegation to vote as a unit for the nominee desired by the majority. But nineteen of them, led by Conkling's opponent in New York Republican politics, William H. Robertson, refused to obey this mandate and voted for Blaine. The first ballot showed Grant in the lead, with Blaine a close second, and they maintained this relative position through thirty-five consecutive ballots. The thirty-fourth ballot called attention to James A. Garfield, who received seventeen votes, fifteen more than any preceding ballot had given him. He had been somewhat prominent in the Convention, having charge of Sherman's cause, and being, in some sense, the leader of all the forces opposed to Grant, but scarcely anyone had dreamed of his being nominated. It having now become plain that the New York split must defeat Blaine and Grant alike, the bulk of the Blaine and Sherman delegates, under instructions from their chiefs at Washington, went over to Garfield. Conkling's old guard of 306 delegates, remaining steadfast to the last, rendered him too confident, and he was outgeneralled. The stampede gave Garfield 399 votes, twenty-one

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more than were needed to make him the choice of the Convention. The second place upon the ticket being conceded to a Grant man, Conkling named for Vice-President Chester A. Arthur, the same whom Hayes had deposed from office. "Garfield and Arthur" was, therefore, the ticket.

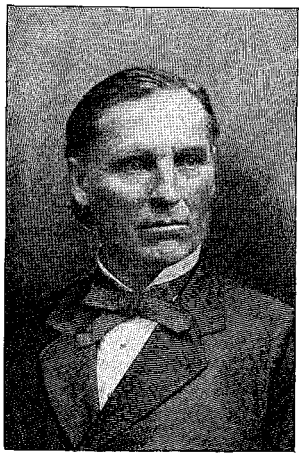
The country hailed the presidential nomination with extreme satisfaction. Blaine, in spite of his defeat, hastened to send Garfield his congratulations, but Conkling sulked, cursing the nineteen rebellious New York delegates, and vowing eternal vengeance upon Robertson in particular. Grant's phalanx, which had stood solid for him from the first, alone failed to partake of the general enthusiasm.

GENERAL HANCOCK NOMINATED BY THE DEMOCRATS

THE Democratic Convention assembled at Cincinnati on June 22d. Mr. Tilden could, no doubt, have had the nomination had he signified his willingness to accept it, but his friends were wholly ignorant of his wishes until just as the Convention met, when he wrote declining renomination. On the third ballot the delegates nominated the hero of Gettysburg, the brave and renowned General Winfield S. Hancock, of Pennsylvania.

The two parties were at this time best classed as "the ins" and "the outs." Though not exactly one upon the fading issue of intervention at the South, or upon that of "incidental protection" *versus* a "tariff for revenue only," neither these issues nor any others were kept steadily in sight during the campaign. The Republicans had not yet wearied of reminiscences, while the Democrats nursed their party fealty by calling Hayes "the fraud President." On the people at large the ceaseless repetition of this phrase had not the slightest effect, particularly after the publication of the "cipher despatches," which involved certain Democratic leaders in attempts, pending the Hayes-Tilden controversy, to bribe electors representing doubtful States.

The Republicans' platform charged Democrats with "a supreme and insatiable lust of office," yet their own *devoir* to civil service reform they paid only as an after-thought, amid the jeers of delegates. To detach the Republican reform vote, the Democratic platform made three distinct allusions to that subject, indorsing a general and thorough reform, "execrating" the course of the administration in using offices to reward political crime, and promising "a genuine and lasting improvement in case of a change." The Republicans suspected the other party of coquetting with the Roman Catholic



Dorman B. Eaton.

John M. Gregory.

Leroy B. Thoman.

The Civil Service Commissioners Appointed by President Arthur.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Church, and urged an amendment forbidding State appropriations for sectarian schools; but both parties applauded public education and separation between Church and State. They were at one also in decided opposition to Chinese immigration. The pensioner was becoming conspicuous. Republicans boasted of paying annually more than thirty million dollars in pensions, and promised the old soldiers — sincerely, as events have shown—undiminished gratitude in future. They further declared against polygamy. The Democrats avowed themselves in favor of "free ships and a chance for American commerce on the seas and on the land;" also for gold, silver, and convertible paper money.

Though living issues were little discussed in the campaign, it was not wanting in warmth or movement. Republicans were incessantly "waving the bloody shirt," a Democratic phrase which became familiar at this time. The Democrats, as we have said, harped upon the "fraud" that they ascribed to the Electoral Commission which "counted out" Mr. Tilden. Incidentally, as election-day drew near, protection to home industry and restriction to Chinese immigration were more or less discussed, with, perhaps, considerable local effect, but the election was in no sense decided by either. Seizing upon a luckless utterance of General Hancock's, to the effect that the tariff was "a local issue," the Republicans took occasion to ridicule his ignorance of economic and political affairs. Garfield was accused of disreputable connection with the Credit Mobilier, and with the Washington Ring back in the seventies, but nothing worse than indiscretion was proved against him. Shortly before election-day Democratic politicians sowed broadcast *facsimiles* of a letter signed with Garfield's name, and representing him as so lovingly attached to "our great manufacturing and corporate interests" as to favor Chinese immigration until laborers should be sufficiently abundant to satisfy capital. This letter was proved to be a forgery, and one of the authors of it was sentenced to prison for eight years.

In 1878 Maine had surprised everyone by electing a Democratic governor, through a fusion of Democrats with Greenbackers. After the next annual election, acting as a Canvassing Board, professedly under the law, this governor, Garcelon, and his Council, proceeded in the most approved Louisiana style to "count in" a Democratic legislature. This course contravened the judgment of the State Supreme Court. It was not upheld by public opinion, either in the State or elsewhere, not even by Democratic opinion, unless as a species of "poetic justice." Most fatal of all, the new Legislature was unsupported by the State militia, upon which, as no federal troops were at command, devolved, during the interregnum, the charge of keeping order. The fusionists, therefore, gave up in discouragement. But in the State election of the presidential year, in September, renewed success came to them. Their candidate, Harris M. Plaisted, was elected Governor, spite of the Republicans' activity under the personal lead of Mr. Blaine.

CONKLING AND GRANT TAKE THE STUMP

Until this reverse in Maine most supporters of Grant had sulked, but they did so no longer. The "strike" was now declared "off," and all the available resources of the party called into requisition for the election of Garfield. Persuaded by Grant, Conkling himself took the stump, working for the nominees with all his might. Popular audiences found his eloquence irresistible. No man did more than he to carry the important State of New York. He took Grant with him throughout the State, exhibiting him for five-minute speeches, while he himself made long orations. This occasioned much comment, but probably "did good." Conkling and his supporters deemed his agency decisive of the result in the nation as well as in New York, and considered President Garfield as under the deepest obligation on this account. Hancock swept every Southern State. Garfield carried every Northern one except New Jersey, Nevada, and Califor-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nia. For the first time in our history the presidential electors were all chosen by popular vote, and for the first time their votes were counted as cast.

Thus the victory was won for Garfield and Arthur. It was not obtained, however, without employing, to some extent, illegitimate means. At a dinner in honor of Hon. S. W. Dorsey, Vice-President Arthur, in a vein of pleasantry, remarked that the Republicans had been victorious in Indiana by a liberal use of "soap." After the election discreditable exposures were made respecting contributions by government civil servants to the Republican campaign-fund.

But if machine politics had much to do with Garfield's election, machine politics no more determined it than intimidation and fraud solidified the South for Hancock. Garfield had a highly honorable record—literary, military, and civil. From a mule-boy on the tow-path of the Ohio Canal between Cleveland and Marietta—which rough life, it seems, bade fair for a time injuriously to affect his character—he had risen to a college presidency and to the Senate of Ohio, all before the war. Entering the service early, he rose rapidly in rank—as he deserved, for no civilian commander had proved a better soldier. His martial quality came out at Middle Creek, at Shiloh, and preeminently at Chickamauga, where his gallant and meritorious services made him a major-general. At Chickamauga, when the right wing of Rosecrans's army was in full retreat, leaving to its fate the left, under General Thomas, Garfield, through a fiery storm of shot, fatal to most of his escort, had ridden back to acquaint Thomas with the state of affairs, encourage him, and arrange for the safe re-formation of the Union forces on a new line. Entering Congress in December, 1863, he at once became a leader, serving with distinction on the most important committees, a power in debate and on the stump, eloquent, sensible, patriotic—not, indeed, an adroit politician, but no little of a statesman. While in Congress he probably had a more thorough acquaintance with important public questions than any other man in official life. His firm and decisive stand for honest money when a formidable faction in his party was for fiat greenbacks has already been alluded to in this History. That his State made him its Senator, and his country made him its President, were in nowise mere accidents.

Hancock's record, too, was altogether spotless and proud. A West Point graduate and a patriot to the backbone, brevetted for gallantry at Contreras and Churubusco, at the front whenever he could possibly get there in every serious engagement of our army in Virginia during the entire Civil War, always a fighter, the bravest of the brave, the cause of Union victory at Gettysburg if any one man could be so called, Hancock, at the time of his nomination, came before the public as perhaps the most consummate specimen of a mere military man in the whole history of the country. Grant said that Hancock's name "was never mentioned as having committed in battle a blunder for which he was responsible." Nor can any well doubt that Hancock would have made a successful President. Few, in fact, questioned this. It was his party that was distrusted. Had the Democracy held the place in public esteem which was accorded to the candidate, Hancock would almost certainly have been elected. As it was, Garfield's popular majority was trifling, though in the Electoral College he had 214 votes to Hancock's 155.

BLAINE MADE SECRETARY OF STATE

If it was Garfield's wish, as he again and again declared, to treat all stripes of the party alike, it is hard to understand what led him to select Blaine as Secretary of State in his Cabinet. The mere rumor of this purpose roused Conkling's utmost ire. Blaine and Conkling had long been openly and bitterly at feud. Their quarrel, beginning in empty trifles, had grown by incessant fanning until it menaced the party with fatal schism. Tried and wise friends of both besought Blaine not to accept the offered portfolio. Senator Dawes was one of these. He says: "I warned Mr. Blaine that if he entered the Cabinet

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRUTH.

THE WHOLE TRUTH, AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.

NO. 313. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1880. PRICE ONE CENT.

FIENDISH MURDER OF A GIRL.

DELLA TILESON CHOKED TO DEATH BY HER STEPSON'S HUSBAND.

She Meets Her Fate Calmly Seated upon Her Murderer's Lap—The Body Afterward Doubled Up and Put in a Trunk.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Oct. 22.—The facts of the murder by George Wheeler of Della Tileson, the sister of his wife, were telegraphed last night. The details of the tragedy are shocking, and it involves a most depraved relationship. Wheeler, who is about 35 years old, when he gave himself up to the police on the self-confessed charge of murder, narrated in detail the story of his crime and the motive.

THE FEMALE AS IT WAS.

Wheeler's wife is a year older than himself, and they were married in Lemon Grove, Tyler Co., Wheeler's father is a Second Advent Minister in Gorham, Maine. Della Tileson, his wife's sister, who was about 21 years old, went to live with Wheeler and his wife about three years ago, and occupied the upper room with them in New York, where they then resided.

Mrs. Wheeler ultimately discovered the relations between her husband and her sister, but for the sake of peace did not prosecute them, as a child was born to Della and subsequently a second. Both these died, and it is said, were killed by Wheeler.

APPEARANCE OF HAD FEATURES.

Wheeler left New York, having procured employment in this city, and his wife followed him. Della remained from a time somewhat later, when Wheeler's fortune was assumed, and it was finally arranged that Della should join him in San Francisco. Before months later Mrs. Wheeler also removed to this city. Richman had continued his attentions to Della in New York, and followed her to this city, and was in the range of Wheeler. He subsequently Richman as a partner and blackguard, and says that Della agreed with him.

The story as told in his own words is as follows:

THE DAY OF MURDER.

"She seemed to feel her distress very keenly, and begged me to run her home. She did not want to go with Richman, but such was his influence over her that his words not resist, although she said she would rather die than do it. Then she again asked me to take her home. I told her I would do so after dinner, but that I would come back to dinner. She said very well, and sat down in my lap. Then I placed one hand over her mouth, and pressed her breast with the other, and, she throwing her head back I placed my mouth over hers, and choked her to death. At first she tossed her feet up and down, and I held them, one by one, to close her eyes, which she did, and then she passed away.

DEVILISH DELIBERATION.

"When I found that she was dead I opened her mouth and, taking the ring which placed her in it, she was a virgin, I thought all, and I dressing up her legs and put her in without any trouble."

"Why did you place her in the trunk? Did you intend concealing?"

"No, I just intended Wheeler to never see her again. I just did not like the trouble he has and would be out of the way if Richman came into the room. I did not want him to see her. I carried my papers upstairs and took a little mark of here and in the evening came to the city prison. I feel exhilarated, and am glad I have done it. I am sorry for my wife, but not for the rest of them. I loved her better than my life. She was always true to me, while my wife was false.

WILLING TO DIE.

"They did not want to hang me before the city." "She did not want to do that, for she said, we did not have money enough. She said she preferred to die than also had responsible, which the three words, added the to kill her. I knew that it would not do to kill her, for I was afraid of her. I had rather not do it, but, then, I was afraid of a certain thing for a man of my age and healthy as I am, and for his money, but I would rather do that than a court scene rather, and I willingly had down my life for her. If I had known as much about prison then as I do now I would have taken my own life also and I would have done so, but I am willing to die and am to blame for it all. But I am willing to suffer and want to be hanged as soon as possible."

A Victim of Misplaced Confidence.

Henry Bedbrunt, aged 45 years, was arraigned in the Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday and confronted with Mr Walter Harvey, an Englishman, whom he is charged with having, in conjunction with one Thomas Hall, swindled out of £1,000 sterling. The prisoner, complaint was filed, and a check for £1,000, consisting three £500 notes and a check for £50, and books of the Scotch American and Australian Colonial Exchange Company, a number of coupons, and a letter from Hall to Harvey, dated Glasgow, Scotland, March 3, 1880, which the said Harvey received in this city from Bedbrunt on the 15th inst., and with a French Bank. Hall is now out the prisoner and his companion and visited a theatre together, and with them a man named Hall. The latter evening with them. Bedbrunt left the room for the purpose of getting some refreshments, and while he was absent Harvey missed the check. Bedbrunt was arrested and was held to bail in the sum of $1,000 to answer.

The Missing Steamer Jeannette.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Oct. 21.—The whaling ship Thrasher has arrived here from the Arctic Ocean. Starting on board the vessels of steam oil, 60 whale bone, 1,000 pounds of walrus, and 1,000 pounds of

GARFIELD'S POLITICAL DEATH WARRANT.

HIS INFAMOUS LETTER ADVOCATING THE INCREASED IMMIGRATION OF CHINESE CHEAP LABOR.

FAC SIMILE OF THE LETTER IN WHICH HE DECLARES HIMSELF ADVERSE TO THE LABORING MAN'S INTEREST, AND IN FAVOR OF THE EMPLOYERS' UNION—ADVISING THE EMPLOYMENT OF THE CHEAPEST LABOR AVAILABLE.

Personal and Confidential

House of Representatives.

Washington, D. C., July 25, 1880

Dear Sir,

Yours on relation to the Chinese problem came duly to hand.

I take it that the question I propose is only a question of private and confidential secretary, and individuals or Companys have the right to buy labor where they can get it cheapest.

We have a treaty with the Chinese Government which should be subsequently modified as our interests or abrogated by the action of the special Government, and I am not prepared to say that it should be abrogated, while our great manufacturing and corporate interests are concerned in the matter of Labor.

Very truly yours

J. A. Garfield

Hon. D. L. Morey

Eagleyon Orion

Fulton Mass.

LATEST NEWS FROM EUROPE.

THE ENGLISH HOME SECRETARY DECLINES TO SPEAK ON POLITICS.

Another Knot in the Dulcigno Net—A War Contractor Arrested—The Sultan Gets a Start.

LONDON, Oct. 22.—There is at Fulham, a suburb of London, a man named Mount Carmel Hermitage, who has been in the habit of receiving boys, and has now charge with a most indecent assault. Mr. Bond is built for Bath, and they took possession to-day.

The rules of the Manitoba Order are severe, and require complete severance from the party. A Scotchman, Mr. Gladstone, has been in the habit of receiving money from London in pounds and Brothers of the Order, and made farewell in the world, have no fear of an discharge of work of money and more free. A letter of the Duke of Norfolk is a member of the Order.

Will Not Speak at Present.

LONDON, Oct. 23.—Mr. William Vernon Harcourt, Home Secretary, received a deputation of 14 Liberals from Glasgow, who wished him to address a public meeting at that city. He promised to do so some future time, but on the present occasion he could not with propriety do so for political reasons.

Prosecution Wanted at Lemos.

LONDON, Oct. 22.—A dispatch was received at the Foreign Office from the British Consul to the Empress of Russia, stating that a case should be startling in Black Sea ports.

Last night a hostilities among the city of Zagreb, a southern despot of Italy and capital of Galicia. Considerable damage was caused to buildings and shipping in the harbor. No fires lost.

A Big Blaze.

BIRMINGHAM, Oct. 22.—A great fire this morning destroyed the entire manufactory occupied by Jones & Johnson and Smith & Nephew. The loss is heavy.

Robert the Devil to be Sold.

LONDON, Oct. 22.—M. C. Brown's three-year-old bay colt, Robert the Devil will be offered for sale at Newmarket on Wednesday next. A large reserve will be placed on him.

The Surrender of Dulcigno.

PARIS, Oct. 21.—The rumors have prevailed against the consul-general of the Turkish empire are quite contrary to the original. Dulcigno is surrender Dulcigno. The Porte has discovered the actions of the Albanian League, and determined to put a stop to them. Should it not be successful in the attempt.

The Russians surrender Dulcigno has returned with Montenegro on the Russian squadron and retained for Montenegro.

A Balloon Accident.

LONDON, Oct. 22.—The record of the series of balloon accidents was added to this morning by the fall of a balloon at Crystal Palace. The balloon was filled with an accident and the working at night is still going on the road where it drifted, after falling in the sea.

A Stormy Trip.

BRISTOL, Oct. 22.—The British merchant Agra, Captain Dobson, has been towed in here disabled. She left Bombay for Liverpool on the 2d inst., and encountered terrific storms of two weeks of north and south. Her decks, fore and aft, and bulwarks were smashed and cargo was damaged by her stormy weather.

Police Rest to Hurry.

LONDON, Oct. 21.—Mr. Lord drew only fifty pounds from the bank of Bond. The bribery and charge of stock. Secrecy have introduced a scheme for local reforms of the Irish Land Commission. They are also to be the Irish Land Commission.

Arrest of an Army Contractor.

BERLIN, Oct. 21.—The arrest of L. Wanchebsky, the well-known capitalist and promoter of the Rhine Bank in 1870, in connection with the army supply contract in the late War. Evidence is forthcoming of the fraud. It is believed that Wanchebsky has received £10,000 of £100,000 Prussia. M. Bueck, secretary of the Bank, has also been arrested. The Bank has been closed during the late War, but also been allowed all claims.

There is reason to believe that the Prussian Government particularly contemplate pressing evidence in the case of Wanchebsky, in view of their connection with the Berlin Bank.

A temporary safe conduct has been granted to Count Lucius Von Ardin to enable him to give evidence at Berlin.

A Reminder to the Sultan.

PARIS, Oct. 21.—It is announced from Vienna that, in view of the difficulties raised by the Porte, Admiral Seymour has received instructions to remain at Constantinople to remind the Sultan that the surrender of Dulcigno is expected.

General Clary and His Commissioners.

PARIS, Oct. 21.—General De Clary, it is said, has declined to receive the Commissioners sent to him by the Spanish Government against him on the trial of M. Ivon de Villargues, the writer of the letter to Paris, Minister of War saying that he intends to prosecute the whole affair.

Earthquake at Ojion.

MADRID, Oct. 21.—Several severe shocks of earthquake were felt in this vicinity on Wednesday.

Cable Chat.

BERLIN.—Prince Bismarck will hold a great council of war on December, at Cologne.

RAMORA.—Shocks of earthquake have occurred in several towns in this province.

BERLIN.—The yields crop of Roumania is the even greatest known for many years.

LIVERPOOL.—The British steamer Bohemian, Captain Dutton, sailed for Boston to-day.

RAMORA.—The Porte Commissioners have refused to a better case have entered the Montenegrin courts.

Fac-simile of the Front Page of the Copy of Truth Containing the "Morey Letter."

with the intent or hope of circumventing his rival, it would be fatal to him and to the administration of Garfield, and I expressed the opinion that it would be impossible for him to keep the peace if he took the office. He replied with frankness, and, I have no doubt, with entire sincerity, that it would be his purpose if he accepted the office to ignore all past differences, and so to deport himself in it as to force reconciliation. He said also that he could not agree with me, even if the effect should prove otherwise, that he should for that reason be debarred from the great opportunity, for which he felt himself qualified, to administer the Foreign Office on the broad and grand scale he did afterward undertake but was not permitted to perfect. I foresaw the rocks all too plainly, and advised him to remain in the Senate. But he determined otherwise and accepted the position."

Garfield and Blaine probably thought that Conkling's influence against them might be safely ignored (in which they proved not wholly right), considering him a very shallow man (wherein they were not wholly wrong). It is among William Winter's reminiscences that Conkling and George William Curtis once compared judgments touching poetry and oratory, each citing passages that seemed to him ideal. Conkling named Mrs. Hemans's "Casabianca," "The boy stood on the burning deck," etc., as his model poem, and some fine sentences from Charles Sprague as what suited him best in eloquence. It was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sprague, we recall, whose Fourth of July oration at Boston, in 1825, contained the smart period beginning: "Not many generations ago, where you now sit, circled by all that adorns and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind and the wild fox dug his hole unscared." Curtis, for eloquence, presented the following, from Emerson's Dartmouth College oration, delivered on July 24, 1838: "You will hear every day the maxims of a low prudence. You will hear that the first duty is to get land and money, place and name. 'What is this Truth you seek? What is this Beauty?' men will ask, with derision. If, nevertheless, God have called any of you to explore Truth and Beauty, be bold, be firm, be true. When you shall say, 'As others do, so will I. I renounce, I am sorry for it, my early visions; I must eat the good of the land, and let learning and romantic expectations go until a more convenient season;' then dies the man in you; then once more perish the buds of Art and Poetry and Science, as they have died already in a thousand thousand men."

This, Conkling thought rather tame

Conkling looked upon Blaine's promotion as nothing but a deliberate attempt to humiliate himself, and his friends concurred in this view. "Garfield, of whose great brain-power political sagacity formed no part, could not be made to see in the opposition anything but an attempt by dictation to trench upon his constitutional prerogatives in the choice of his own councillors, and all Blaine men agreed with him."

Bad was made worse when Garfield offered the post of Secretary of the Treasury to Charles J. Folger, of New York, not only without consulting Conkling but against Conkling's warm recommendation of Mr. Morton. That Mr. Folger declined the portfolio did not pacify Conkling. No man in the Cabinet represented Conkling, whereas, he and his friends thought that on account of his great service in the campaign all New York appointments, at least, should be filled by him from among his friends. Garfield, undoubtedly influenced by Blaine, would not consent to this. He was willing to do what he reasonably could to pacify Conkling, but he refused to renounce his constitutional privilege of personally selecting the men who were to aid him in discharging his arduous duties.

Shortly before the inauguration, in the spring of 1881, Senator Platt, who was politically and sympathetically in accord with his colleague, received the information that Mr. James had been selected for the position of Postmaster-General. Up to this time the two New York Senators had received assurances from the President-elect that the Empire State was to be favored with the portfolio of the Treasury Department, which was regarded as a more dignified and more influential position in every respect. As soon as Mr. Platt heard of the President's change of mind, he repaired at once to Chamberlain's, where he found Vice-President Arthur and Senator Conkling at breakfast. He broke the news to them. Arthur and Conkling at once left the table and all three repaired to the Riggs House, where Garfield had rooms. They received an audience without delay, and for over an hour Conkling stormed up and down the room, charging Garfield with treachery to his friends in New York and asserting that he was false to his party. Garfield sitting on the side of the bed listened in silence to the tirade, violent and unseemly as it seemed to all. Both General Arthur and Senator Platt subsequently declared that for invective, sarcasm, and impassioned eloquence this was the speech of Conkling's life.

On March 23, 1881, Conkling's dearest foe, Mr. Robertson, was nominated by the President as Collector of Customs at the Port of New York, the then incumbent, E. A. Merritt, being nominated for the post of consul-general at London. Both appointments were opposed by Conkling and his colleague, Mr. Platt, but in spite of this they were subsequently confirmed by the Senate. Conkling's ire grew into a frenzy. Sober Republicans were aghast at the chasm widening in the party. A committee of conciliation, consisting of five gentlemen representing different attitudes to the litigants, was appointed to try and harmonize them. Conkling met

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

these gentlemen to recount his wrongs. Says Mr. Dawes, who was chairman of the committee: "On that occasion he surpassed himself in all those elements of oratorical power for which he was so distinguished. . . . He continued for two hours and a half to play with consummate skill upon all the strings known to the orator and through all the notes from the lowest to the highest which the great masters command, and concluded in a lofty apostrophe to the greatness and glory of the Republican party and his own devotion to its highest welfare. 'And,' said he, 'I trust that the exigency may never arise when I shall be compelled to choose between self-respect and personal honor on the one side and the temporary discomfiture of that party on the other; but if that time shall ever come I shall not hesitate in the choice, and I now say to you, and through you to those whom it most concerns, that I have in my pocket an autograph letter of this President, who is now for the time being its official head, which I pray God I may never be compelled in self-defence to make public; but if that time shall ever come, I declare to you, his friends, he will bite the dust.'"

This letter proved to be one like the "My dear Hubbell" epistle mentioned below. It had been written in the course of the campaign to press collections from government officials and clerks for campaign expenses. President Garfield had retained a copy. His friends urged him to publish it forthwith, thus anticipating Conkling; and he, at first, consented, but Mr. Blaine dissuaded him. True to his threat, Conkling gave it out, but too late, so that it fell flat. The conciliation committee waited on the President to see if there was not some way by which he could consistently accord Conkling fuller recognition. Nothing came of the effort, as Conkling would be satisfied only by the President's utter neglect and humiliation of the Robertson faction in New York. Conkling was labored with again and begged to be magnanimous, but he would not yield a hair. Instead of placing the good of the party before his personal spite, he proposed to rule or ruin. "Should I do as I am urged," he said, "I should myself go under, and should be burned in effigy from Buffalo to Montauk Point, and could not be elected a delegate to a county convention in Oneida County." It is said that he did actually seek, later, an election to a convention in that county, but without success.

Republicans after the heart of Conkling and Arthur, constituting "the Prince of Wales's Party," now called themselves "Stalwarts," a term invented by Mr. Blaine, at the same time styling administration Republicans "Half-breeds." Those declining to take sides either way they dubbed "Jelly-fish." On May 16th, before Robertson's confirmation, the two New York Senators, Conkling and Platt, resigned their places, expecting the honor and indorsement of an immediate re-election. In this they were disappointed. Both were defeated in the New York Legislature by the administration or "Half-breed" Republicans. Mr. Conkling never again reappeared in politics. Mr. Platt, on the contrary, suffered only a temporary loss of influence. Disliked by a large section—perhaps a majority—of the New York Republicans, he still did not cease to be the determining factor in the fortunes of the party in his State. It is not unlikely that Mr. Bryce had Conkling and Platt in mind when, in his chapter upon "Rings and Bosses," he wrote: "There have been brilliant instances of persons stepping at once to the higher rungs of the ladder in virtue of their audacity and energy, especially if coupled with oratorical power. However, the position of the rhetorical boss is less firmly rooted than that of the intriguing boss, and there have been instances of his suddenly falling to rise no more."

Mr. James was well succeeded in the New York Post-Office by Mr. Pearson, who had been the Assistant Postmaster. Robert T. Lincoln, of Illinois, Secretary of War, was not well known, but the illustrious name of his father made the selection a popular one. He had supported Grant in the convention, and his appointment was an acknowledgment of the Logan faction. Of Mr. Kirkwood, Secretary of the Interior, it is sufficient to say that he was indorsed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by Carl Schurz, his predecessor in the department. Judge William H. Hunt was placed in charge of the Navy portfolio. He was an Old-line Whig, born in South Carolina, who had moved to Louisiana. Throughout the war he was a stanch Union man, and afterward a consistent Republican. He had been counsel for Governor Kellogg against McEnery in the famous Durell case, and also a candidate for the office of Attorney-General on the Louisiana State ticket with Packard. President Hayes made him a judge of the Court of Claims, a position which he held till he received this promotion from Mr. Garfield.

Wayne MacVeagh, of Pennsylvania, Attorney-General in Garfield's Cabinet, was universally respected for his high character and ability. Though a son-in-law of Simon Cameron, he was an Independent, and therefore, politically, no friend to either of the Camerons. William Windom, of Minnesota, the Secretary of the Treasury, the East suspected of monetary "unsoundness," but this occasioned little anxiety, as Garfield was well known to be perfectly trustworthy in this regard. Windom was immensely popular in the West because of his antagonism to "monopolies," some of which had already made themselves formidable and odious. By this time telegraph and railway lines had become consolidated and one or two "Trusts" had arisen.

GARFIELD'S ASSASSINATION

HARDLY had President Garfield entered upon his high duties when he was shot down by the hand of an assassin. This was only six weeks after the murder of Czar Alexander II. On the morning of July 2, 1881, the President entered the railway station at Washington, intending to take an Eastern trip. Charles J. Guiteau, a disappointed office-seeker, crept up behind him and fired two bullets at him, one of which lodged in his back.

The country already had a deep affection for Mr. Garfield, all except those immediately interested in party politics, and many of these, sympathizing with him against Conkling in the struggle that had arisen over appointments. Democrats honored him for his course in this business. The terrible misfortune now come upon him ostensibly in consequence of his boldness in that matter wonderfully endeared him to the popular heart. He was likened to Lincoln as another "martyr President." In all the churches throughout the North, often as the congregations met for worship, earnest prayers were offered for the President's recovery. In every city crowds watched the bulletin boards daily from morning till night to learn from the despatches constantly appearing the distinguished sufferer's condition. The bullet had pierced the tissues by a long, angry, and crooked course, leaving a wound that could not be properly drained. Spite of treatment by the most famous medical practitioners — whom, however, high authorities deemed somewhat fussy and irresolute in handling the case—blood-poisoning set in, and at length proved fatal. The President's hardy constitution enabled him to fight for life as few could have done. He languished on and on through weeks of dreadful suffering, till September 19th, when he died. The "sorrow was more world-wide and pathetic than ever before lamented a human being. In distant lands men bowed their heads. The courts of kings were clad in mourning. The parish bells of rural England tolled, and every American household was hushed with pain as if its first-born lay dead."

Guiteau had been by spells a politician, lawyer, lecturer, theologian, and evangelist. He pretended to have been inspired by Deity with the thought that the removal of Mr. Garfield was necessary to the unity of the Republican party and to the salvation of the country. He is said to have exclaimed, on being arrested: "All right, I did it, and will go to jail for it. I am a Stalwart, and Arthur will be President." His trial began in November and lasted over two months. The defence was insanity. The prosecution showed that the man had long been an unprincipled adventurer, greedy for notoriety; that he first conceived the project of killing the President after his hopes of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

office were finally destroyed ; and that he had planned the murder several weeks in advance.

The public rage against Guiteau knew no bounds. Only by the utmost vigilance on the part of his keepers was his life prolonged till the day of his execution. Sergeant Mason, a soldier set to guard him, fired into Guiteau's cell with the evident intention of applying to the assassin assassins' methods. The sergeant was tried by court-martial, dismissed from the army, deprived of his back pay, and sentenced to eight years in the Albany Penitentiary. Two months later, as they were taking the wretched Guiteau from jail to court, a horseman, dashing past, fired a pistol at him, the bullet grazing his wrist.

The prisoner's disorderly conduct and scurrilous interruptions of the proceedings during his trial, apparently to aid the plea of insanity, impaired the dignity of the occasion and elicited, both at home and abroad, comment disparaging to the court. Judge Cox threatened to gag the prisoner or send him out of court ; but as neither of these courses could be taken without infringing Guiteau's right to confront his accusers and to speak in his own behalf, the threats were of no avail.

Guiteau was found guilty on January 22, 1882. As the last juror signified his assent to the verdict the condemned man sprang to his feet and shrieked : "My blood will be upon the heads of that jury. Don't you forget it! God will avenge this outrage!" He was executed at Washington on June 30, 1882, and his skeleton is now in the Army Medical Museum in that city. The autopsy showed no disease of the brain.

Although it had no logical connection with the spoils system, the assassination of President Garfield called the attention of the country to the crying need of reform in the civil service. Through March, April, May and June, 1881, Washington streets were blockaded with office-seekers and political adventurers, bearing "testimonials" of their worth, seeking indorsers and backers and awaiting chances to "interview" the President himself. Contributors to the election fund were especially forward in demanding positions. The President's time and strength were wasted in weighing the desserts of this or that politician or faction of a State to control patronage there. All who had known him in the army, in Congress, or at home now made the most of such acquaintance.

We have seen that Hayes's administration marked in this respect, as in others, an immense improvement. Secretary Schurz in the Interior Department enforced competitive examinations. They were applied by Mr. James to the New York Post-Office, and, as a result, one-third more work was done with less cost. Similar good results followed the adoption of the "merit system" in the New York Custom-House after 1879. President Hayes also strongly condemned political assessments upon office-holders, but with small practical effect, as his effort lacked full legislative sanction or sympathy.

THE STAR ROUTE FRAUDS

But the corruption which had enjoyed immunity so long could not be put down all at once. During Hayes's last years, and thereafter, much public attention was drawn to the "Star Route" frauds. The Star Routes were stage-lines for carrying the mails in sections of the West where railroads and steamboats failed. In 1878 there were 9,225 of these Star Routes, for the maintenance of which Congress in that year appropriated $5,900,000. A ring, made up on the one hand of Democratic and Republican public men, some of these very prominent, and on the other hand of certain mail contractors, managed to increase the remuneration for service on 135 pet routes from $143,169 to $622,808. On twenty-six of the routes the pay-roll was put up from $65,216 to $530,319. The method was, first, to get numerously signed petitions from the districts interested, praying for an increase in the number of trips per week, and shortening the schedule time of each trip, get "estimates" from the contractors vastly in excess of actual cost for the service, get these estimates allowed at Washington, and then

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

divide profits between the "statesmen" and citizens interested in the "deal." Over some of these lines, it is asserted, not more than three letters a week were carried.

Attention was drawn to the Star Route matter before the close of Hayes's term, but exposure was staved off until Mr. James, "the model New York Postmaster," assumed the office of Postmaster-General." On May 6, 1881, Mr. James wrote Thurlow Weed: "Rest assured I shall do my whole duty in the matter of the Star Route swindlers. It is a hard task, but it shall be pushed fearlessly, regardless of whom it may involve."

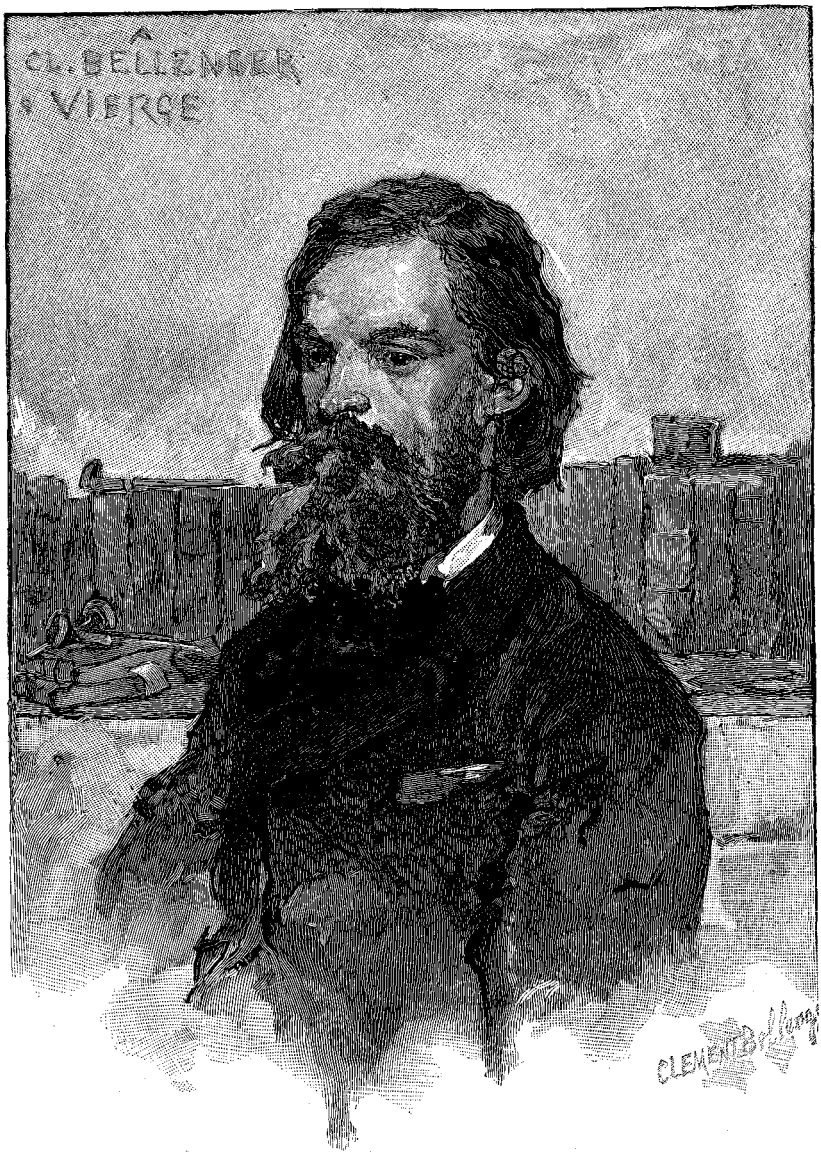
Thomas W. Brady, Second Assistant Postmaster-General, was a member of the ring. He threatened, unless proceedings were stopped, to publish a letter of President Garfield's written during the campaign. This he did. It was the famous "My dear Hubbell" epistle. The writer, addressing "My dear Hubbell," hoped that "he" (referring to Brady) "would give them all the assistance possible." According to Brady, this meant that he should, among other things, get money from the Star Route contractors. Garfield insisted that it was simply a call on Brady to contribute from his own pocket. In the next sentence of the letter, however, the presidential candidate asks: "Please tell me how the departments generally are doing." This will hardly bear any other construction than that of party extortion from the government employees, especially since this same Hubbell, as chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee, was later called to account by the reformers for levying two per cent. assessments upon the clerks—styled by him and his friends "voluntary contributions." Whether Brady's *tu quoque* availed him, or for some other reason, his trial was postponed and he was never convicted. Senator Dorsey, of Arkansas, was also arraigned, but, upon his second trial, in 1883, was acquitted. Indeed, of those prosecuted for fraud in connection with the Star Routes, only one was ever punished; and in this case the Government was in error, as the man was innocent.

The tragic fate of President Garfield, taken in connection with these and other revelations of continuing political corruption, brought public sentiment on Civil Service Reform to a head. A bill prepared by the Civil Service Re from League, and in 1880 introduced in the Senate by Senator Pendleton, of Ohio, passed Congress in January, 1883, and on the 16th of that month received the signature of President Arthur.

Renewing, in the main, the provisions adopted under the Act of 1871, it authorized the President, with the consent of the Senate, to appoint three Civil Service Commissioners, who were to institute competitive examinations open to all persons desiring to enter the employ of the Government. It provided that the clerks in the departments at Washington, and in every customs district or post-office where fifty or more were employed, should be arranged in classes, and that in the future only persons who had passed the examinations should be appointed to service in these offices or promoted from a lower class to a higher, preference being given according to rank in the examinations. Candidates were to serve six months' probation at practical work before receiving a final appointment.

The bill struck a heavy blow at political assessments, by declaring that no official should be removed for refusing to contribute to political funds. A Congressman or government official convicted of soliciting or receiving political assessments from government employees became liable to $5,000 fine or three years' imprisonment, or both. Persons in the government service were forbidden to use their official authority or influence to coerce the political action of anyone, or to interfere with elections. Dorman B. Eaton, Leroy B. Thoman, and John M. Gregory were appointed commissioners by President Arthur. By the end of the year the new system was fairly in operation. Besides the departments at Washington, it applied to eleven customs districts and twenty-three post-offices where fifty or more officials were employed.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Clément Bellenger.
Engraved by himself, from the painting by Vierge.

WOOD-ENGRAVERS—CLÉMENT BELLENGER

Clément Bellenger, born in Paris in 1851, made his first and only studies under the guidance of his brothers, both pupils of Lecoq de Boisbaudran at the "Petite École." We have already called attention, in our sketch of Stephane Pannemaker, to the sound character of Boisbaudran's teachings. It is to his honor that he should have brought out two of the foremost exponents of the art of wood-engraving in France, each a master, and yet both different—nay, thoroughly opposed to each other in the practice as well as in the theory of their art.

Pannemaker lets his pupils find a manner, a style of expression suited to each individually. Bellenger advocates above all things the mastery of a technique evolved from what is best in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

old masters of engraving. The former lets each pupil struggle on in his own way till, if he has what the French call "a temperament," he finds means of his own to express himself. The latter teaches the beginner nothing else but how to use his tools.

It might be said that Bellenger completed his artistic education under Daniel Vierge, in the days when the great illustrator was scattering his pearls with open hands in the weekly *Monde Illustré*. Vierge revolutionized engraving as he revolutionized illustration, and these two most popular branches of the graphic arts have borne, and will forever bear, the mark of his vigorous hand. A great engraver of our day, so great an artist in many branches that it would not be fair to class him solely as an engraver, Lepère, is through and through a pupil of Vierge. To him, to Bellenger, to scores of others, Vierge has opened new horizons of life and action, making them, not dull beasts of burden performing tasks of routine, but winged creatures of fancy and imagination.

Under that masterly influence Bellenger has learned the limitations as well as the possibilities of his art. Interpreting drawings which were made primarily for a given purpose—not painter's drawings, but illustrations, treated with great simplicity, with two or three intermediary values between the pure black and the pure white—Bellenger has felt that the greatest error of our epoch was in according to photography too great an influence in the reproductive arts. Wood-engraving, to a higher degree than phototype, photogravure, etc., is and must remain of all arts the art best suited to the book. And he deplores the perfecting of mechanical processes, which all tend to the complete imitation of originals made for other purposes than those of illustration—gray, finicky productions without accents, without relief, without color, which look so strangely dull by the side of the sharp black text. The reason why, in competition with mechanical productions, modern engraving has so lost popular favor, is that it has tried to resemble them too much. Engraving cannot give what photographic processes give. It can give something else, and something better. Why should it abandon the fundamental principle that there is a necessary homogeneity and harmony between the component parts of a whole; and that the book loses its unity, its decorative sense, its artistic character by juxtaposing to the text wood-engravings which look almost as fine and as gray as process engravings, and are therefore entirely lacking in the necessary typographic quality?

Moreover, Bellenger very justly points out that fineness is not delicacy; that engravings uniformly finished and polished are not delicate. For one who finishes everything equally ends by killing the dominant of a subject. Everything, even a *finesse*, must have its *raison d'être*.

The necessity of changing his method so as to adapt himself thoroughly to each subject, makes Bellenger, in a very large sense, a creator. His interpretation has to be so special in each case that he cannot have a fixed method, but must ever find novel means to express his subjects.

Bellenger's best work, besides his many engravings from the drawings of Vierge—the last of which are a series of illustrations for a novel, "Le Cabaret des trois Vertus," published in the *Revue Illustrée*—has been a number of reproductions from the charcoal compositions of Lhermitte, depicting "Rustic Life." These fine pages, which have won him the highest honors at exhibitions, suggested the idea of asking him to engrave, for the frontispiece to this number, a masterly charcoal study of the lamented Ulysse Butin. A comparison of this frontispiece with the engraving of his own portrait painted by his friend Vierge, will give the reader a fair idea of Bellenger's versatility, of his power of expressing thoroughly different individualities, and yet of adding to them, by his evident respect and love for them, a charm which they do not possess in the original. He clothes them in the wondrous garments which they need in order to harmonize with their new surroundings, the strongly contrasted black and white of type and paper.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AU LARGE

By Henry van Dyke

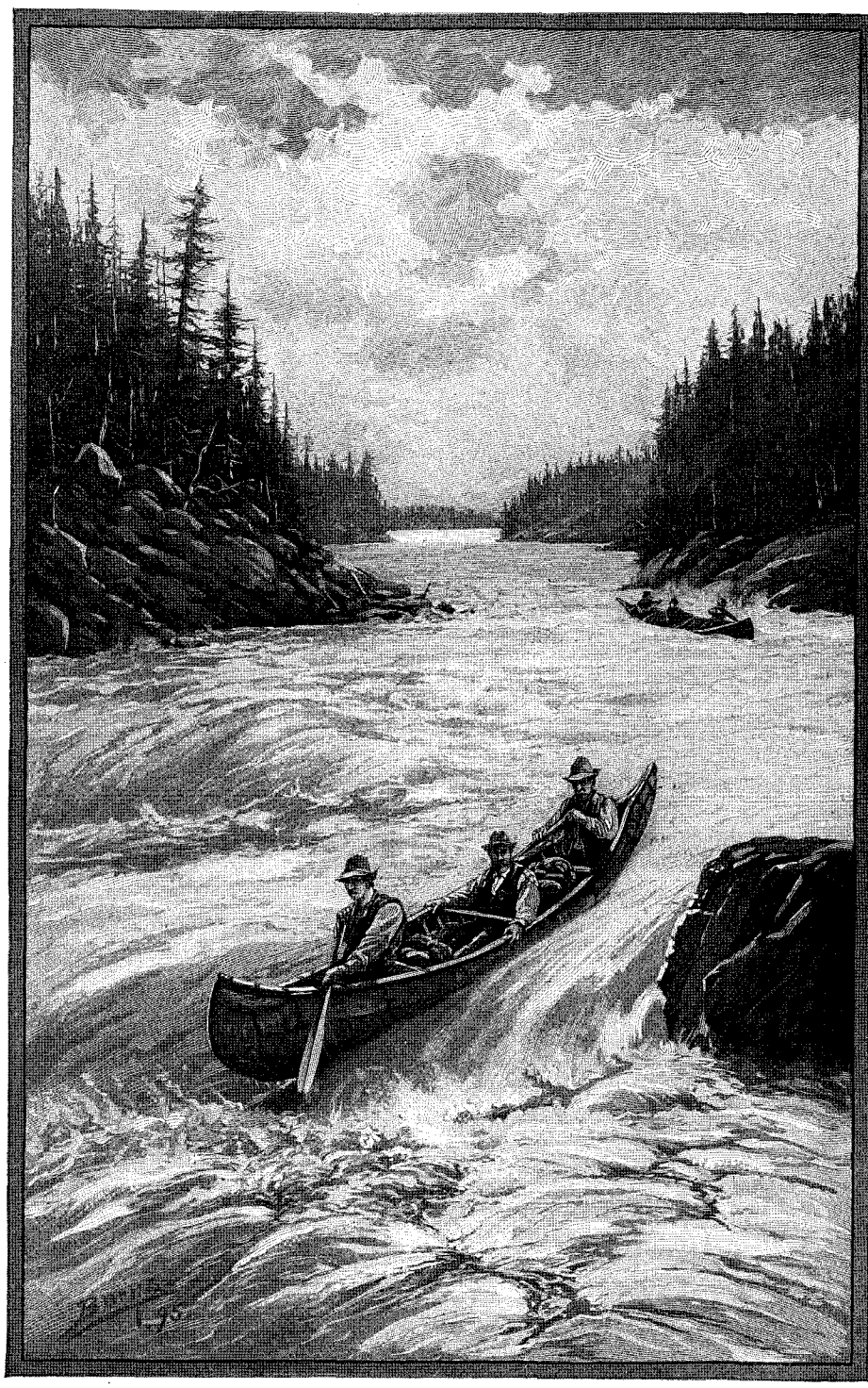
THERE is magic in words, surely, and many a treasure besides Ali Baba's is unlocked with a verbal key. Some charm in the mere sound, some association with the pleasant past, touches a secret spring. The bars are down; the gate is open; you are made free of all the fields of memory and fancy—by a word.

Au large! Envoyez au large! is the cry of the Canadian voyageurs as they thrust their paddles against the shore and push out on the broad lake for a journey through the wilderness. *Au large!* is what the man in the bow shouts to the man in the stern when the birch canoe is running down the rapids, and the water grows too broken, and the rocks too thick, along the river-bank. Then the frail bark must be driven out into the very centre of the wild current, into the midst of danger to find safety, dashing, like a frightened colt, along the smooth, sloping lane bordered by white fences of foam.

Au large! When I hear that word I hear also the crisp waves breaking on pebbly beaches, and the big wind rushing through innumerable trees, and the roar of headlong rivers leaping down the rocks. I see long reaches of water sparkling in the sun, or sleeping still beneath a cloudy sky between evergreen walls; and the gleam of white tents on the shore; and the glow of firelight dancing through the woods. I smell the delicate vanishing perfume of forest flowers; and the incense of rolls of birch-bark, crinkling and flaring in the camp-fire; and the soothing odor of balsam-boughs piled deep for woodland beds—the veritable and only genuine perfume of the land of Nod. The thin shining veil of the northern lights waves and fades and brightens over the night sky; at the sound of the word, as at the ringing of a bell, the curtain rises. *Scene, the Forest of Arden. Enter a party of hunters.*

It was in the Lake St. John country, two hundred miles north of Quebec, that I first heard my rustic incantation; and it seemed to fit the region as if it had been made for it. This is not a little pocket wilderness like the Adirondacks, but something vast and prim-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

itive. You do not cross it, from one railroad to another, by a line of hotels. You go into it by one river as far as you like, or dare; and then you turn and come back again by another river, making haste to get out before your provisions are exhausted. The lake it self is the cradle of the mighty Saguenay, an inland sea, thirty miles across and nearly round, lying in the broad limestone basin north of the Laurentian Mountains. The southern and eastern shores have been settled for twenty or thirty years; and the rich farm-land yields abundant crops of wheat and oats and potatoes to a community of industrious *habitants* who live in little modern villages named after the saints and gathered as closely as possible around big gray stone churches, and thank the good Lord that He has given them a climate at least four or five degrees milder than Quebec. A railroad, built through a region of granite hills which will never be tamed to the plough, links this outlying settlement to the civilized world; and at the end of the railroad the Hotel Roberval, standing on a hill above the lake, offers to the pampered tourist electric lights, and spring-beds, and a wide veranda from which he can look out across the water into the face of the wilderness.

Northward and westward the interminable forest rolls away to the shores of Hudson's Bay and the frozen wastes of Labrador. It is an immense solitude. A score of rivers empty into the lake; little ones like the *Pikouabi*, and middle-sized ones like the *Ouiatchouan* and *La Belle Rivière*, and big ones like the *Mistassini* and the *Peribonca;* and each of these streams is the clew to a labyrinth of woods and waters. The canoeman who follows it far enough will find himself among lakes that are not named on any map; he will camp on virgin ground, and make the acquaintance of unsophisticated fish; perhaps even, like the little girl in the fairy-tale, he will meet with the little bear, and the middle-sized bear, and the big bear.

Damon and I set out on such an expedition shortly after the nodding lilies in the Connecticut meadows had rung the noontide bell of summer, and when the raspberry bushes along the line of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway had spread their afternoon collation for birds and men. At Roberval we found our four guides waiting for us, and the steamboat took us all across the lake to the Island House, at the northeast corner. There we embarked our tents and blankets, our pots and pans, and bags of flour and potatoes and bacon and other delicacies, our rods and guns, and last, but not least, our axes (without which man in the woods is a helpless creature), in two birch-bark canoes, and went flying down the *Grande Décharge*.

It is a wonderful place, this outlet of Lake St. John. All the floods of twenty rivers are gathered here and break forth through a net of islands, in a double stream, divided by the broad *Île d'Alma*, into the *Grande Décharge* and the *Petite Décharge*. The southern outlet is small, and flows somewhat more quietly at first. But the northern outlet is a huge confluence and tumult of waters. You see the set of the tide far out in the lake, sliding, driving, crowding, hurrying in with smooth currents and swirling eddies, toward the corner of escape. By the rocky cove where the Island House peers out through the fir-trees the current already has a perceptible slope. It begins to boil over hidden stones in the middle, and gurgles at projecting points of rock. A mile farther down there is an islet where the stream quickens, chafes, and breaks into a rapid. Behind the islet it drops down in three or four foaming steps. On the outside it makes one long, straight rush into a line of white-crested standing waves.

As we approached, the steersman in the first canoe stood up to look over the course. The sea was high. Was it too high? The canoes were heavily loaded. Could they leap the waves? There was a quick talk among the guides as we slipped along, undecided which way to turn. Then the question seemed to settle itself, as most of these woodland questions do, as if some silent force of Nature had the casting-vote. "*Sautez, sautez!*" cried Ferdinand, "*envoyez au large!*" In a moment we were sliding down the smooth back of the rapid, directly toward the first big wave. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rocky shore went by us like a dream; we could feel the motion of the earth whirling around with us. The crest of the billow in front curled above the bow of the canoe. "*Arrête, arrête, doucement!*" A swift stroke of the paddle checked the canoe, quivering and prancing like a horse suddenly reined in. The wave ahead, as if surprised, sank and flattened for a second. The canoe leaped through the edge of it, swerved to one side, and ran gayly down along the fringe of the line of billows, into quieter water.

Everyone feels the exhilaration of such a descent. I know a lady who almost cried with fright when she went down her first rapid, but before the voyage was ended she was saying:

> Count that day lost whose low-descending sun
> Sees no fall leaped, no foaming rapid run.

It takes a touch of danger to bring out the joy of life.

Our guides began to shout, and joke each other, and praise their canoes. "You grazed that villain rock at the corner," said Jean; "didn't you know where it was?"

"Yes, after I touched it," cried Ferdinand; "but you took in a bucket of water, and I suppose your m'sieur is sitting on a piece of the river. Is it not?"

This seemed to us all a very merry jest, and we laughed with the same inextinguishable laughter which a practical joke, according to Homer, always used to raise in Olympus. It is one of the charms of life in the woods that it brings back the high spirits of boyhood and renews the youth of the world. Plain fun, like plain food, tastes good out-of-doors. Nectar is the sweet sap of a maple-tree. Ambrosia is only another name for well-turned flapjacks. And all the immortals, sitting around the table of golden cedar-slabs, make merry when the clumsy Hephaistos, playing the part of Hebe, stumbles over a root and upsets the plate of cakes into the fire.

The first little rapid of the *Grande Décharge* was only the beginning. Half a mile below we could see the river disappear between two points of rock. There was a roar of conflict, and a golden mist hanging in the air like the smoke of battle. All along the place where the river sank from sight dazzling heads of foam were flashing up and falling back, as if a horde of water-sprites were vainly trying to fight their way up to the lake. It was the top of the first *chute*, a wild succession of falls and pools where no boat could live for a moment. We ran down toward it as far as the water served, and then turned off among the rocks on the left hand, to take the portage.

These portages are among the troublesome delights of a journey in the wilderness. To the guides they mean hard work, for everything, including the boats, must be carried on their backs. The march of the canoes on dry land is a curious sight. Andrew Marvell described it two hundred years ago when he was poetizing beside the little river Wharfe in Yorkshire:

> And now the salmon-fishers moist,
> Their leathern boats begin to hoist,
> And like antipodes in shoes
> Have shod their heads in their canoes,
> How tortoise-like, but none so slow,
> These rational amphibii go!

But the sportsman carries nothing, except perhaps his gun, or his rod, or his photographic camera; and so for him the portage is only a pleasant opportunity to stretch his legs, cramped by sitting in the canoe, and to renew his acquaintance with the pretty things that are in the woods.

We launched our canoes again on the great pool at the foot of the first *chute*, a broad sweep of water a mile long and half a mile wide, full of eddies and strong currents and covered with drifting foam. There was the old camp-ground on the point, where I had tented so often with the Lady Ellen, fishing for *ouananiche*, the famous land-locked salmon of Lake St. John. And there were the big fish, showing their back fins as they circled lazily around in the eddies, as if they were waiting to play with us. But the goal of our day's journey was miles away, and we swept along with the stream, now through a rush of quick water, boiling and foam-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing, now through a still place like a lake, now through

> Fairy crowds
> Of islands, that together lie,
> As quietly as spots of sky
> Among the evening clouds.

The beauty of the shores was infinitely varied, and unspoiled by any sign of the presence of man. We met no company except a few kingfishers and a pair of gulls who had come up from the sea to spend the summer, and a large flock of wild-ducks, which the guides call "Betseys," as if they were all of the gentler sex. In such a big family of girls we supposed that a few would not be missed, and Damon bagged two of the tenderest for our larder.

In the still water at the mouth of the *Rivière Mistook*, just above the *Rapide aux Cedres*, we went ashore on a level wooded bank to make our first camp and cook our dinner. Let me try to sketch our men as they are busied about the fire.

They are all French Canadians of unmixed blood, descendants of the men who came to New France with Samuel de Champlain, that incomparable old woodsman and life-long lover of the wilderness. Ferdinand Larouche is our *chef*—there must be a head in every party for the sake of harmony—and his assistant is his brother François. Ferdinand is a stocky little fellow, a "sawed-off" man, not more than five feet two inches tall, but every inch of him is pure vim. He can carry a big canoe or a hundred-weight of camp stuff over a mile portage without stopping to take breath. He is a capital canoeman, with prudence enough to ballast his courage, and a fair cook, with plenty of that quality which is wanting in the ordinary cook of commerce—good-humor. Always joking, whistling, singing, he brings the atmosphere of a perpetual holiday along with him. His weather-worn coat covers a heart full of music. He has two talents which make him a marked man among his comrades. He plays the fiddle to the delight of all the balls and weddings through the country-side; and he speaks English to the admiration and envy of the other guides. But like all men of genius he is modest about his accomplishments. "H'I not spik good h'English—h'only for camp—fishin', cookin', dhe voyage—h'all dhose t'ings." The aspirates puzzle him. He can get through a slash of fallen timber more easily than a sentence full of "this" and "that." Sometimes he expresses his meaning queerly. He was telling me once about his farm, "not far off here, in dhe *Rivière au Cochon*, river of dhe pig, you call 'im. H'I am a widow, got five sons, t'ree of dhem are girls." But he usually ends by falling back into French, which, he assures you, you speak to perfection, "much better than the Canadians; the French of Paris in short—M'sieu' has been in Paris?" Such courtesy is born in the blood, and is irresistible. You cannot help returning the compliment and assuring him that his English is remarkable, good enough for all practical purposes, better than any of the other guides can speak. And so it is.

François is a little taller, a little thinner, and considerably quieter than Ferdinand. He laughs loyally at his brother's jokes, and sings the response to his songs, and wields a good second paddle in the canoe.

Jean—commonly called Johnny—Morel is a tall, strong man of fifty, with a bushy red beard that would do credit to a pirate. But when you look at him more closely you see that he has a clear, kind blue eye and a most honest, friendly face under his slouch hat. He has travelled these woods and waters for thirty years, so that he knows the way through them by a thousand familiar signs, as well as you know the streets of the city. He is our pathfinder.

The bow paddle in his canoe is held by his son Joseph, a lad not quite fifteen, but already as tall, and almost as strong, as a man. "He is yet of the youth," said Johnny, "and he knows not the affairs of the camp. This trip is for him the first—it is his school—but I hope he will content you. He is good, M'sieu', and of the strongest for his age. I have educated already two sons in the bow of my canoe. The oldest has gone to *Pennsylvanie*; he peels the bark there for a tanner. The sec-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ond had the misfortune of breaking his leg, so that he can no longer kneel to paddle. He has descended to the making of shoes. Joseph is my third pupil. And I have still a younger one at home waiting to come into my school."

A touch of family life like that is always refreshing, and doubly so in the wilderness. For what is fatherhood at its best, everywhere, but the training of good men to take the teacher's place when his work is done? Some day, when Johnny's rheumatism has made his joints a little stiffer and his eyes have lost something of their keenness, he will be wielding the second paddle in the boat, and going out only on the short and easy trips. It will be young Joseph that steers the canoe through the dangerous places, and carries the heaviest load over the portages, and leads the way on the long journeys.

It has taken me longer to describe our men than it took them to prepare our frugal meal: a pot of tea, the woodsman's favorite drink (I never knew a good guide that would not go without whiskey rather than without tea); a few slices of toast and juicy rashers of bacon, a kettle of boiled potatoes, and a relish of crackers and cheese. We were in a hurry to be off for an afternoon's fishing, three or four miles down the river, at the *Île Maligne*.

The island is well named, for it is the most perilous place on the river and has a record of disaster and death. The scattered waters of the Discharge are drawn together here into one deep, narrow, powerful stream, flowing between gloomy shores of granite. In mid-channel the wicked island shows its scarred and bristling head, like a giant ready to dispute the passage. The river rushes straight at the rocky brow, splits into two currents, and raves away on both sides of the island in a double chain of furious falls and rapids.

In these wild waters we fished with immense delight and fair success, scrambling down among the huge rocks along the shore, and joining the excitement of an Alpine climb with the placid pleasures of angling. At nightfall we were at home again in our camp, with half a score of *ouananiche*, weighing from one to four pounds each.

Our next day's journey was long and variegated. A portage of a mile or two across the *Île d'Alma*, with a cart to haul our canoes and stuff, brought us to the Little Discharge, down which we floated for a little way, and then hauled through the village of St. Joseph to the foot of the *Carcajou*, or Wild-cat Falls. A mile of quick water was soon passed and we came to the junction of the Little Discharge with the Grand Discharge at the point where the picturesque club-house stands in a grove of birches beside the big *Vache Caille* Falls. It is lively work crossing the pool here, when the water is high and the canoes are heavy; but we went through the laboring seas safely and landed some distance below, at the head of the *Rapide Gervais*, to eat our lunch. The water was too rough to run down with loaded boats, so Damon and I had to walk about three miles along the river-bed, while the men went down with the canoes.

On our way beside the rapids, Damon geologized, finding the marks of ancient glaciers, and bits of iron-ore, and pockets of sand full of infinitesimal garnets, and specks of gold washed from the primitive granite; and I fished, picking up a pair of *ouananiche* in foam-covered nooks among the rocks. The swift water was almost passed when we embarked again and ran down the last slope into a long dead water.

The shores, at first bold and rough, covered with dense thickets of second-growth timber, became smoother and more fertile. Scattered farms, with square, unpainted houses, and long, thatched barns, began to creep over the hills toward the river. There was a hamlet, called St. Charles, with a rude little church and a campanile of logs. The curé, robed in decent black and wearing a tall silk hat of the vintage of 1860, sat on the veranda of his trim presbytery, looking down upon us, like an image of propriety smiling at Bohemianism. Other craft appeared on the river. A man and his wife paddling an old dug-out, with half a dozen children packed in amidships; a crew of lumbermen in a sharp-nosed bateau, picking up stray logs along the banks; a couple of boat-loads of young people returning merrily from a holiday visit; a party of berry-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pickers in a flat-bottomed skiff; all the life of the country-side was in evidence on the river. We felt quite as if we had been "in the swim" of society, when at length we reached the point where the *Rivière des Aunes* came tumbling down a hundred-foot ladder of broken black rocks. There we pitched our tents in a strip of meadow by the water-side, where we could have the sound of the falls for a slumber-song all night and the whole river for a bath at sunrise.

A sparkling draught of crystal weather was poured into our stirrup-cup in the morning, as we set out for a drive of fifteen miles across country to the *Rivière à l'Ours*, a tributary of the crooked, unnavigable River of Alders. The canoes and luggage were loaded on a couple of *charrettes*, or two-wheeled carts. But for us and the guides there were two *quatre-roues*, the typical vehicles of the century, as characteristic of Canada as the *carriole* is of Norway. It is a two-seated buckboard drawn by one horse, and the back seat is covered with a hood like an old-fashioned poke-bonnet. The road is of clay and always rutty. It runs level for a while, and then jumps up a steep ridge and down again, or into a deep gully and out again. The *habitant's* idea of good driving is to let his horse slide down the hill and gallop up. This imparts a spasmodic quality to the motion, like Carlyle's style.

The native houses are strung along the road. The modern pattern has a convex angle in the roof and dormer-windows; it is a rustic adaptation of the Mansard. The antique pattern, which is far more picturesque, has a concave curve in the roof and the eaves project like eyebrows, shading the flatness of the face. Paint is a rarity. The prevailing color is the soft gray of weather-beaten wood. Sometimes, in the better class of houses, a gallery is built across the front and around one side, and a square of garden is fenced in, with dahlias and hollyhocks and marigolds, and perhaps a struggling rose-bush, and usually a small patch of tobacco growing in one corner. Once in a long while you may see a Balm of Gilead tree or a clump of sapling poplars planted near the door.

How much better it would have been if the farmer had left a few of the noble forest-trees to shade his house. But then, when the farmer came into the wilderness he was not a farmer, he was first of all a wood-chopper. He regarded the forest as a stubborn enemy in possession of his land. He attacked it with fire and axe and exterminated it, instead of keeping a few captives to hold their green umbrellas over his head when at last his grain-fields should be smiling around him and he should sit down on his doorstep to smoke a pipe of home-grown tobacco.

In the time of adversity one should prepare for prosperity. I fancy there are a good many people unconsciously repeating the mistake of the Canadian farmer—chopping down all the native growths of life, clearing the ground of all the useless pretty things that seem to cumber it, sacrificing everything to utility and success. We fell the last green tree for the sake of raising an extra hill of potatoes; and never stop to think what an ugly, barren place we may have to sit in while we eat them. The ideals, the attachments—yes, even the dreams, of youth are worth saving. For the artificial tastes with which age tries to make good their loss grow very slowly and cast but a slender shade.

Most of the Canadian farm-houses have their ovens out-of-doors. We saw them everywhere; rounded edifices of clay, raised on a foundation of logs, and usually covered with a pointed roof of boards. They looked like little family chapels — and so they were; shrines where the ritual of the good housewife was celebrated, and the gift of daily bread, having been honestly earned, was thankfully received.

At one house we noticed a curious fragment of domestic economy. Half a pig was suspended over the chimney, and the smoke of the summer fire was turned to account in curing the winter's meat. I guess the children of that family had a peculiar fondness for the parental roof-tree. We saw them making mud-pies in the road, and imagined that they looked lovingly up at the pendant porker outlined against the sky — a sign of promise prophetic of bacon.

About noon the road passed beyond the region of habitation into a barren

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

land, where blueberries were the only crop, and partridges took the place of chickens. Through this rolling, gravelly plain, sparsely wooded and glowing with the tall magenta bloom of the fireweed, we drove toward the mountains, until the road went to seed and we could follow it no longer. Then we took to the water and began to pole our canoes up the River of the Bear. It was a clear, amber-colored stream, not more than ten or fifteen yards wide, running swift and strong, over beds of sand and rounded pebbles. The canoes went wallowing and plunging up the narrow channel, between thick banks of alders, like clumsy sea-monsters. All the grace with which they move under the strokes of the paddle, in large waters, was gone. They looked uncouth and predatory, like a pair of seals that I once saw swimming far up the river Restigouche in chase of fish. From the bow of each canoe the landing-net stuck out as a symbol of destruction—after the fashion of the Dutch admiral who nailed a broom to his masthead. But it would have been impossible to sweep the trout out of that little river by any fair method of angling, for there were millions of them; not large, but lively, and brilliant, and fat; they leaped in every bend of the stream. We trailed our flies, and made quick casts here and there, as we went along. It was fishing on the wing. But when we pitched our tents in a hurry at nightfall on the low shore of *Lac Sâle*, among the bushes where firewood was scarce and there were no *sapins* for the beds, we were comforted for the poorness of the camp-ground by the excellence of the trout supper.

It was a bitter cold night for August. There was a skin of ice on the water-pail at daybreak. We were glad to be up and away for an early start. The river grew wilder and more difficult. There were rapids, and ruined dams built by the lumbermen years ago. At these places the trout were larger, and so plentiful that it was easy to hook two at a cast. It came on to rain furiously while we were eating our lunch. But we did not seem to mind it any more than the fish did. Here and there the river was completely blocked by fallen trees. The guides called it *bouchée*, "corked," and leaped out gayly into the water with their axes to "uncork" it. We passed through some pretty lakes, unknown to the map-makers, and arrived, before sundown, at the Lake of the Bear, where we were to spend a couple of days. The lake was full of floating logs, and the water, raised by the heavy rains and the operations of the lumbermen, was several feet above its usual level. Nature's landing-places were all blotted out, and we had to explore half-way around the shore before we could get out comfortably. We raised the tents on a small shoulder of a hill, a few rods above the water; and a glorious camp-fire of birch logs soon made us forget our misery as though it had not been.

The name of the *Lake of the Beautiful Trout* made us desire to visit it. The portage was said to be only fifty acres long (the *arpent* is the popular measure of distance here), but it passed over a ridge of newly burned land, and was so entangled with ruined woods and desolate of birds and flowers that it seemed to us at least five miles. The lake was charming—a sheet of singularly clear water, of a pale green tinge, surrounded by wooded hills. In the translucent depths trout and pike live together, but whether in peace or not I cannot tell. Both of them grow to an enormous size, but the pike are larger and have more capacious jaws. One of them broke my tackle and went off with a silver spoon in his mouth, as if he had been born to it. Of course the guides vowed that they saw him as he passed under the canoe, and declared that he must weigh thirty or forty pounds. The spectacles of regret always magnify.

The trout were coy. We took only five of them, perfect specimens of the true *Salvelinus fontinalis*, with square tails and carmine spots on their dark, mottled sides; the largest weighed three pounds and three-quarters, and the others were almost as heavy.

A couple of wandering Indians—descendants of the *Montagnais*, on whose hunting domain we were travelling—dropped in at our camp that night as we sat around the fire. They gave us the latest news about the portages on

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

our farther journey ; how far they had been blocked with fallen trees, and whether the water was high or low in the rivers—just as a visitor at home would talk about the effect of the strikes on the stock market, and the prospects of the newest organization of the non-voting classes for the overthrow of Tammany Hall. Every phase of civilization or barbarism creates its own conversational currency. The weather, like the old Spanish dollar, is the only coin that passes everywhere.

But our Indians did not carry much small change about them. They were dark, silent chaps, soon talked out ; and then they sat sucking their pipes before the fire (as dumb as their own wooden effigies in front of a tobacconist's shop), until the spirit moved them, and they vanished in their canoe down the dark lake. Our own guides were very different. They were as full of conversation as a spruce-tree is of gum. When all shallower themes were exhausted they would discourse of bears and canoes and lumber and fish, forever. After Damon and I had left the fire and rolled ourselves in the blankets in our own tent, we could hear the men going on and on with their simple jests and endless tales of adventure, until sleep drowned their voices.

It was the sound of a French *chanson* that woke us early on the morning of our departure from the Lake of the Bear. A gang of lumbermen were bringing a lot of logs through the lake. Half-hidden in the cold gray mist that usually betokens a fine day, and wet to the waist from splashing about after their unwieldy flock, these rough fellows were singing at their work as cheerfully as a party of robins in a cherry-tree at sunrise. It was like the miller and the two girls whom Wordsworth saw dancing in their boats on the Thames :

> They dance not for me,
> Yet mine is their glee !
> Thus pleasure is spread through the earth
> In stray gifts to be claimed by whoever shall find ;
> Thus a rich loving-kindness, redundantly kind,
> Moves all nature to gladness and mirth.

But our later thoughts of the lumbermen were not altogether grateful when we arrived that day, after a mile of portage, at the little *Rivière Blanche*, upon which we had counted to float us down to *Lake Tchitagama*, and found that they had stolen all its water to float their logs down the Lake of the Bear. The poor little river was as dry as a theological novel. There was nothing left of it except the bed and the bones ; it was like a Connecticut stream in the middle of August. A river without water is nothing but a gash on the face of Nature. All its pretty secrets were laid bare ; all its music was hushed. The pools that lingered among the rocks seemed like big tears ; and the voice of the forlorn rivulets that trickled in here and there, seeking the parent stream, was a voice of weeping and complaint. For us the loss meant a hard day's work, scrambling over slippery stones, and splashing through puddles, and forcing a way through the tangled thickets on the bank, instead of a pleasant two hours' run on a swift current. We ate our dinner on a sandbank in what was once the middle of a pretty pond ; and entered, as the sun was sinking, a narrow wooded gorge between the hills, completely filled by a chain of small lakes, where travelling became easy and pleasant. The steep shores, clothed with cedar and black spruce and dark-blue fir-trees, rose sheer from the water ; the passage from lake to lake was a tiny rapid a few yards long, gurgling through massy rocks ; at the foot of the chain there was a longer rapid, with a portage beside it. We emerged from the dense bush suddenly and found ourselves face to face with *Lake Tchitagama*.

How the heart expands at such a view. Nine miles of shining water lay stretched before us, opening through the mountains that guarded it on both sides with lofty walls of green and gray, ridge over ridge, point beyond point, until the vista ended in

> Yon orange sunset waning slow.

At a moment like this one feels a sense of exultation. It is a new discovery of the joy of living. And yet my friend and I confessed to each other there was a tinge of sadness, an inexplicable re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gret mingled with our joy. Was it the thought of how few human eyes had even seen that lovely vision? Was it the dim foreboding that we might never see it again? Who can explain the secret pathos of Nature's loveliness? It is a touch of melancholy inherited from our mother Eve. It is an unconscious memory of the lost Paradise. It is the sense that even if we should find another Eden, we would not be fit to enjoy it perfectly, nor stay in it forever.

Our first camp on *Tchitagama* was at the sunrise end of the lake, in a bay paved with small round stones, laid close together and beaten firmly down by the waves. There, and along the shores below, at the mouth of a little river that foamed in over a ledge of granite and in the shadow of cliffs of limestone and felspar, we trolled and took many fish; pike of enormous size, fresh-water sharks, devourers of nobler game, fit only to kill and throw away; huge old trout of six or seven pounds, with broad tails and hooked jaws, fine fighters and poor food; stupid, wide-mouthed chub — *ouitouche*, the Indians call them—biting at hooks that were not baited for them; and best of all, high-bred *ouananiche*, pleasant to capture and delicate to eat.

Our second camp was on a sandy point at the sunset end of the lake—a fine place for bathing and convenient to the wild meadows and blueberry patches, where Damon went to hunt for bears. He did not find any; but once he heard a great noise in the bushes which he thought was a bear; and he declared that he got quite as much excitement out of it as if it had had four legs and a mouthful of teeth. He brought back from one of his expeditions an Indian letter, which he had found in a cleft stick by the river. It was a sheet of birch-bark with a picture drawn on it in charcoal; five Indians in a canoe paddling up the river, and one in another canoe pointing in another direction; we read it as a message left by a hunting party, telling their companions not to go on up the river, because it was already occupied, but to turn off on a side stream.

There was a sign of a different kind nailed to an old stump behind our camp. It was the top of a soap-box, with an inscription after this fashion:

AD. MEYER & B. LEVIT
SOAP Mfrs. N. Y.
CAMPED HERE JULY 1891.
1 TROUT 17½ POUNDS. II OUAN ANISHES 18½ POUNDS. ONE PIKE 147½ LBS.

There was a combination of piscatorial pride and mercantile enterprise in this quaint device, that took our fancy. It suggested also a curious question of psychology in regard to the inhibitory influence of horses and fish upon the human nerve of veracity. We named the place "Point Ananias."

And yet, in fact, it was a wild and lonely spot, and not even the Hebrew inscription could spoil the sense of solitude that surrounded us when the night came, and the storm howled across the lake, and the darkness encircled us with a wall that only seemed the more dense and impenetrable as the fire-light blazed and leaped within the black ring.

"How far away is the nearest house, Johnny?"

"I don't know; fifty miles, I suppose."

"And what would you do if the canoes were burned, or if a tree fell and smashed them?"

"Well, I'd say a *Pater noster*, and take bread and bacon enough for four days, and an axe, and plenty of matches, and make a straight line through the woods. But it wouldn't be a joke, M'sieu', I can tell you."

The *River Peribonca*, into which *Lake Tchitagama* flows without a break, is the noblest of all the streams that empty into Lake St. John. It is said to be more than three hundred miles long, and at the mouth of the lake it is perhaps a thousand feet wide, flowing with a deep, still current through the forest. The dead water lasted for several miles; then the river sloped into a rapid, spread through a net of islands, and broke over a ledge in a cataract. Another quiet stretch was followed by another fall, and so on, along the whole course of the river. We passed three of these falls in the first day's voyage, by portages so steep and rough that an

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Adirondack guide would have turned gray at the sight of them, and camped at night just below the *Chute du Diable*, where we found some *ouananiche* in the foam. Our tents were on an islet, and all around we saw the primeval savage beauty of a world unmarred by man. The river leaped shouting down its double stairway of granite, rejoicing like a strong man to run a race. The after-glow in the Western sky deepened from saffron to violet among the tops of the cedars, and over the cliffs rose the moonlight, paling the heavens but glorifying the earth. There was something large and generous and untrammelled in the scene, recalling one of Walt Whitman's rhapsodies:

> Earth of departed sunsets! Earth of the mountains misty-topped!
> Earth of the vitreous pour of the full moon just tinged with blue!
> Earth of shine and dark mottling the tide of the river!

All the next day we went down with the current. Regiments of black spruce stood in endless files like grenadiers, each tree capped with a thick tuft of matted cones and branches. Tall white birches leaned out over the stream, Narcissus-like, as if to see their own beauty in the moving mirror. There were touches of color on the banks, the ragged pink flowers of the Joe-Pye-weed (which always reminds me of a happy, good-natured tramp), and the yellow ear-drops of the jewel-weed, and the intense blue of the closed gentian, that strange flower which, like a reticent heart, never opens to the light. Sometimes the river spread out like a lake between high bluffs of sand fully a mile apart; and again it divided into many channels, winding cunningly down among the islands as if it were resolved to slip around the next barrier of rock without a fall. There were eight of these huge natural dams in the course of that day's journey. Sometimes we followed one of the side canals, and made the portage at a distance from the main cataract; and sometimes we ran with the central current to the very brink of the *chute*, darting aside just in time to escape going over. At the foot of the last fall we made our camp on a curving beach of sand, and spent the rest of the afternoon in fishing.

It was interesting to see how closely the guides could guess at the weight of the fish by looking at them. The *ouananiche* are much longer in proportion to their weight than trout, and a novice almost always overestimates them. But the guides were not deceived. "This one will weigh four pounds and three-quarters, and this one four pounds, but that one not more than three pounds; he is meagre, M'sieu', *but* he is meagre." When we went ashore and tried the spring balance (which every angler ought to carry with him, as an aid to his conscience), the guides' guess usually proved to be within an ounce or two of the fact. Any one of the senses can be educated to do the work of the others. The eyes of these experienced fishermen were as sensitive to weight as if they had been made to use as scales.

Below the last fall the *Peribonca* flows for a score of miles with an unbroken, ever-widening stream, through low shores of forest and bush and meadow. Near its mouth the *Little Peribonca* joins it, and the immense flood, nearly two miles wide, pours into Lake St. John. Here we saw the first outpost of civilization—a huge unpainted storehouse, where supplies are kept for the lumbermen and the new settlers. Here also we found a steamer which had come over to drag a runaway boom of logs back to the saw-mill at Roberval. The temptation of getting home to our letters a day sooner was too strong to be resisted, and we took passage, with canoes and luggage, on the big, strong boat. All night long we assisted, in the French sense of the word, at the lumbermen's difficult enterprise. We heard the steamer snorting and straining at her clumsy, stubborn, perverse convoy. The hoarse shouts of the crew, disguised in a mongrel dialect which made them (perhaps fortunately) less intelligible and more forcible, mingled with our broken dreams.

But it was, in fact, a fitting close of our voyage. For what were we doing? It was the last stage of the woodman's labor. It was the gathering of a wild herd of the houses and churches and ships and bridges that grow in the for-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ests, and the bringing of them into the fold of human service. I wonder how often the inhabitant of the snug Queen Anne cottage in the suburbs remembers the picturesque toil and varied hardship that it has cost to hew and drag his walls and floors and pretty peaked roofs out of the backwoods. It might enlarge his home, and make his musings by the winter fireside less commonplace, to give a kindly thought now and then to the long chain of human workers through whose hands the timber of his house has passed, since it first felt the stroke of the axe in the snow-bound winter woods and floated through the spring and summer on far-off lakes and little rivers, *au large*.

COUNTRY CLUBS AND HUNT CLUBS IN AMERICA

By Edward S. Martin

A LONG time ago men discovered that by clubbing together they could maintain a town house on a scale of comfort and even luxury which would be very much beyond the individual means of most of them. It was convenient to have such houses, and for more than a century they had been a familiar feature of the life of great cities. The application of the same principle to the maintenance of a country estate is a matter of comparative novelty, and largely of American development.

The English country house abounding all over Great Britain has apparently made the country club a much less necessary appurtenance to English cities than to ours. The well-to-do and fashionable Briton hies him to town in the spring and stays there until the summer is well advanced. While he stays in London he is abundantly occupied and amused, and when he leaves, it is to go to his country house or to a watering-place, or to travel by land or sea, or to shoot, or pay a round of visits and get ready for the hunting season. All England is a sort of country club for London, and the lesser British towns are ministered to in like manner by the rural districts about them. Sport has long been a fixed habit of the British people, and for generations provision has been made for it in foot-ball and cricket grounds, in village commons, in shooting preserves, and in that profusion of hunt clubs which makes it difficult in the hunting season to ride fifty miles in any direction without coming within hearing distance of a huntsman's horn.

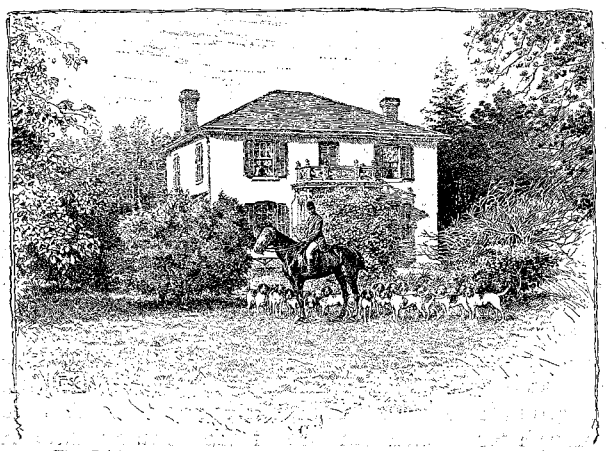
But for the resident of an American city the conditions are different. As long as his town was small and his income limited, the urban American got on well enough. He was too busy adding to his income to have much time for recreation; he had crude ideas about playing, and when he wished to rest his eyes with a sight of the green fields he could get into his wagon and drive in a few minutes beyond the limits of paved streets into the country. As his city grew his income increased, the nervous strain of living increased, the hours of his work shortened, and the strenuousness of his application was aggravated; he began to need more recreation, more country air, more country scenes. If the town he lived in was very big, he sometimes got himself a house in its suburbs, and whether as urban or suburban resident, he indulged himself more and more in horses. Then gradually the country clubs began to appear. Horse was usually at the bottom of them at the beginning, and though bicycle has grown to be Horse's rival now-a-days, Horse as yet still holds his precedence and keeps to the fore. City people who keep horses for pleasure want a place to drive to. It must not be too far off, and the roads leading to it must be fit to drive over. Dwellers in suburbs want the same thing, and they want further, more than city folks, a social centre, where

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

balls can be had and dinners eaten, and where in the late hours of the afternoon, when the men have got back from town, they can get sight of one another, play tennis, polo, golf, or base-ball, and swap conversation, horse points, and invitations to dinner. One purpose further the country club serves: to make a summer home for bachelors whose business keeps them near town all summer, and for laborious benedicts whose families go farther away than they can follow them. It would seem, then, that there are two species of country club—the suburban club, which grows out of the needs of the dwellers in a suburb, and that which is devised for the convenience of members who live in town. But, practically, the distinction is not very definite. There must be a city before there can be suburbs. Suburban country places are apt to cluster around a good country club, even if they were not there in the beginning, and a club designed to meet the wants of suburbanites is sure to gain a membership from city people, who want to share its privilege and enjoy its sports.

As has been said, the cornerstone of the country club is Horse. When the average American begins to find himself master of more money than he requires for the simpler comforts of life, one of the first luxuries to which he treats himself is a horse. If he can afford more horses than suffice for mere convenience, he keeps others for pleasure. Time was when the American sole idea of a pleasure horse was a trotting horse, and every American country town has been used these many decades to provide itself with an agricultural trotting-race track as one of its earliest necessities; but of later years while the trotting horse has continued to be a favorite, the taste for other varieties of equine merit has developed. Horses that are good to look at, and to haul carriages handsomely, and to carry riders, have been felt to be worth cultivating as well as horses that are good to go fast. The horse that the country clubs are interested in is the horse that hauls a dog-cart, a surrey, a tea-cart, a drag, or a plain family wagon; the horse that contributes to the perfection of a tandem or a four-in-hand; the horse that can jump a fence and run in a steeple-chase; and the small, but active, quadruped that carries the polo-player. Whenever you find a country club you find a centre of interest in all these equine developments. In most of them polo becomes sooner or later a prominent sport. It furnishes a very active sport for the men who play it, and a lively and entertaining spectacle to the women and children and more prudent men who prefer to look on. It also serves as a summer horse-sport for those organizations which are half country- half hunt-clubs, whereby men can get their summer exercise and put themselves in proper condition for the hunting when it comes. Sometimes country clubs develop out of polo, as the Buffalo Country Club, or the Dedham Polo Club, which latter, though not strictly a country club as yet, serves many of the purposes of

The Button of the Montreal Club—the Oldest Organized Hunt Club in America.



The Pack of the London, Ont., Club in Front of the Club-house.

The Canadian Clubs.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one to its members; sometimes polo is merely a development, as in the Country Club of Brookline or of Westchester; and oftentimes polo and country club both develop out of hunt clubs, as is the case with the Myopia Club of Hamilton, and the Meadowbrook and Rockaway Clubs on Long Island. So constant and widespread has been the recent development of the taste for riding and driving and open-air sports in this country, that in every large American city which has not a country club already, the question is not so much whether to have one, as where is the best place for it and when it shall be started. New York already has Tuxedo, the Westchester Country Club; clubs that answer much the same purpose at Orange and Morristown; golf clubs at Yonkers and Southampton, and the hunt clubs on Long Island, all of which, and others besides, are centres of social activity and sport. So Philadelphia has the Philadelphia Country Club, the Germantown Cricket Club, the Radnor and Rosetree hunts; Washington has its country club and its Chevy Chase Hunt; Baltimore the Catonville Country Club, and the Elkridge Hunt, with its club-house and grounds.

Boston has the Brookline Country Club, one of the oldest organizations of the kind, and perhaps the best example of what a country club ought to be; it has also the Essex County Club at Manchester, where golf, polo, and tennis greatly flourish, and the dames of the North Shore gather in amazing force and beauty to lend them countenance; the Dedham Polo Club, a modest organization of vigor and increasing renown; and the Myopia Hunt Club on the North Shore at Hamilton.

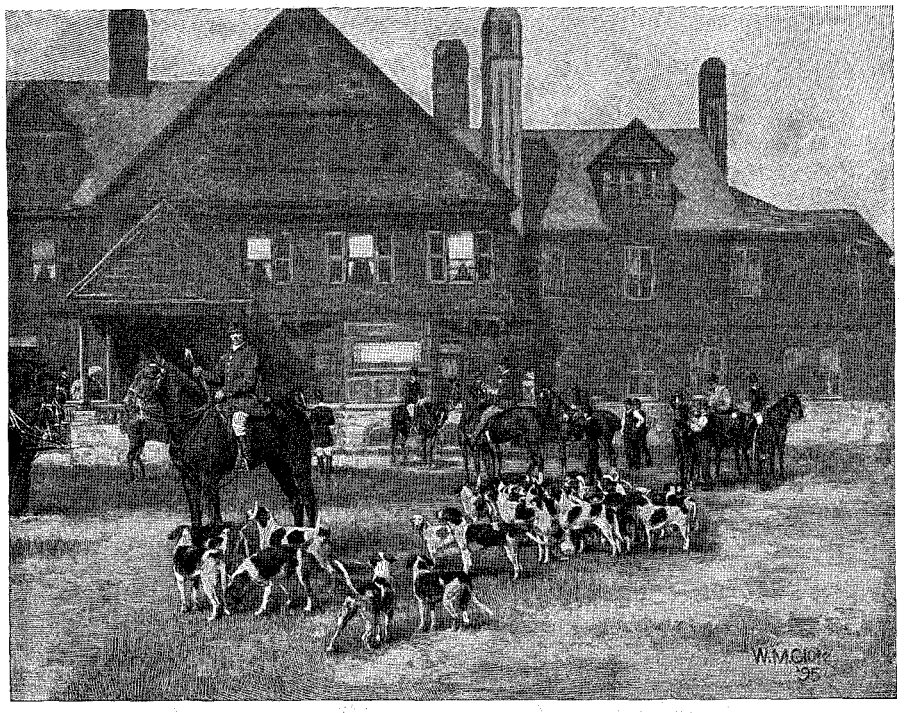
The Brookline Country Club is about five miles from the business centre of Boston. Good roads lead to it from all directions and make it accessible by driving from Boston, and most of the suburban cities and villages that environ that fortunate town. The grounds of the club include acreage enough for a half-mile track, a course for steeplechasing, a polo field, golf links, and as many tennis-courts as are called for, besides woodland, shaded avenues, and long stretches of lawn. The club-house, facing the lawns and polo field, stands back several hundred yards from the street, from which a shaded avenue leads to it. It is the house that was bought with the estate, enlarged to meet the requirements of the club. Without any violent pretensions to architectural beauty, it is handsome enough, and has reception-rooms, ball-rooms, dining-rooms, billiard-rooms, bath-rooms, bedrooms, and piazza-room enough for the club's necessities. Its stables are proportionately ample and convenient. Its activities continue all the year round, but as a large proportion of its members hie them to the seashore or elsewhere in summer, its liveliest times are in the spring and fall. Steeplechasing, flat-racing, pony-racing, and gymkana games are its habitual exercises; and last fall it held a sort of blizzard of sport when a horse-show, a dog-show, or some other sporting spectacle was provided every day for six days running. The activity of its polo-players is continuous all through the season, and golf, which is a godsend to country clubs, has already taken an important place in its activities. It will be seen that this club abounds in what the theatrical managers call "attractions." When anything of special moment offers, its grounds are gay with fair women, brave horses, bicycles, grooms, carriages, and gentlemen; and when nothing in particular is going on it is still a pleasant place to drive to and get dinner.

What the Brookline Country Club is most of the other country clubs are, or hope to be, always with such differences as environment contributes. Such clubs as the Essex County, the Catonville, or the Westchester, placed in a centre of summer homes, are liveliest in summer, while the hunt clubs which have country club features are most active in the fall.

Most of the hunt clubs are the outcome of the same development of wealth, leisure, and sporting proclivities to which the rise of the country clubs is due.

Hunting in England seems to have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



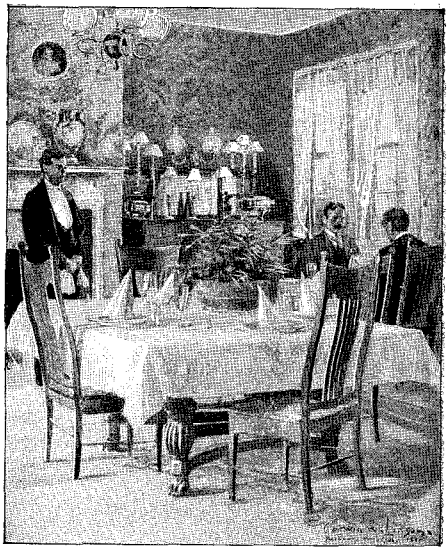
Meet of the Meadowbrook Hunt at Mr. Theodore Roosevelt's House, Syosset, Long Island.

grown originally out of the necessities of country life. For centuries the most important form of British wealth was land. All important Englishmen had landed estates, most of them got their chief revenues from them, and most of them lived a good part of the year in one or another of their country places. They had to amuse themselves as they could. The habit of the chase came down to them from remote times, and when they had no wild creature left that was chasable but the fox, they cherished the fox and duly and diligently chased him. In some parts of the United States it has happened that, ever since the country was first settled, foxes have been chased by country gentlemen, who needed some active sport to beguile their seasons of leisure. Thus it was in Virginia so long before the Revolution that when Lord Fairfax and George Washington kept hounds and hunted them, fox-chasing was an old story to the horsemen of those parts. But our modern American revival of fox-hunting and cross-country riding springs not so much from the need of beguiling the monotony of the lives of landed proprietors and country gentlemen, as from the necessities and aspirations of city men. Fox-hunting or even drag-hunting is an expensive amusement, and though in country districts where it has been started the farmers oftentimes share its excitements and help it on, the revenues of agriculture do not often suffice for its support. In some few exceptional cases the sport has been a true local development of the country hunted, but much more often is it a suburban enterprise, originated and supported by city men who want to hunt, and whose business, if not their homes, is in town. Out of twenty-five American and Canadian hunt clubs, at least twenty have this suburban characteristic. It is partly due to local conditions, and especially to the fact that this is a country of small farmers who own their farms, instead of landed proprietors and tenant farmers. But it is also a result of that world-wide, contemporaneous tendency which is

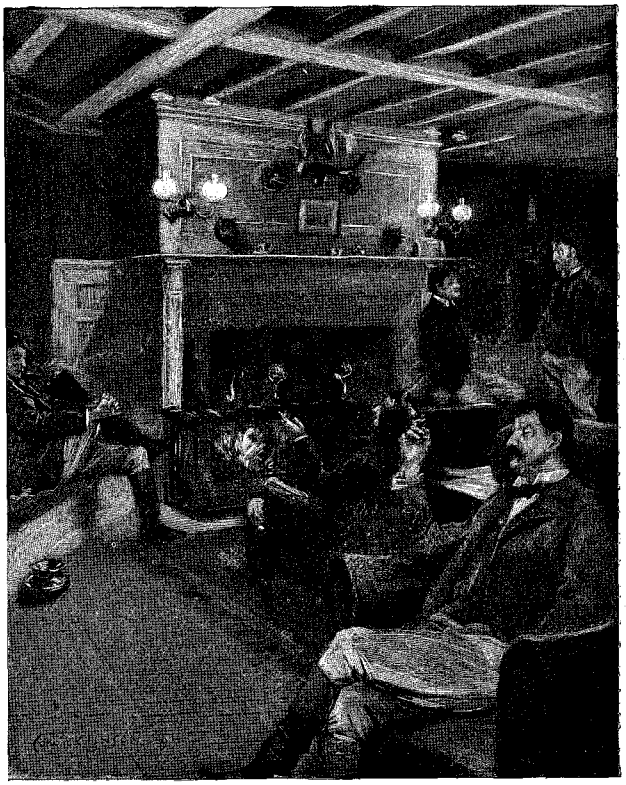
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

making all the great cities bigger and many of the lesser towns great, so that even in Great Britain the two hundred, more or less, hunts which flourish in spite of hard times doubtless draw a very much more important proportion of their support from city men than they did twenty-five or even ten years ago.

The city man's desire to hunt is based neither on affectation nor on mimicry. Americans do not hunt foxes or ride across country because it is done in England. The strain of English blood may show itself, perhaps, in American horsemanship, but Americans ride across country because that is a far livelier and more interesting form of riding than riding on the road, even when it is a country road—much more so when it is a park road or a paved street. And when Americans hunt foxes, they do it for the same reason that the English do, because following the trail of a fleet and wily animal is better sport than following a cross-country trail artificially laid, and because the fox is the only wild creature fit for the chase that will live and flourish in proximity to man. That the city man, be he Briton or American, should wish to hunt is a reasonable desire. The circumstances of his daily life are such as draw on his vitality and abate his vigor. When once he has put himself in the way of making an adequate living his physical life is apt to be easy. He gets no taste of cold or hunger and hard physical labor. He is too apt to be overfed and overheated, to drink more than is good for him, to work too hard with his head and too little with his body, to be luxuriously lodged, and generally to be made too insidiously comfortable. He has to fear the debilitating influences of such a life both on his



The Dining-room.

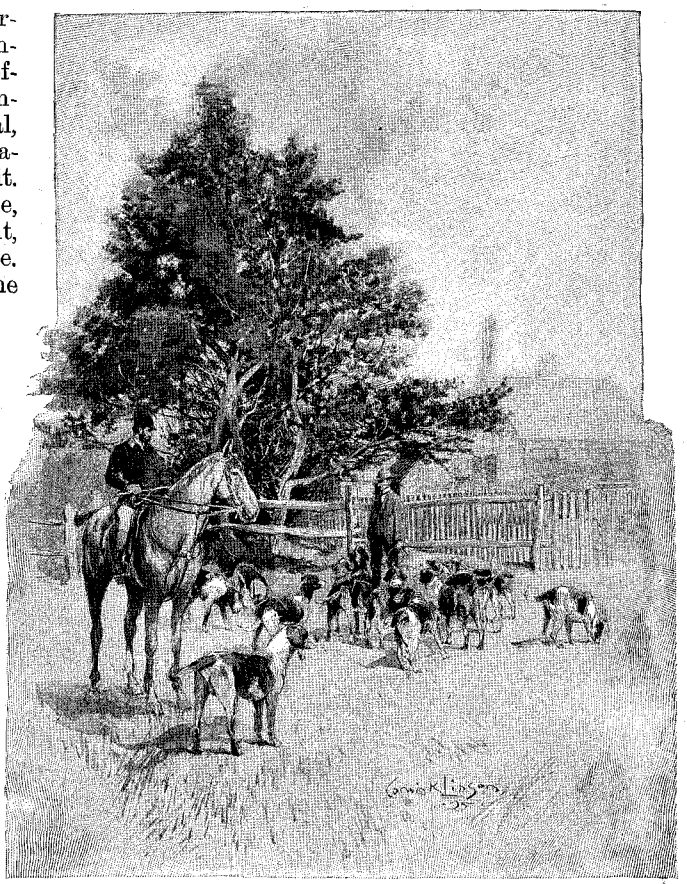


After a Day's Run.

The Rockaway Hunt Club at Cedarhurst, Long Island.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

physique and on his character. His simplest remedy is some sort of out-of-door exercise which involves some self-denial, some exertion, and a reasonable amount of grit. Partly for his liver's sake, partly for his amusement, he gets astride the horse. Then if he has in him the quality known as sporting blood, mere horseback exercise presently palls on him. It is too monotonous. He wants something that will test his horse's capacity and, at the same time, his own nerve. Sometimes he finds it in polo, but unless he is young and ardently athletic he is apt to find it more to his taste in hunting.



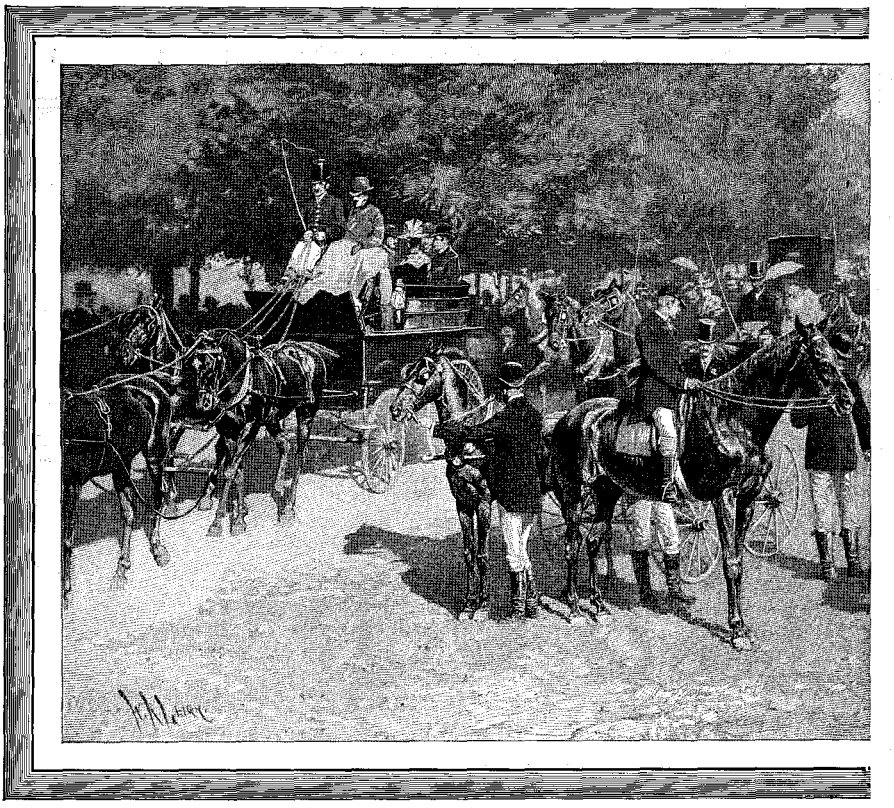
The Homes of the Horses and Dogs at Cedarhurst.

The Rockaway Club.

So it is to this desire of men who enjoy many luxuries to add to them one more that will counteract some of the others, that the recent development of American hunting is largely due. If any hunt is to prosper it must include among its backers a certain number of men who are prepared to take it seriously. When the hounds go out someone must go with them; must go rain or shine, whether the spirit moves or not, whether the flesh is willing or otherwise. To keep up a hunt is a laborious business, and there must be in every hunt some members who are willing to take it laboriously when that is necessary and hold their personal convenience secondary to the demands of sport. Unless the master of the hounds evinces a devotion of this nature, and unless he has one or two colleagues on whom he can rely, the hunt is apt not to prosper. These mainstays of a hunt must be able to command a considerable degree of leisure. If they are forthcoming, and are willing to spend their strength and money in maintaining the hunt, they will usually win to their support a following of less-determined sportsmen with less time to spare, who will hunt when they can, pay dues when that is necessary, and lend their countenance and a limited amount of personal support to the enterprise.

New York, which, awaiting the further development of Chicago, is more than any other American city the centre of American enterprises, is, in at least one particular, the most important centre of American hunting. There are more men in New York than in any other one town who want to hunt, who can afford to hunt, and who are willing to take a considerable amount of trou-

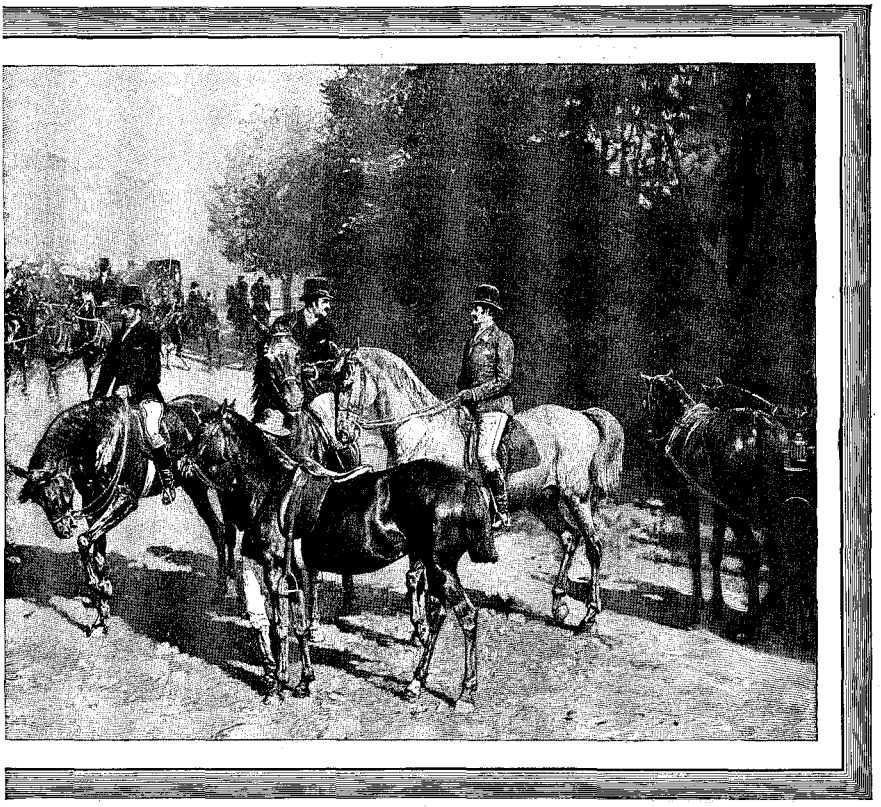
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A Typical Meet of the

ble to do it, and though other cities had hunts long before New York did, no other American city has so many as six subsidiary hunt clubs at her doors. The most noted and important of these six New York hunts is the Meadowbrook. Its pedigree is too much involved for the present writer to trace it with much hope of historical accuracy, but it seems to derive with more or less indirection, from the Queens County Drag Hounds, organized in September, 1877, by Messrs. Robert Center, W. C. Peat, A. Belmont Purdy, and F. Gray Griswold, at Meadowbrook, Long Island. These gentlemen, or their assigns, hunted the Meadowbrook country for three years. Then their pack was moved to Westchester County, and stayed two years. Then it went back to Far Rockaway, on Long Island, again. Meanwhile Hempstead was occupied by a new subscription pack, which held its first meet in September, 1880, and took the name of the Meadowbrook Hunt. The old Queens County pack, after moving back to Far Rockaway, was joined by or merged into the Rockaway Hunt Club, and still exists under the latter name with kennels and a club-house at Cedarhurst. One of its founders, Mr. Griswold, was last year master of the Meadowbrook hounds. One of his predecessors in that office was Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., who hunts a pack of his own in the winter, at Aiken, S. C. The present master is Mr. Ralph M. Ellis. The Meadowbrook Club is the most renowned and important of the hunts near New York. Its club-house, near Westbury, is a pleasant but unpretentious house, which answers for a sort of country club for the neighboring district. It has a ball-room and ladies' annex, plenty of bed-rooms where some of the members live in summer, ample stables and kennels, and golf-links. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



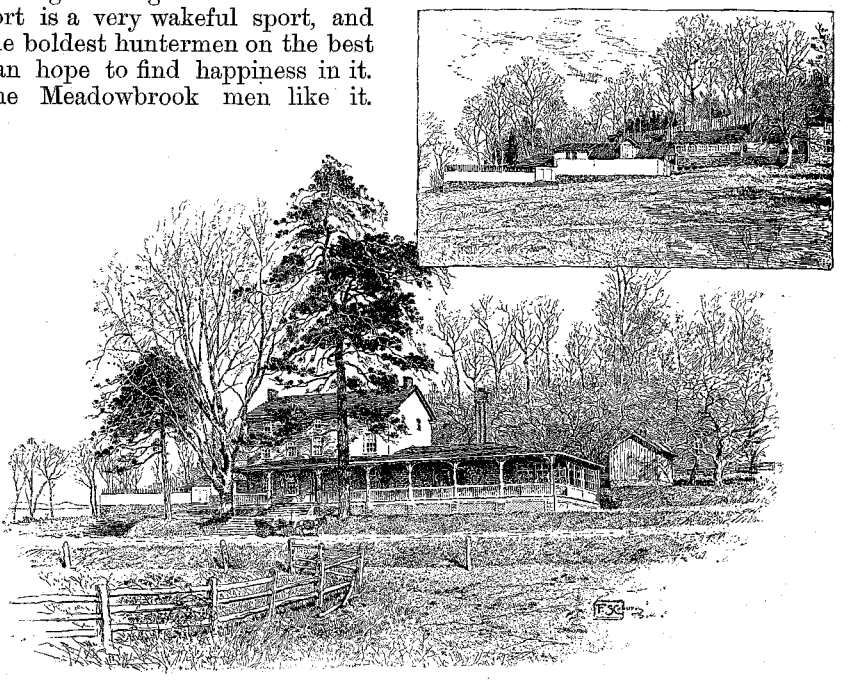
Rockaway Hunt Club.

club has about seventy members, who pay annual dues of $100. Its pack of some thirty-six couple of English hounds is efficient and well kept up. It hunts in the spring from March until well into May, and in the fall from October 1st until the ground freezes. Occasionally it hunts wild foxes, but it finds so many obstacles to that form of sport that the drag is its main reliance, as it is of all the other clubs near New York. Inasmuch as drag-hunting is generally conceded to be an inferior sport to fox-hunting, it is worth while to consider why all the hunt clubs near New York prefer it. The reasons for the Meadowbrook's preference are partly local. The woods in the twenty square miles of country the club hunts over, are large and without roads, and the foxes in them can seldom be persuaded to break covert and run over the open country as well-regulated foxes should. Another important reason, which applies to the majority of the suburban hunt clubs, is that at least one-half of the Meadowbrook's members are men of business who go daily to New York to their work. They get home by an afternoon train, and, by dint of hurrying, gain two or three hours from the working day which they can spend on a horse's back. Accordingly, when they get to the meet, at three o'clock or thereabouts, there is not time for an indefinite search after a fox, even if the country was favorable to such a quest. The Meadowbrook men want a sure run, whenever they go out. They want it to begin promptly and to end with certainty in time for dinner. Obviously, therefore, drag-hunting fits their necessities better than fox-hunting. They take the best sport they can get and make the most of it. What they make of drag-hunting is matter of notoriety on both sides of the salt seas. They ride

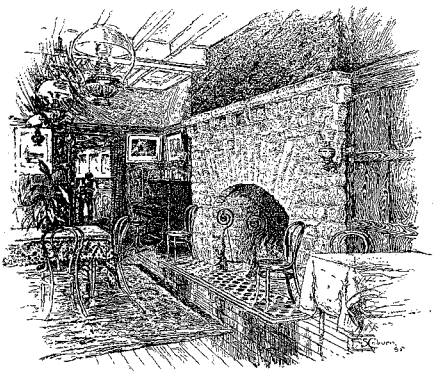
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

exceedingly good horses; their hounds are swift, and their pace is fast. The great Hempstead plain which lies near them is unfenced and free from obstacles, an admirable place to gallop or drive over at most seasons of the year. But when they leave that and strike the neighboring farming lands the fences are frequent and strong, of the post and rail variety, and from four to five feet high, with occasional taller ones. Drag-hunting over obstacles of this sort is a very wakeful sport, and only the boldest huntermen on the best nags can hope to find happiness in it. But the Meadowbrook men like it. From twenty to forty riders follow their hounds every hunting day, and the sport grows more popular and the club larger from year to year. Steeplechases are a familiar dissipation of the Meadowbrook men, and occasionally they have them of the point-to-point variety. Like all the hunt clubs, and the suburban clubs especially, they make the most of holidays.

Cedarhurst, the seat of the Rockaway



The Club-house. The Kennels.

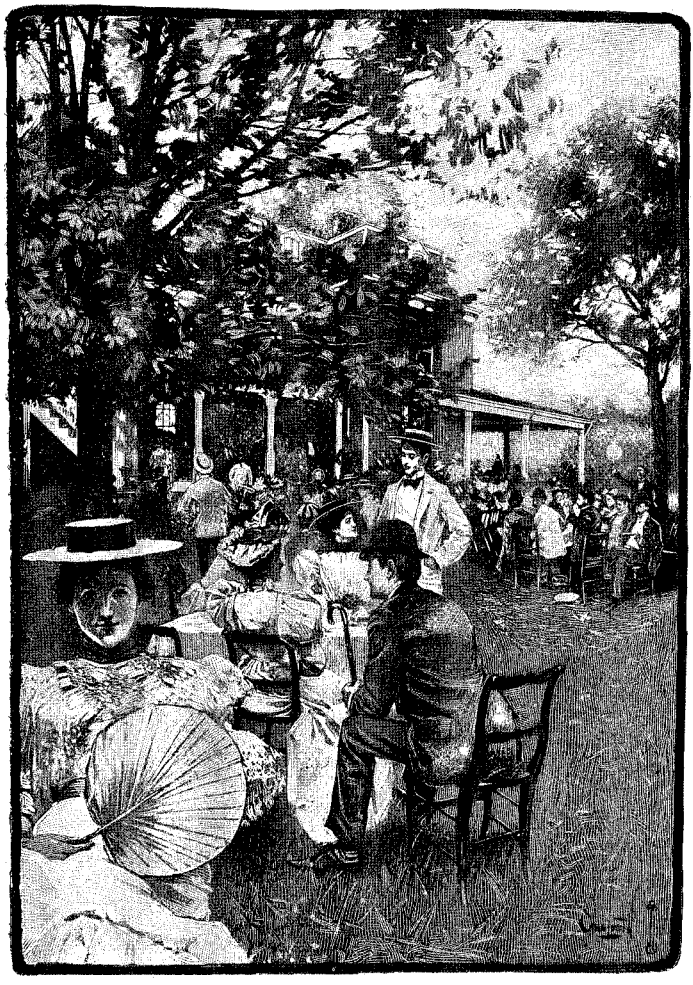


A Corner of the Dining Hall.

The Radnor Hunt Club, of Philadelphia, Quartered near Bryn Mawr.

Club, is only twelve miles or thereabouts from Westbury. Since it started in Far Rockaway in 1878, the Rockaway Club has suffered in an increasing degree from the intrusions of settlers. People *will* buy lots and build suburban houses in its country, and as hunting cannot be successfully carried on in a country that is all lawn and kitchen-gardens, the Rockaway men feel that the days of their sport are numbered. But while any country is left them to ride over, they will ride. They keep about fifteen couple of hounds at their kennels near the Club-house at Cedarhurst, and go out twice a week from September to January, and in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Lunch on Race-day at the "Kennels," the Head-quarters of the Elkridge, Md., Hunt Club.
(Races for silver cup by club members, jumping contests, etc.)

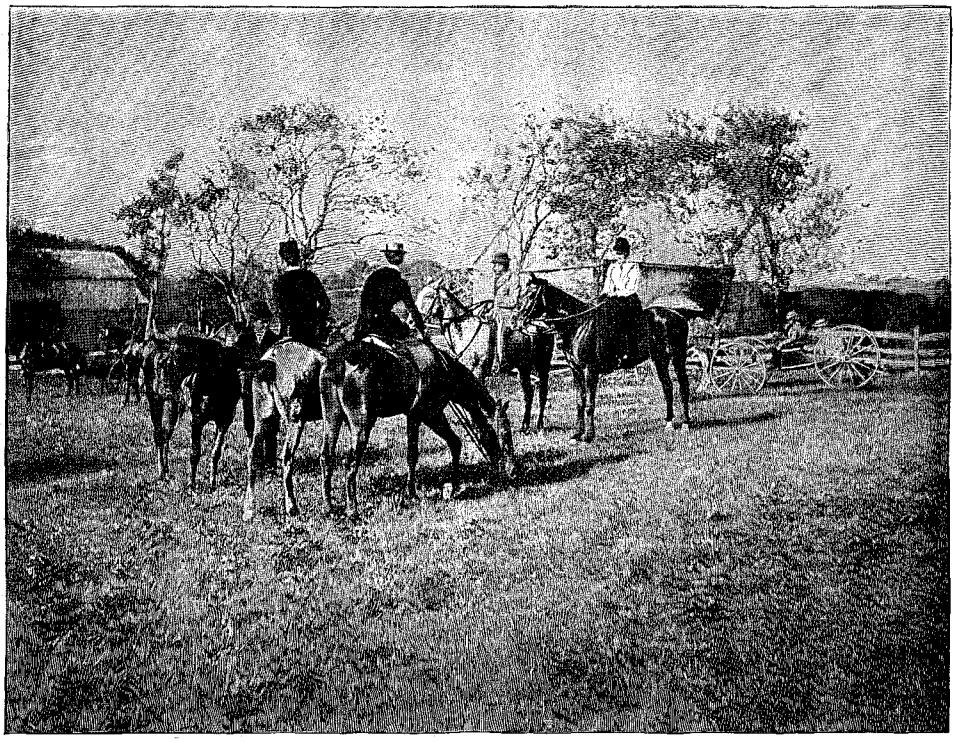
March and April. The obstacles they have to get over are mainly fences, from three feet six inches to five feet high. Walls are scarce on Long Island, as also are hedges and ditches. Like the Meadowbrook Club, the Rockaway combines the features of a country club with its hunting. It has an attractive club-house with golf and tennis, and, like the Meadowbrook again, it has a strong polo team, which fights matches with the teams of the Meadowbrook, Myopia, Brookline, Dedham, Westchester, and other strong clubs.

The Westchester hounds, of which Mr. N. C. Reynal is the present master, are the successors of the Country Club Harriers, started by Mr. C. S. Pelham Clinton in 1888. Their kennels are at White Plains, and they run regularly during the season in the suburban country thereabouts. Westchester is a lively sporting county, full of horse-wise people. Its country club is one of the best and most noted, its annual agricultural fair is very strong in horse exhibits. It is entitled to a hunt club, and may be counted on to support its pack until settlers crowd it out.

The Richmond County Hunt on Staten Island dates from 1889, and is closely connected with the Richmond County Country Club, near which it has its kennels. Mr. E. N. Nichols keeps about seventeen couple of hounds, and hunts them regularly on Saturday afternoons in the fall, with occasional runs in the morning. The club's country is limited, and has more than its share of barbed wire, but drags of ten or fifteen miles can be laid, with a proper allowance of ditch, hedge, and post and rail fence to them, which furnish reasonable sport to fields of from twenty to thirty horsemen.

The Essex County (New Jersey) hounds are descended through a varied line from the Montclair Equestrian Club, which was started in 1876. The master, Mr. Charles Pfizer, hunts the country near the Oranges and Morristown. His hounds go out from two

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Waiting for the Word.

Meet of the Meadowbrook Hunt at Southampton, Long Island, in the Fall of 1891.

to three times a week, and are well followed. Mr. Collier's Monmouth County pack covers another area of suburban New Jersey, near Tinton Falls and Brookdale. It meets two or three times a week during the season, and occasionally gives a sight and taste of sport to the people of Lakewood. All these hunts near New York are nurseries of cavalrymen, and many of their members serve in Troop A, or on the staffs of the generals of the National Guard of New York or New Jersey.

The essentials to fox-hunting are men, horses, foxes, and a country fit to hunt over. New York can find the men and the horses, but it is not blest in its hunting country. Philadelphia is better off. The oldest Quaker cannot remember a time when there was not fox-hunting within reach of Philadelphia. Farmers thereabouts kept hounds and hunted them before the Revolution, and one finds allusions in contemporary literature to the zeal with which British officers hunted Pennsylvania foxes in pre-revolutionary times from the Rose Tree Inn. The senior Philadelphia hunt of our day is the Rose Tree, at Media. It began about 1856, was reorganized in 1872, and got a charter in 1881. It has about fifteen couple of American hounds from Delaware and Chester Counties, Penn., crossed with hounds from Maryland and Virginia. Its season is from December to April; its hounds meet three times a week; at 7 A.M. two days, and at 9 A.M. on Saturdays. Philadelphians, traditionally, have more leisure than the men of New York, and seem to be able to spare mornings, and indeed whole days for hunting. Business men and young farmers follow the Rose Tree hounds, and the fields of riders range from five to twenty-five. The club-house is about a mile from Media. The club property includes the old stone Rose Tree Tavern, a pretty modern club-house near it, and some eighty acres of land, on which is laid out the club's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

half-mile track and part of its steeplechase course. Of the Rose Tree hunting a member of the club writes: "For the old fox-hunter one of the most interesting features of the hunt is the working of the hounds on a cold trail early in the morning to find a fox. When the scent is first struck, none but the old experienced hounds can make it out; but when one of them cries, the pack will cluster around, and as they work it slowly toward the cover, the scent will grow stronger and stronger until the cover is reached, when the burst of full cry from the pack gives fair warning that the fox has broken cover. Then all is excitement, and hounds and riders are away on the run. This cold drag frequently takes one or two hours to work out."

This has about it the flavor of real fox-hunting, a very different sport from the drag-hunting of less favored regions. One can learn with the Rose Tree hounds the tricks of the fox, and watch the contest between his strategy and the sagacity of the hound. The country about Media is rough, and the foxes usually get away, but not until they have given the hounds and huntermen good runs. One learns with regret that the prosperity of this excellent hunt is hardly what it should be. It has a vigorous and enterprising young rival in the Radnor Hunt, with a club-house and kennels near Bryn Mawr, which seems to have superior attractions for the younger Philadelphians. The Radnor hunts three times a week from the middle of November till the middle of March. Its meets are at 8.30 A.M. on Tuesdays; at 1 P.M. on Thursdays; at 10 A.M. on Saturdays. Its fields average about forty and improve as the season advances. The hunting is usually good all winter. The club-house at Radnor is a pleasant, unpretentious house, looking out on a pretty stretch of valley. The kennels near it are admirable in their arrangements, and the pack, under the direction of Mr. Charles Mather, the M. F. H., is probably the best pack in America. It includes thirty-five couple of English hounds from Belvoir Kennels and ten couple of long-eared, sharp-nosed

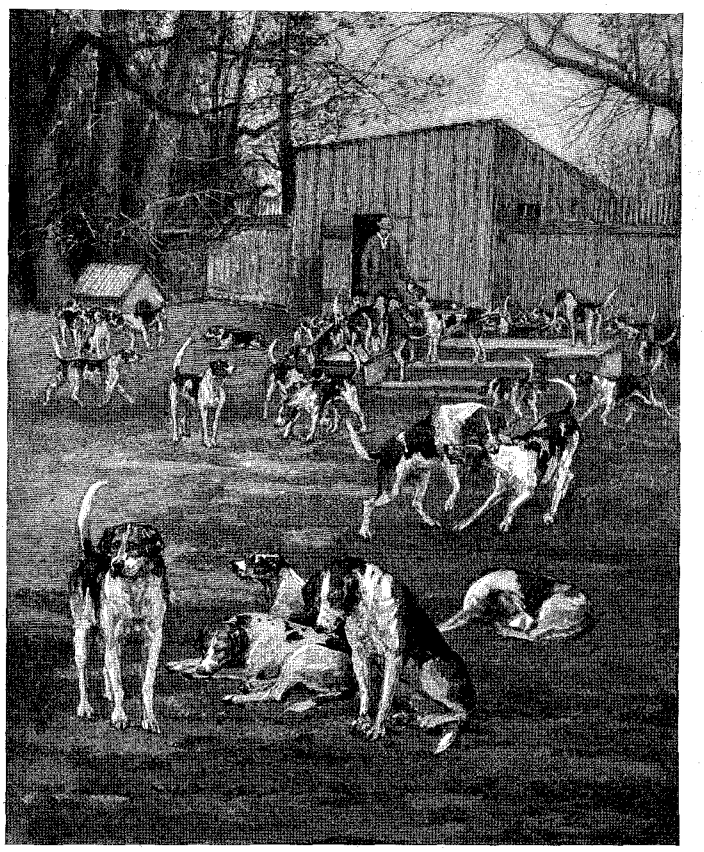
The Start.

The Meadowbrook Hunt—at Southampton.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American hounds, and is divided into a dog and bitch pack, which hunt alternately. One hears of an occasional drag hunt by the Radnor men in the early fall, but after the season begins, the club hunts wild foxes only. The country is large and the foxes usually get away, but four or five are killed every season. The Radnor enjoys the prosperity that it deserves, and finds increased support every year.

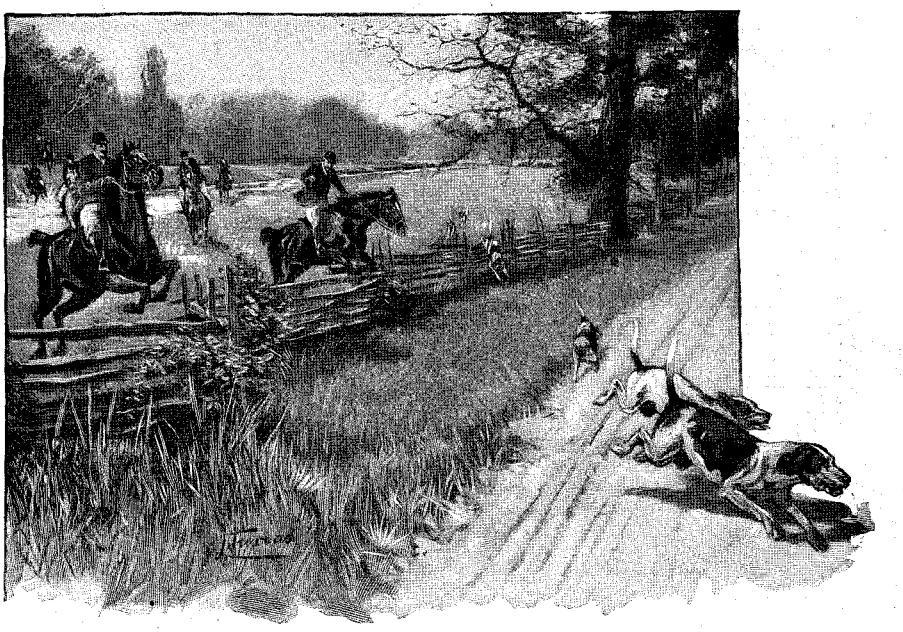
About Baltimore, fox-hunting is as old a story as in Philadelphia, and the history of it is not to be told in a paragraph. Hunt clubs have flourished and died there, and had their successors these many years. The active clubs at present are the Elkridge and the Green Spring Valley. The older and larger club, the Elkridge, has a club-house and kennels about five miles on the Roland Park side of Baltimore. Its house is large and has a ball-room attached, and it serves many of the purposes of a country club. The club has an excellent pack, a large membership, and plenty of good hunting country within reach. Being strong on its social side it does not disdain drag-hunting, particularly in the earlier part of the season, but foxes are its main reliance for sport, and the master, Mr. Samuel George, goes as far as is necessary to find them. Maryland hospitality makes it possible for the Elkridge meets to be held comfortably twenty-five miles from home, so that the country that is open to the club is practically unlimited. The younger organization, the Green Spring Valley, includes many members of the Elkridge. It started in 1892, hunts the wild fox only, and usually finds him. It has at present a pack of about a dozen couple of American hounds. Its members are young business men of Baltimore, with a supplementary sprinkling of farmers. It meets twice a week at hours least inconvenient for working men, and its fields average about twenty. Its club-house is an old stone tavern about seven miles out of Baltimore. The club has very much of the sporting spirit, is inexpensive and of simple habits, and under the mastership of Mr. Redmond Stewart gives good promise of prosperity.



Where the Dogs are Kept.
The Genesee Hunt Club, Geneseo, N. Y.

Washington men hunt with the pack of the Chevy Chase Country Club, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Cross Country in the Genesee Valley.
The Genesee Hunt Club.

with Mr. S. S. Howland's Belwood pack, which has its head-quarters at Annapolis Junction. The Chevy Chase pack meets three of four times a week, and while possibly stronger as a social appurtenance than as a sporting institution, it takes Washington riders across country and serves other useful purposes. Its hunting is largely drag-hunting. It flourished last winter and ought to prosper, but Washington has a shifting population, and the future of a Washington hunt is still an uncertain quantity.

At Annapolis Junction the Belwood hounds are within easy reach of both Washington and Baltimore. They went out last winter twice or three times a week in morning hours, and hunted wild foxes, having usually a following of about twenty riders, though sometimes many more. In the summer and autumn Mr. Howland keeps his hounds at "Belwood," in Livingston County, N. Y., and hunts them in Wyoming and Orleans Counties.

In Virginia, Maryland, the Carolinas, and Georgia, there has always been more or less unorganized fox-hunting by farmers and others, in the winter months; so that the roll of the hunt clubs with recognized titles and regular meets is by no means a complete index of the fox-hunting done. In Kentucky, too, fox-hunting is a sport as familiar as one would expect it to be in a State first settled by sportsmen, and always famous for its horses. But fox-hunting there seems to be an occasional recreation, the feature of a holiday, or taken up when the spirit prompts. There are good hounds in Kentucky, some of them of high degree and long descent. It seems not to be difficult to get together a pack, and horses are always abundant and fit in the blue-grass region. One reads of notable fox-hunting by large parties assembled for the purpose as early as August, and of ten-mile runs, over fence and wall, through underbrush and whatever intervenes, with large fields, and many mounted ladies in the following. But of organized clubs keeping hounds and hunting on stated days there is no report. Among the best-known Virginia packs is the Deep Run hounds of Richmond, which go out twice a week in the season. At Warrenton, in northern Virginia, in a horse-raising district, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Warrenton Hunt Club hunts twice a week, under the mastership of Mr. James K. Maddux. There is a sprinkling of English settlers near Warrenton, and the hunt is popular with them as well as with the other farmers, who train their horses in its runs. Sad to say, the country about Warrenton is unsuited to the pursuit of foxes, and it is only occasionally that they are hunted.

The Swannanoa Hunt Club of Asheville, N. C., affords sport to Asheville's winter visitors. It has a pretty club-house. The local foxes about Asheville know the resources of the country too well to afford adequate sport, but by importing stranger foxes, and turning them loose, the club gets very good runs.

Farther south, at Aiken, S. C., Mr. Hitchcock's hounds help make life pleasant to refugees from a Northern winter. In his Northern home near Westbury, Long Island, Mr. Hitchcock is one of the pillars of sport in the Meadowbrook Club. His hunting at Aiken is different from most other American fox-hunting. The country is rough, the woodland extensive, and the hounds are less under the huntsman's eye, and more on their own responsibility, than in the Northern hunting. After thorough experiment Mr. Hitchcock has found the American hound better adapted to his use than English hounds, and has now a strong pack of modern American fox-hounds, about thirty couple, which he hunts all winter. His pack meets from December to May, three times a week at daylight, and goes out with fifteen or twenty riders in the field. The fences about Aiken are rail-fences when there are any, but much of the country is not inclosed.

In Pennsylvania, besides the hunts near Philadelphia there are the Lima Hunt Club, at Lima, which begins its season in December, and hunts from three to five times a week; the Valley Forge Hunt, which finds abundance of foxes in the historic valley, the name of which it bears; and the Pittsburg Hunt Club, an organization of recent origin and closely affiliated with the Pittsburg Country Club.

Except for the somewhat nebulous Agawam Hunt Club, of Narragansett, the sole hunting stronghold of New England is the seat of the Myopia Club, started in 1882 at Hamilton, some twenty miles north of Boston. It has a farm sparsely planted with golf-holes, and a comfortable club-house, which is the home of some of the members in the summer months, and is a centre of activities all summer long for golf enthusiasts and polo-players. The Myopias have tried fox-hunting but found it impracticable, or at least too inconvenient, and have fallen back on drag-hunting as better suited for their circumstances. Their hunting begins early in September and lasts three months. They have about twenty-five couple of hounds of British descent, which meet three times a week and scour the country for twenty miles around. Their fields vary from fifteen to twenty-five riders. Their country is a country of stone walls, three feet high and upward, and the obstacles being reasonably low, their runs are tolerably fast. Most of the Myopia huntermen are sons of toil, doing business in Boston, and they adjust their sport to the more imperative demands of their more serious occupations.

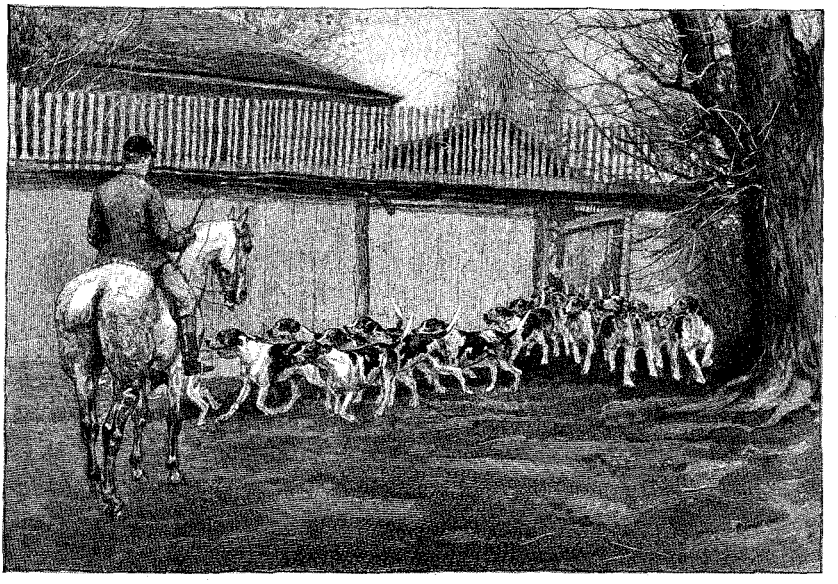
In the Genesee Valley, in Livingston County, there has been an organized hunt for nearly twenty years, the fame of which is exuberant among hunting Americans. Its head-quarters are at Geneseo, the county town of Livingston County, and the home of Mr. W. A. Wadsworth, M. F. H. Mr. Wadsworth and other members of his family, and other families, are owners of large landed estates in the Genesee Valley, and actually live, for most of the year, on or near their land. This makes the conditions of existence in the neighborhood of Geneseo different from those that ordinarily obtain in American farming country, which, as a rule, in the North at least, is owned in small lots by the actual cultivators of the soil. The Genesee Valley hunting is an indigenous growth, begun for the amusement of residents of the valley, conducted from the time of its organization at the cost and under the direction of the present M. F. H. The club has an organization, but its dues are

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Start from the "Kennels."
The Elkridge, Md., Club.

nominal and it has no club-house. Mr. Wadsworth keeps up the pack, and mounts and pays the huntsmen and whips. Such reputation as the hunt enjoys is due first to him and to the durable and rational quality of his devotion to sport. The hunt finds other good backers in the farmers of the valley, in the owners of country places who spend a large time of the year there, and in earnest sportsmen from Buffalo, Batavia, Rochester, New York, Chicago, and other places, who hunt regularly once or twice a week in the season. It also attracts visitors who come in increasing numbers to get a taste of the quality of its entertainment. The hunting country is a strip of farm and woodland, twenty miles long or thereabouts, and from four to eight miles wide, through which flows the Genesee River. The country is beautiful; the inclosures are large; the fencing includes almost all varieties of rail, board, and picket fences. Horse-raising is one of the industries

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Taking the Hounds Out for Exercise.
The Genesee Club.

of the district, and the huntermen are well mounted. The hounds of the Genesee Valley Hunt hunt wild foxes three times a week from the latter part of September until it gets too cold, which usually happens about Christmas. Some drag-hunting was done last fall with a small pack set apart for that purpose, but drag-hunting is regarded in Geneseo as a subsidiary sport, to be winked at and endured in the present state of human weakness, but hardly to be countenanced, much less encouraged. Mr. Wadsworth's hounds are either imported or of English stock, and from twenty to thirty couple of them are always ready for work. The field of riders varies from twenty to fifty and, though the numbers dwindle somewhat as the season advances, the hounds have a strong following as long as the hunting lasts. The country is too extensive to admit of earth-stopping, and the foxes usually get away, though eight or ten are killed every year, but the hounds nearly always find, good runs are the rule, and notable runs are common.

The best hunting in the Genesee Valley is in November and December. The prettiest and gayest hunting is in October. To be jogging after Mr. Wadsworth's pack, about eleven o'clock on a Saturday late in October, is to be riding through a charming valley at a delightful time of year, with every prospect of five or six hours of happiness. On such a Saturday in 1894 the meet was at a village some eight miles from the kennels. It was a pretty village, the day was a perfect October day, and the meet of hounds and horsemen, of ladies in carts and traps and on hunters, of participants and well-wishers and disinterested spectators, was a stimulating and cheerful sight. Then came the leisurely riding across country from covert to covert, through woods and down into gullies, over fences at one's leisure at the easiest place, all the time in the sunshine, with the brisk air making one younger with every breath of it, and the hounds working industriously and keeping every observer's expectation primed.

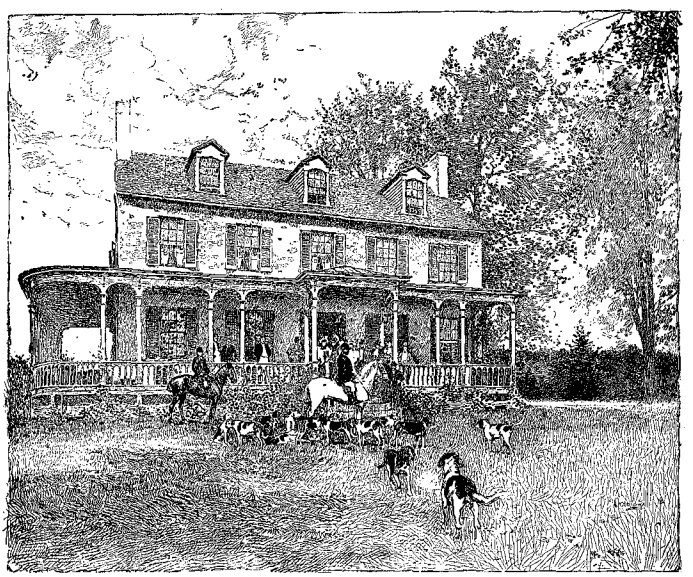
And when presently, after an hour or more of progressive investigation, the hounds found and were off, what a stir and enlivenment, as the field broke into a gallop and streamed off across country, over field and stream and fence and road, every emulous hunterman eager to better his place, every tyro shadowing his chosen pilot as closely

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as he dared, every bold and experienced rider speculating as he rides on the next turn of the pack, with a keen scrutiny as he rises at one fence for the weak place in the next one. When there is a weak spot or a low place, what a comfort to have it come conveniently into one's line. When there is none, but the rails rise high and strong across the field, what joy, when one has tightened one's rein and made at them, to have one's horse actually clear them, and then to glance back and see the little group of less fortunate riders on the farther side! It is conceivable that there are men who like to jump high fences, but doubtless the more common experience is that a five-foot fence affords a delightful sensation after one is about three-quarters over it, but that up to that point it is a solemn and unwelcome obstacle that cannot be dodged without loss and regret.

Do you suppose any sincere person really regrets it when there is a check after even three or four miles of hard galloping? To stop while the hounds are running is misery, of course, but to pull up with one's bones all whole and one's credit saved—how can any hunter-man of sound discretion regret that?

The day I speak of the fox got away. I am not sure that he was ever viewed. But what a good and satisfying day it was, and how proud that little fox should have been to have made so much sport for so many honest folks at such comparatively insignificant inconvenience to himself. The lady who fell off got on again; the man who got the spectacular cropper wasn't hurt. The competent surgeon who usually rides in the first flight in the Genesee Valley runs got his exercise that day without ever getting off his mare, except to eat his lunch. And yet there are people who shudder at the hazards of fox-hunting, and grieve that sons of solicitous mothers and fathers of dependent families should venture their necks in such a sport!

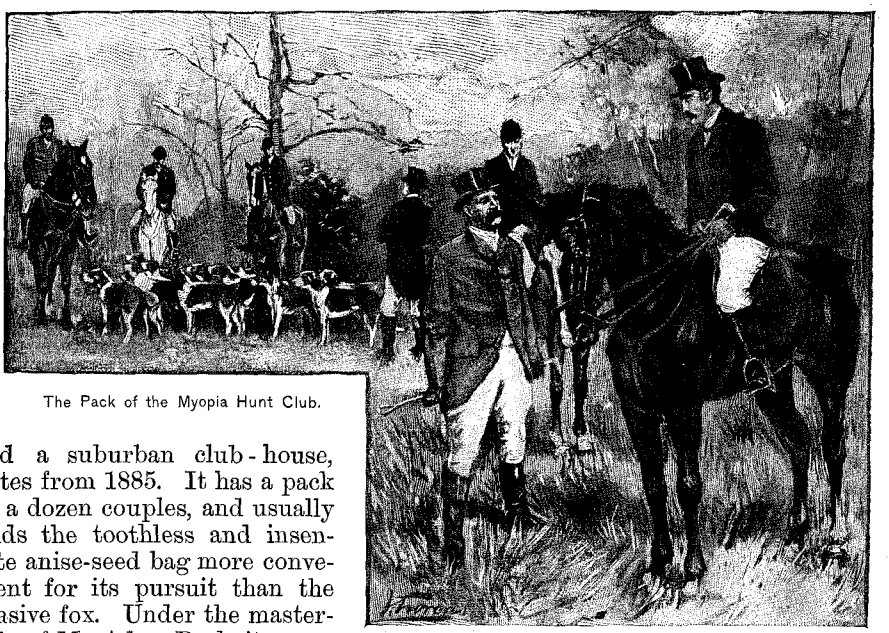


The Old Stone Tavern on the Reisterstown Turnpike, Baltimore County, Md.
Head-quarters of the Green Spring Valley Hunt Club.

Of the Canadian hunts, the chief is the Montreal Hunt, started as long ago as 1826, and probably the oldest organized hunt club in America. Its kennels and clubhouse are in Montreal. Its hunting country lies in the islands of Montreal, Jesus, and Bizard, good farming country with timber fences, stone walls, and ditches. The members get to the meets by train or otherwise, according to the distance. The hounds meet three times a week at 11 A.M., from the middle of August to the end of November. There is an earth-stopper among the club servants, a consequence of which is that eight or ten brace of foxes are killed during the season. The club membership is about one hundred, and the dues of $50 a year help to maintain the pack. The present master is Mr. H. Montague Allan.

The London (Ontario) Hunt, another strong club with a large membership

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Pack of the Myopia Hunt Club.

and a suburban club-house, dates from 1885. It has a pack of a dozen couples, and usually finds the toothless and insensate anise-seed bag more convenient for its pursuit than the evasive fox. Under the mastership of Mr. Adam Beck, it sometimes takes its hounds across the Detroit River, and makes a field-day for the riding population of Detroit.

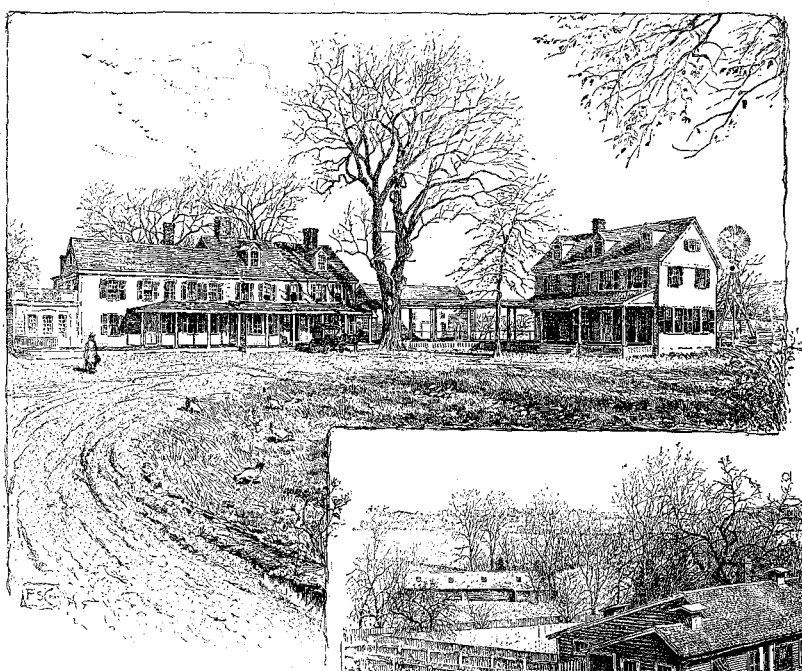
Toronto, the horse-dealing centre of Canada, has its hunt, of course; a drag-hunt which combines the accomplishment of business ends with the pursuit of pleasure. Fifteen couple make up the present pack of the Toronto hounds, and Mr. F. H. Beardmore has them out three times a week during the short Canadian season.

With these twenty-five hunt clubs, almost all of them started within twenty years, and most of them much younger, it will be seen that hunting as an American sport has made a vigorous start, and promises to make a permanent and growing impression on the habits of our people. Once the idea of the possibility of hunting is disseminated, the rest will take care of itself, and clubs will spring up where there is a demand for them. Chicago has everything that it wants. It will want hunting presently, and will surely get it. St. Louis, which already has a vigorous country club, has only a short step farther to take. Wherever there is wealth there will be leisure. Wherever there is wealth and leisure the horse will multiply in the land, and there will be hardy men who will dare to ride on his back. Once horse-riding becomes a habit in a highly civilized American community, we may expect hunting to follow. That is in part because hunting is a growing fashion, but much more because it is a sport of great merit, which is bound to win its own way wherever a chance is given to it. As one of the most picturesque of sports, it should be welcomed for the variety and color it brings to American life. Wherever there is hunting there are red coats—either to ride in or dine in—steeple-chases, horse shows, hunt balls, polo-playing, and much pomp and panoply of pleasure, all of which is highly decorative and has a spectacular value, which affects the existence of thousands of people whose participation in it is confined to the not unimportant office of looking on. Hunting is virile and it is wholesome. Men get hurt in it sometimes, but seldom very seriously, and many men get materially benefited.

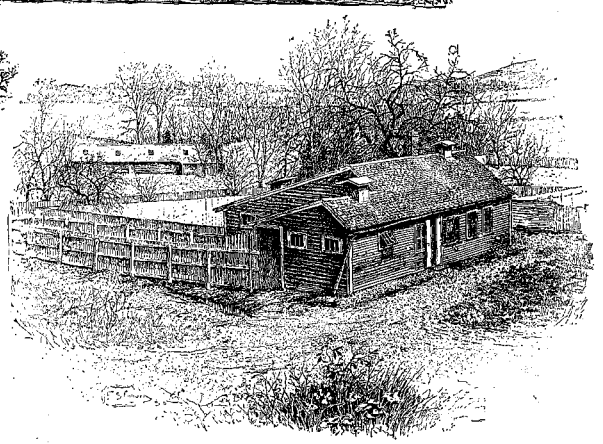
Moreover, the money spent in hunting is spent in our own country and goes directly into the pockets of Americans who need it. Whatever brightens country life and checks the tendency of the cities to swallow up all the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

money and monopolize all the fun is a benefit. Whatever sport induces well-to-do Americans to disburse their surpluses in their own land, among their brethren, instead of flocking for that purpose to Europe, is also a benefit, and one the promotion of which no true patriot will care to hinder. Let us have as much of our fun at home as we can, and let us think twice before we sniff at any development of wholesome sport that helps to make that possible. Some men who hunt get health and strength from it, which they expend in activities more directly useful. Encourage them in their hunting, for it does them good. Other men get less benefit, but their support helps to keep hunting alive, and their money is useful to the farmers, grooms, inn-keepers, and surgeons, veterinary and otherwise, who have honestly earned it. Encourage them, too, for they are good for sport. Still other men hunt who, if critically considered, may be estimated to be good for little else. Of these it may be said that, though they may not be indispensable to sport, at least if they were not hunting they would probably be less innocently occupied. Encourage these also, for when they are hunting they are out of mischief, and, so far as lies in them, are fulfilling their mission in life.



Club-house.



Kennels.

The Myopia Hunt Club, of Hamilton, Mass.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A PHOTOGRAPH

By Abbe Carter Goodloe

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

THERE was a great deal of jangling of bells, and much laughter and talk, and the chaperon, who was an assistant Greek professor, looked as if she had never heard of Aristophanes, and listened apparently with the most intense interest to a Harvard half-back eagerly explaining to her the advantages of a flying wedge; and when the College loomed in sight, with its hundreds of lights, and the sleigh drew up under the big *porte cochère*, and while a handsome youth was bidding his sister, the hostess of the party, an unusually affectionate goodby, she explained to the rest how very sorry she was she could not invite them in. But the Harvard men, in a feeling sort of way, said they understood, and after much lifting of hats and more laughter, the sleigh went jingling off and the chaperon and her charges were left standing in the "Centre."

She confessed then that she was extremely tired and that she did not think she ever cared again to see the "winter sports." She thought the sight afforded her that afternoon of two nice boys, very scantily clothed and with bloody faces, banging away at each other until they could hardly stand, compared with the view of those same young gentlemen the week before at the College, immaculately dressed and with very good-looking noses and eyes, was entirely too great a strain on her. So she went off to her study and left the excited and pleased young women to stroll down the corridor to Miss Ronald's room, to talk it over and to decide for the twentieth time that Somebody of '94 ought to have come off winner in the fencing match, instead of Somebody else of '93.

The room they went into was a typical college room, with its bookstands and long chairs and cushions and innumerable trophies, of which Miss Ronald was rather proud. She was a stylish girl, with New York manners and clothes, and a pretty, rather expressionless face, strongly addicted to fads, and after almost four years of college life still something of a fool. She had become popular through her own efforts and the fact that she had a brother at Harvard. If a girl really wishes to be a favorite in college she must arrange to have some male relative at a neighboring university.

The sleighing party over to Harvard for the winter sports had been an especial success, so her guests took off their wraps and settled themselves in her chairs in a very cordial sort of way, and discussed amiably the merits of the tug-of-war, while someone made chocolate. After a while, when everyone had had her say about the pole-vaulting and the running jumps, the conversation flagged a little and the room came in for its share of attention.

There was a comparative stranger among the guests—a Miss Meredith—to whom Miss Ronald could show her numerous souvenirs for the first time. She was especially glad to have them to show to this particular girl because she thought they would impress her—although it would have been a little difficult for a casual observer to understand just why, for as Miss Meredith was led around the room by her hostess, from the screen made of cotillion favors and the collection of lamp-post signs presented to her by Harvard admirers afflicted with kleptomania, over to the smoking-cap and tobacco-pouch of some smitten undergraduate, anyone could see what a handsome girl she was, and though more plainly dressed than the others, that she seemed to be thoroughly at her ease.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Perhaps Miss Ronald expected her to be impressed because she had taken her up, and had first introduced her to this set and made a success of her. No one had known anything about her or her people, and she had entered shortly before as a "special student," and therefore belonged to no particular class. She was evidently a little older than Miss Ronald and her friends, and her face was somewhat sad, and there was a thoughtful look in the eyes. She seemed to be rather haughty, too, and as if afraid she would be patronized. But Miss Ronald, whose particular craze in the beauty line was a cream complexion, gray eyes, and red-brown hair, had declared the new-comer to be a beauty, and even after she had discovered that this handsome girl was not of her own social standing, that her people were unknown and unimportant, she still declared her intention of cultivating her. She had found this harder to do than she had expected, and so, as she led her around the room, she rather delighted in the belief that she was impressing this girl by the many evidences of a gay social career.

The others, who had seen all the trophies many times before, and who knew just which one of Miss Ronald's admirers had given her the Harvard blazer, and where she had got the Yale flag and the mandolin with the tiger-head painted on it—for Miss Ronald, being a wise young lady, cultivated friends in every college—sat back and talked among themselves and paid very little attention to what the other two were doing. They were a little startled, therefore, by a low exclamation from the girl with Miss Ronald. She had stopped before a long photograph case filled with pictures of first violins and celebrated actors and college men—all the mute evidences of various passing fancies. Miss Ronald, who was putting away the faded remains of some tree flowers and some pictures of Hasty Pudding theatricals, looked over at the girl.

"What is it?" she said, carelessly, and then noting her pallor and the direction of her gaze, she laughed in an embarrassed little way and went over to her.

"Is it this?" she said, taking a half-hidden photograph from among the jumble of pictures and holding it up to the view of all.

It was the photograph of a young man, a successful man, whose name had become suddenly famous and whose personality was as potent as his talents. He was not handsome, but his fine face was more attractive than a handsome one would have been. There was a look of determination in the firmly closed lips and square cut jaw, and an indefinable air of the man of the world about the face which rendered it extremely fascinating. On the lower edge of the picture was written his name, in a strong, bold hand that corresponded with the look on the face.

"My latest craze," said Miss Ronald, smiling rather nervously and coloring a little as she still held the picture up. There was a slight and awkward pause, and then half a dozen hands reached for it. There was not a girl in the room who had not heard of this man and wished she knew him, and who had not read his last book and the latest newspaper paragraphs about him. But their interest had been of the secretly admiring order, and they all felt this girl was going a little too far, that it was not just the thing to have his picture—the picture of a man she did not know. And as she looked around and met the gray eyes of the girl beside her she felt impelled to explain her position as if in answer to the unspoken scorn in them. She was embarrassed and rather angry that it had all happened. She could laugh at the first violins and the opera tenors and the English actor—they had only been silly fancies — but this one was different. Without knowing this man she had felt an intense interest in him and his face had fascinated her, and she had persuaded herself that he was her ideal and that she could easily care for him. She suddenly realized how childish she had been and the ridiculousness of it all, and it angered her.

"Of course I know it isn't nice to have his picture—in this way—" she began, defiantly, "but I know his cousin—it was from him that I got this photograph—and he has promised to introduce us next winter." She seemed to forget her momentary embarrassment and looked very much elated.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Won't that be exciting? I sha'n't know in the least what to say to him. Think of meeting the most fascinating man in New York!"

"Be sure you recognize him," murmured one of the girls, gloomily, from the depths of a steamer-chair. "I met him last winter. I had never seen a photograph of him then, and not knowing he was *the* one, I talked to him for half an hour. When I found out after he had gone who he was, I couldn't get over my stupidity. My mother was angry with me, I can tell you!"

Each one knew something about him, or knew some one who knew him, or the artist who illustrated his stories, or the people with whom he had just gone abroad, or into what thousandth his last book had got. They all thought him a hero, and fascinatingly handsome, and they declared, with the sentimental candor of the very young girl, that they would never marry unless they could marry a man like that—a man who had accomplished great things and had a future before him, and who was so clever and interesting and distinguished-looking.

The girl who had had the singular good fortune to meet him was besieged with questions as to his looks and manner of talking, and personal preferences, to all of which she answered with a fine disregard for facts and a volubility out of all proportion to her knowledge. They wondered whether his play—he had just written one and the newspapers were saying a great deal about its forthcoming production—would be as interesting as his stories, and they all hoped it would be given in New York during the Christmas holidays, and they declared that they would not miss it for anything.

Only one girl sat silent, her gray eyes bright with scorn—she let them talk on. Their opinions about his looks, and whether he was conceited or only properly sensible of his successes, and whether the report was true that he was going to Japan in the spring, seemed indifferent to her. She sat white and unsmiling through all their girlish enthusiasm and sentimental talk about this unknown god and their ideals and their expectations for the future—and when the photograph, which had been passed from hand to hand, reached her, she let it fall idly in her lap as though she could not bear to touch it As it lay there, a hard look came into her face. When she glanced up, she found Miss Ronald gazing at her with a curious, petulant expression.

Suddenly she got up and a look of determination was upon her face and in her eyes. Their talk was all very childish and silly, but she could see that beneath their half-laughing manner there was a touch of seriousness. This man, with his fine face and his successes and personal magnetism, had exercised a strange fascination over them, and most of all over the pretty, sentimental girl looking with such a puzzled expression at her.

After all, this girl had been good to her. She would do what she could. She stood tall and straight against the curtains of the window facing the rest and breathing quickly——

"Yes—I know of him," she said, answering their unspoken inquiry. "You think you know him through his books and the reviews and newspaper notices of him." Her voice was ringing now, and she touched the picture lightly and scornfully with her finger.

"I know him better than that. I know things of him that will not be told in newspaper paragraphs and book reviews." She paused and her face grew whiter. "You read his stories and because they are the best of their kind; the most correct, the most interesting, because his men are the men you like to know, men who are always as they should be to men, because there is an atmosphere of refinement and elegance and pleasing conventionality about them—you think they must be the reflex of himself. Oh, yes! I know—the very last story—you have all read it—who could be more magnificent and correct than *Roscommon?* And you think *him* like his hero! There is not one of you but would feel flattered at his attentions, you might easily fall in love with him—I dare say you would scarcely refuse him — and yet" — she broke off suddenly.

"There was a girl," she began after a moment's hesitation, in a tone from

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"They wanted him to put them in his stories."

which all the excitement had died, "a friend of mine, and she loved him. Perhaps you do not know that before he became famous he lived in a small Western town — she lived there too. They grew up together, and she was as proud of him—well, you know probably just how proud a girl can be of a boy who has played with her and scolded her and tyrannized over her and protected her and afterward loved her. For he *did* love her. He told her so a thousand times and he showed it to her in a thousand ways. And she loved him! I cannot tell you what he was to her." They were all looking curiously at her white face and she tried to speak still more calmly.

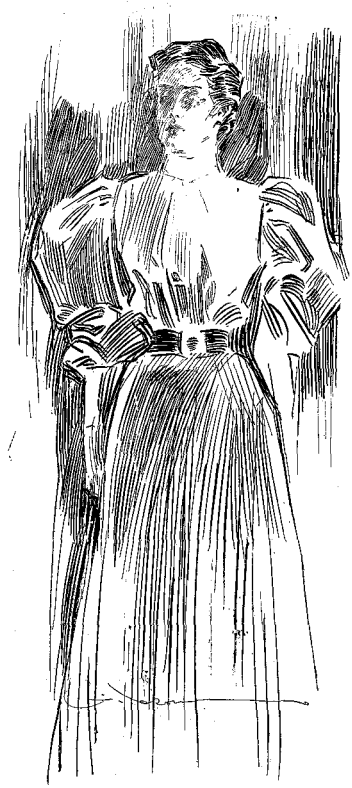
"Well, after a time his ambition—for he was very ambitious and very talented—made him restless. He wanted to go East—he thought he would succeed. She let him go freely, willingly. His success was hers, he said. Everything he was to do was for her, and she let him go, and she told him then that he could be free. But he was very angry. He said that he would never have thought of going but to be better worthy of her. He succeeded — you know—the world knows how well he has succeeded, and the world likes success, and what wonder that he forgot her. She was handsome—at least her friends told her so—but she was not like the girls he knows now. She was not rich, and she had never been used to the life of luxury and worldliness to which he had so quickly accustomed himself. But," she went on, protestingly, as if in reply to some unspoken argument or some doubt that had assailed her, "she could have been all he wished her. She was quick and good to look at, and well-bred. She could have easily learned the world's ways — the ways that have become so vital to him."

She stopped, and then went on with an air of careful impartiality, as if try-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing to be just, to look at both sides of the question, and her beautiful face grew whiter with the effort.

"But, of course, she was not like the girls he had met. He used to write to her at first how disgusted he was when those elegant young ladies would pet him and make much of him and use him and his time as they did everything else in their beautiful, idle lives. He did not like it, he said; and then I suppose it amused him, and then fascinated him. They would not let him alone. They wanted him to put them in his stories, and he had to go to their dinners and to the opera with them. He said they wanted someone to "show off;" and at first he resented it, but little by little he came to like it and to find it the life he had needed and longed for, and to forget and despise the simpler one he had known in his youth——"



"She paused and her face grew whiter."

She stopped again and pulled nervously at the silk fringe of the curtain, and looked at the strained faces of the girls as if asking them whether she had been just in her way of putting the thing. And then she hurried on.

"And so she released him. He had not been back in two years—not since he had first gone away, and she knew it would be easier to do it before she saw him again. And so when she heard of his success and how popular he was, and that he was the most talked about of all the younger authors, she wrote him that she could not be his wife. But she loved him, and she let him see it in the letter. She bent her pride that far—and she was a proud girl! She told herself over and over that he was not worthy of her—that success had made a failure of him, but she loved him still and she let him see it. She determined to give him and herself that chance. If he still loved her he would know from that letter that she, too, loved him. Well, his answer—she told me that his answer was very cold and short. That if she wished to give him up she knew she must have some good reason."

Someone stirred uneasily, and gave a breathless sort of gasp.

"That was hard," she went on. She was speaking now in an impassive sort of way. "But that was not the hardest. She saw him again. It was not long ago—" She stopped and put one hand to her throat. "She had gone away. She desired to become what he had wished she was, although she could never be anything to him again, and she was succeeding, and thought that perhaps she would forget and be happy. But he found out where she was, and went to her. Something had gone wrong with him. You remember—he was reported to be engaged to a young girl very well known in society—the daughter of a senator, and a great beauty. Well, there was some mistake. He came straight to my friend and told her that he did not know what he had been doing, that she was the only girl he had ever loved and he asked her forgiveness. He told her that his life would be worthless and ruined, that his success would mean less than nothing to him if she did not love him, and he implored her to be what she had once been to him and to marry him."

Miss Ronald looked up quickly, and the petulant expression in her eyes had given place to a look of disdain.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Is it this?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"What did she say then?" she asked.

The girl shook her head, mournfully.

"She could not," she said, simply. "She would have given her soul to have been able to say yes, but she could not!"

When the door had quite closed behind her, they sat silent and hushed. Suddenly Miss Ronald walked over to the window and picking up the photograph where it had fallen, face downward, she tore it into little bits.

THE AMAZING MARRIAGE

BY GEORGE MEREDITH

CHAPTER XXXII

IN WHICH WE SEE CARINTHIA PUT IN PRACTICE ONE OF HER OLD FATHER'S LESSONS

SEATED at his breakfast-table the Earl saw Gower stride in, and could have wagered he knew the destination of the fellow's morning walk. It concerned him little; he would be leaving the castle in less than an hour. She might choose to come or choose to keep away. The whims of animals do not affect men unless they are professionally tamers. Petty domestic dissensions are, besides, poor webs to the man pulling single-handed at ropes with his revolted miners. On the topic of wages, too, he was Gower's master, and could hold forth; by which he taught himself to feel that practical affairs are the proper business of men; women and infants being remotely secondary—the picturesque and poetry, consequently sheer nonsense.

"I suppose your waiting here is useless, to quote you," he said. "The Countess can decide now to remain, if she pleases. Drive with me to Cardiff: I miss you, if you're absent a week. Or is it legs? Drop me a line of your stages on the road, and don't loiter much."

Gower spoke of starting his legs next day, if he had to do the journey alone; and he clouded the yacht for Fleetwood with talk of the Wye and the Usk, Hereford and the Malvern Hills elliptical over the plains.

"Yes," the Earl acquiesced, jealously; "we ought to have seen—tramped every foot of our own country. That yacht of mine, there she is, and I said I would board her and have a fly with half a dozen fellows round the Scottish Isles. We're never free to do as we like."

"Legs are the only things that have a taste of freedom," said Gower.

They strolled down to Howell Edwards's office at nine, Kit Ines beside the luggage cart to the rear.

Around the office and along to the street of the cottages, crowds were chattering, gesticulating; Ines fancied the foreign jabberers inclined to threaten. Howell Edwards, at the door of his office, watched them calculatingly. The lord of their destinies passed in with him, leaving Gower to study the features of the men, and Ines to reckon the chance of a fray.

Fleetwood came out presently, saying to Edwards: "That concession goes far enough. Because I have a neighbor who yields at every step? No, stick to the principles. I've said my final word. And here's the carriage. If the mines are closed, more's the pity; but I'm not responsible. You can let them know, if you like, before I drive off; it doesn't matter to me."

The carriage was ready. Gower cast a glance up the hill. Three female figures and a pannier-donkey were visible on the descent. He nodded to Edwards, who took the words out of his mouth. "Her ladyship, my lord."

She was distinctly seen, and looked formidable in definition against the cloud. Madge and the nurse-maid, Martha, were the two other young wom-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

en. On they came, and the angry man seated in the carriage could not give the order to start. Nor could he quite shape an idea of annoyance, though he hung to it and faced at Gower a battery of the promise to pay him for this. Tattling observers were estimated at their small importance there, as everywhere, by one so high above them. But the appearance of the woman of the burlesque name and burlesque actions, and odd ascension out of the ludicrous into a form to cast a spell, so that she commanded serious recollections of her, disturbed him. He stepped from his carriage. Again he had his incomprehensible fit of shyness; and a vision of the complacent, jowled, redundant blue-coated monarch aswing in imbecile merriment on the signboard of the Royal Sovereign inn, constitutionally his total opposite, yet instigating the sensation.

In that respect his Countess and he had shifted characters. Carinthia came on at her bold mountain stride to within hail of him. Met by Gower, she talked, smiled, patted her donkey, clutched his ear, lifted a silken covering to show the child asleep, entirely at her ease and unhurried. These women get an aid from their pride of maternity. And when they can boast a parson behind them they are indecorous up to insolent in their ostentation of it.

She resumed her advance, with a slight abatement of her challenging march, sedately; very collectedly erect; changed in the fulness of her figure and her poised, calm bearing.

He heard her voice to Gower: "Yes, they do; we noticed the slate roofs, looking down on them. They do look like a council of rooks in the hollow: a parliament you said. They look exceedingly like when a peep of sunshine falls. Oh, no, not clergymen!"

She laughed at the suggestion.

She might be one of the actresses by nature.

Is the man unsympathetic with women a hater of nature deductively? Most women are actresses. As to worshipping nature, we go back to the state of heathen beast, Mr. Philosopher Gower could be answered.

Fleetwood drew in his argument. She stood before him. There was on his part an insular representation of old French court salute to the lady, and she replied to it in the exactest measure, as if an instructed proficient.

She stood unshadowed. "We have come to bid you adieu, my lord," she said, and no trouble of the bosom shook her mellow tones. Her face was not the chalk-quarry or the rosed rock; it was oddly individual, and, in a way, alluring, with some gentle contraction of her eyelids. But evidently she stood in full repose, mistress of herself.

Upon him, it appeared, the whole sensibility of the situation was to be thrown. He hardened.

"We have had to settle business here," he said, speaking resonantly, to cover his gazing discomposedly, all but furtively.

The child was shown, still asleep. A cunning infant: not a cry in him to excuse a father for preferring concord or silence or the bachelor's exemption.

"He is a strong boy," the mother said. "Our doctor promises he will ride over all the illnesses."

Fleetwood's answer set off with an alarm of the throat and dwindled to: "We'll hope so. Seems to sleep well."

She had her rocky brows. They were not barren crags, and her shape was nature's ripeness, it was acknowledged. She stood like a lance in air—rather like an Amazon schooled by Athene, one might imagine. Hues of some going or coming flush hinted the magical trick of her visage. She spoke in modest manner, or, it might be, indifferently, without a flaunting of either.

"I wish to consult you, my lord. He is not baptized. His Christian names?"

"I have no choice."

"I should wish him to bear one of my brother's names."

"I have no knowledge of your brother's names."

"Chillon is one."

"Ah! Is it, should you think, suitable to our climate?"

"Another name of my brother's is John."

"Bull." The loutish derision passed her and rebounded on him. "That would be quite at home."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You will allow one of your own names, my lord?"

"Oh, certainly, if you desire it; choose. There are four names you will find in a book of the Peerage or Directory or so, up at the castle — or you might have written — better than these questions on the public road. I don't demur. Let it be as you like."

"I write empty letters to tell what I much want," Carinthia said.

"You have only to write your plain request."

"If, now I see you, I may speak another request, my lord."

"Pray," he said, with courteous patience, and stepped forward down to the street of the miners' cottages. She could there speak out—bawl the request, if it suited her to do so.

On the point of speaking, she gazed round.

"Perfectly safe! no harm possible," said he, fretful under the burden of this her maniacal maternal anxiety. "The men are all right, they would not hurt a child. What can rationally be suspected!"

"I know the men; they love their children," she replied. "I think my child would be precious to them. Mr. Woodseer and Mr. Edwards and Madge are there."

"Is the one more request—I mean, a mother's anxiety does not run to the extent of suspecting everybody?"

"Some of the children are very pretty," said Carinthia, and eyed the bands of them at their games in the roadway and at the cottage doors. "Children of the poor have happy mothers."

Her eyes were homely, though they were so much a morning over her face. They were open now to what that fellow Woodseer (who could speak to the point when he was not aiming at it) called the parlor, or social sitting-room; where we may have converse with the tame woman's mind, seeing the door to the clawing recesses temporarily shut.

"Forgive me if I say you talk like the bigger child," Fleetwood said, lightly, not ungenially; for the features he looked on were museful, a picture in their one expression.

Her answer chilled him. "It is true, my lord. I will not detain you. I would beg to be supplied with money."

He was like the leaves of a frosted plant, in his crisp curling inward—he had been so genial.

"You have come to say good-by, that you may have an opportunity to—as you put it—beg for money. I am not sure of your having learnt yet the right disposal of money."

"I beg, my lord, to have two thousand pounds a year allowed to me."

"Ten—and it's a task to spend the sum on a single household—shall be allotted to your expenditure at Esslemont—stables, bills, et cætera. You can entertain. My steward, Leddings, will undertake the management. You will not be troubled with payings."

Her head acknowledged the graciousness. "I would have two thousand pounds and live where I please."

"Pardon me: the two, for a lady living where she pleases, exceeds the required amount."

"I will accept a smaller sum, my lord."

"Money! — it seems a singular demand when all supplies are furnished."

"I would have control of some money."

"You are thinking of charities."

"Not charities."

"Edwards here has a provision for the hospital needs of the people. Mr. Woodseer applies to me in cases he can certify. Leddings will do the same at Esslemont."

"I am glad, I am thankful. The money I would have is for my own use. It is for me."

"Ah! Scarcely that, I fancy."

The remark should have struck home. He had a thirst for the sign of her confession to it. He looked. Something like a petrification of her wildest face was shown.

Carinthia's eyes were hard out on a scattered knot of children down the street.

She gathered up her skirts. Without a word to him she ran, and running shouted to the little ones around and ahead: "In! in! indoors, children! *Blant, i'r ty!* Mothers, mothers, ho!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

get them in. See the dog! *Ci! Ci!* In with them! *Blant, i'r ty! i'r ty!*"

A big black mongrel appeared worrying at one of two petticoated urchins on the ground.

She scurried her swiftest, with such warning Welsh as she had on the top of her mountain cry; and doors flew wide; there was a bang of doors when she darted by; first gust out of terrible heavens that she seemed to the cottagers.

Other shouts behind her rent the air, gathering to a roar, from the breasts of men and women. "Mad dog about!" had been for days the rumor crossing the hills over the line of village, hamlet, farm, from Cardiff port.

Dead hush succeeded the burst. Men and women stood off. The brute was at the lady.

Her arms were straight above her head; her figure overhanging, on a bend of the knees. Right and left the fury of the slavering fangs shook her loose droop of gown; and a dull prolonged growl, like the clamor of a far body of insurrectionary marching men, told of the rage.

Fleetwood hovered helpless as a leaf on a bough. "Back, I pray," she said to him, and motioned it, her arms at high stretch.

He held no weapon. The sweat of his forehead half-blinded him. And she waved him behind her, beckoned to the crowd to keep wide way, used her lifted hands as flappers: she had all her wits. There was not a wrinkle of a grimace. Nothing but her locked lips betrayed her vision of imminent doom. The shaking of her gown and the snarl in the undergrowl sounded insatiate.

The brute dropped hold. With a weariful jog of the head, it pursued its course at an awful even swing-pace: Death's own, Death's doer, his reaper. He, the very Death of the Terrors.

Carinthia's cry rang for clear way to be kept on either side, and that accursed dog went the path through a sharp-edged mob, as it poured pell-mell and shrank back, closing for the chase to rear of it.

"Father taught me," she said to the Earl, not more discomposed than if she had taken a jump.

"It's over!" he groaned, savagely white, and bellowed for guns, any weapons. "Your father? pray." She was entreated to speak.

"Yes, it must be shot; it will be merciful to kill it," she said. "They have carried the child indoors. The others are safe. Mr. Woodseer, run to my nurse-girl, Martha. He goes," she murmured, and resumed to the Earl: "Father told me women have a better chance than men with a biting dog. He put me before him and drilled me. He thought of everything. Usually the poor beast snaps—one angry bite, not more. My dress teased it."

Fleetwood grinned civilly in his excitement; intending to yield patient hearing, to be interested by any mortal thing she might choose to say.

She was advised by recollection to let her father rest.

"No, dear girl, not hurt, no scratch, only my gown torn," she said to Madge; and Madge heaved and whimpered, and stooped to pin the frayed strips. "Quite safe; you see it is easy for women to escape, Mr. Edwards."

Carinthia's voice hummed over the girl's head: "Father made me practise it, in case. He forethought. Madge, you heard of this dog. I told you how to act. I was not feverish. Our babe will not feel it."

She bade Madge open her hands. "A scratch would kill. Never mind the tearings; I will hold my dress. Oh! there is that one child bitten. Mr. Edwards, mount a man for the doctor. I will go in to the child. He was bitten. Lose not one minute, Mr. Edwards. I see you go."

He bowed and hastened.

The child's mother was red eyes at her door for ease of her heart to the lady. Carinthia stepped into the room, where the little creature was fetching sobs after the spout of screams.

"God in heaven! she can't be going to suck the bite?" Fleetwood cried to Madge, whose answer was disquieting: "If it's to save life my mistress won't stop at anything."

His heart sprang with a lighted comprehension of Gower Woodseer's meaning. This girl's fervor opened portals to new views of her mistress, or opened eyes.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHAPTER XXXIII

A FRIGHTFUL DEBATE

PUSHING through a swarm into the cot, Fleetwood saw Carinthia on a knee beside a girl's lap, where the stripped child lay. Its mother held a basin for the dabbing at raw red spots.

A sting of pain touched the memory of its fright, and brought further screams, then the sobs. Carinthia hummed a Styrian cradle-song as the wailing lulled.

She glanced up—she said to the Earl: "The bite was deep; it was in the blood. We may have time. Get me an interpreter. I must ask the mother. I know not many words."

"What now?" said he, at the looming of new vexations.

"We have no choice. Has a man gone? Dr. Griffiths would hurry fast. An hour may be too late. The poison travels. Father advised it: *Fifty years for one brave minute!* This child should be helped to live."

"We'll do our best. Why an interpreter?"

"A poker in the fire. The interpreter—whether the mother will bear to have it done."

"Burn, do you mean?"

"It should be burnt."

"Not by you?"

"Quick! quick!"

"But will you—could you? No, I say!"

"If there is no one else."

"You forget your own child."

"He is near the end of his mother."

"The doctor will soon arrive."

"The poison travels. It cannot be overtaken unless we start nearly equal, Father said."

"Work like that wants an experienced hand."

"A steady one. I would not quake—not tremble."

"I cannot permit it."

"Mr. Wythan would know: he would know!"

"Do you hear, Lady Fleetwood—the dog may not be mad!"

"Signs: He ran heavy, he foamed."

"Foam's no sign."

"Go; order to me a speaker of English and Welsh."

The Earl spun round, sensible of the novelty of his being commanded, and submitting; but no sooner had he turned than he fell into her view of the urgency, and he went, much like the boy we see at school, with a strong hand on his collar running him in.

Madge entered and said: "Mr. Woodseer has seen baby and Martha and the donkey all safe."

"He is kind," said Carinthia. "Do we right to bathe the wound? It seems right to wash it. Little things that seem right may be exactly wrong after all, when we are ignorant. I know burning the wound is right!"

Madge asked: "But, my lady, who is to do it?"

"You would do it, dear, if I shrank," her mistress replied.

"Oh, my lady, I don't know, I can't say. Burning a child! And there's our baby."

"He has had me nearly his time."

"Oh, my dear lady! Would the mother consent?"

"My Madge! I have so few of their words yet. You would hold the child to save it from a dreadful end."

"God help me, my lady—I would, as long as I live I will. . . . Oh! poor infant, we do need our courage now."

The cottage door was pushed open for Lord Fleetwood and Howell Edwards, whom his master had prepared to stand against immediate operations.

A mounted messenger had been despatched. But it was true, the doctor might not be at home. Assuming it to be a bite of rabies, minutes lost meant the terrible: Edwards bowed his head to that. On the other hand, he foresaw the closest of personal reasons for hesitating to be in agreement with the lady wholly. The Countess was not so much a persuasive lady as she was in her breath and gaze a sweeping and a wafting power. After a short argument, he had a sense of hanging like a bank detached to fatality of motion by the crack of a landslip, and that he would speedily be on his manhood to volunteer for the terrible work.

He addressed the mother. Her eyes whitened from their red at his first

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

word of laying hot iron on the child; she ran out with the wild woman's howl to her neighbors.

"Poor mother!" Carinthia sighed. "It may last a year in the child's body and one day he shudders at water. Father saw a bitten man die. I could fear death with the thought of that poison in me. I pray Dr. Griffiths may come."

Fleetwood shuffled a step. "He will come, he will come."

The mother and some women now packed the room. A gabble arose between them and Edwards. They fired sharp snatches of speech, and they darted looks at the lady and her lord.

"They do not know!" said Carinthia.

Gower brought her news that the dog had been killed: Martha and her precious burden were outside, a mob of men, too. He was not alarmed, but she went to the door and took her babe in her arms, and when the women observed the lady holding her own little one, their looks were softened. At a hint of explanation from Edwards, the guttural gabble rattled up to the shrill vowels.

Fleetwood's endurance broke short. The packed small room, the caged-monkey lingo, the wailful child, and the past and apprehended debate upon the burning of flesh, composed an intolerable torture. He said to Edwards: "Go to the men, settle it with them. We have to follow that man Wythan; no peace otherwise. Tell the men the body of the dog must be secured for analysis. Mad or not, it's the same; these Welsh mothers and grandmothers won't allow cautery at any price. Hark at them!"

He turned to Carinthia: "Your ladyship will let Mr. Edwards or Mr. Woodseer conduct you to the house where you are residing. You don't know these excitable people; I wish you to leave."

She replied softly: "I stay for the doctor's coming."

"Impossible for me to wait—and I can't permit you to be here."

"It is life and death, and I must not be commanded."

"You may be proposing gratuitous agony."

"I would do it to my own child."

The Earl attacked Gower: "Add your voice to persuade Lady Fleetwood."

Gower said: "What if I think with Lady Fleetwood?"

"You would see her do it?"

"Do it myself, if there was no one else."

"This dog; all of you have gone mad," the Earl cried. "Griffiths may keep his head: it's the only chance. Take my word, these Welshwomen—just listen to them—won't have it. You'll find yourself in a nest of Furies. It may be right to do, it's folly to propose it, madness to attempt it. And I shall be bitten if I stop here a minute longer. I'm gone; I can neither command nor influence. I should have thought Gower Woodseer would have kept his wits."

Fleetwood's look fell on Madge amid the group. Gower's perception of her mistress, through the girl's devotion to her, moved him. He took Madge by the hand; and the sensation came, that it was the next thing to pressing his wife's. "You're a loyal girl. You have a mistress it's an honor to serve. You bind me. By the way, Ines shall run down a minute before I go."

"Let him stay where he is," Madge said, having bobbed her curtsey.

"Oh, if he's not to get a welcome!" said the Earl; and he could now fix a steadier look on his Countess; who would have animated him with either a hostile face or a tender. She had no expression of a feeling. He bent to her formally.

Carinthia's words were: "Adieu, my lord."

"I have only to say that Esslemont is ready to receive you," he remarked, bowed more curtly, and walked out.

Gower followed him. They might as well have been silent, for any effect from what was uttered between them. They spoke opinions held by each of them; adverse, mainly; speaking for no other purpose than to hold their positions.

"Oh, she has courage, no doubt; no one doubted it," Fleetwood said, out of all relation to the foregoing.

Courage to grapple with his pride and open his heart, was wanting in him.

Had that been done, even to the hint

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of it, instead of the lordly indifference shown, Gower might have ventured on a suggestion that the priceless woman he could call wife was fast slipping away from him and withering in her allegiance. He did allude to his personal sentiment. "One takes aim at Philosophy; Lady Fleetwood pulls us up to pay tribute of our debts." But this was vague, and his hearer needed a present thunder and lightning to shake and pierce him.

"I pledged myself to that yacht," said Fleetwood, by way of reply, "or you and I would tramp it, as we did once—jolly old days! I shall have you in mind. Now turn back. Do the best you can."

They parted midway up the street, Gower bearing away a sharp contrast of the Earl and his Countess; for until their senses are dulled, impressionable young men, however precociously philosophical, are mastered by appearances; and they have to reflect under new lights before vision of the linked eye and mind is given them.

Fleetwood jumped into his carriage and ordered the coachman to drive smartly. He could not have admitted the feeling small; he felt the having been diminished, and his requiring a rapid transportation from these parts for him to regain his proper stature. Had he misconducted himself at the moment of danger? It is a ghastly thought that the craven impulse may overcome us. But no, he could reassure his repute for manliness. He had done as much as a man could do in such a situation.

At the same time he had done less than the woman. Needed she to have gone so far? Why precipitate herself into the jaws of the beast?

Now she proposes to burn the child's wound. And she will do it if they let her. One sees her at the work: pale, flinty; no faces; trebly the terrific woman in her mild way of doing the work. All because her old father recommended it. Because she thinks it a duty, we will say; that is juster. This young woman is a very sword in the hand of her idea of duty. She can be feminine, too: there is one who knows. She can be particularly distant, too. If in timidity, she has a modest view of herself—or an enormous conception of the man that married her. Will she take the world's polish a little? Fleetwood asked with the simplicity of the superior being who will consequently perhaps bestow the debt he owes.

But his was not the surface nature which can put a question of the sort and pass it. As soon as it had been formed, a vision of the elemental creature calling him husband smote to shivers the shell we walk on, and caught him down among the lower forces, up amid the higher; an infernal and celestial contest for the extinction of the one or the other of them, if it was not for their union. She wrestled with him where the darknesses roll their snake-eyed torrents over between jagged horns of the nether world. She stood him in the white ray of the primal vital heat to bear unwithering beside her the test of light. They flew, they chased, battled, embraced, disjoined, adventured apart, brought back the count of their deeds, compared them—and name the one crushed! It was the one weighted to shame, thrust into the cellar corner of his own disgust by his having asked whether that starry warrior spirit in the woman's frame would "take polish a little."

Why should it be a contention between them? For this reason: He was reduced to admire her act; and if he admired, he could not admire without respecting: if he respected, perforce he reverenced: if he reverenced, he worshipped. Therefore she had him at her feet. At the feet of any woman! except for the trifling object. But at the feet of "It is my husband." That would be a reversal of things.

The princeliest of men must have won his title to the place before he can yield other than complimentary station to a woman without violation of his dignity: and vast wealth is not the title; worldly honors are not; deeds only are the title. Fleetwood consented to tell himself that he had not yet performed the deeds.

Therefore, for him to be dominated was to be obscured, eclipsed. A man may outrun us: it is the fortune of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

war. Eclipsed behind the skirts of a woman waving her upraised hands, with, "Back, pray!"—no, that ignominy is too horribly abominable! Be sure the situation will certainly recur in some form; will constantly recur. She will usurp the lead; she will play the man.

Let matters go on as they are. We know our personal worth.

Arrived at this point in the perpetual round of the conflict Carinthia had implanted, Fleetwood entered anew the ranks of the ordinary men of wealth and a coronet, and he hugged himself. He enjoyed repose; knowing it might be but a truce. Matters might go on as they were. Still he wished her away from those Wythans, residing at Esslemont. There she might come eventually to a better knowledge of his personal worth—"the gold mine we carry in our bosoms till it is thrashed out of us in sweat," that fellow Gower Woodseer says; adding, that we are the richer for not exploring it. Philosophical cynicism is inconclusive. Fleetwood knew his large capacities; he had proved them and could again. In case a certain half-foreseen calamity should happen; imagine it a fact, imagine him seized, besides admiring her character, with a taste for her person! Why, then, he would have to impress his own mysteriously deep character on her portion of understanding. The battle for domination would then begin.

Anticipation of the possibility of it hewed division between the young man's pride of being and his warmer feelings. Had he been free of the dread of subjection he would have sunk to kiss the feet of the statuesque young woman, arms in air, firm-fronted over the hideous death that tore at her skirts.

CHAPTER XXXIV

A SURVEY OF THE RIDE OF THE WELSH CAVALIERS ESCORTING THE COUNTESS OF FLEETWOOD TO KENTISH ESSLEMONT

A FORMAL notification from the Earl, addressed to the Countess of Fleetwood in the third person, that Esslemont stood ready to receive her, autocratically concealed her lord's impatience to have her there; and by the careful precision with which the stages of her journey were marked, as places where the servants despatched to convey their lady would find preparations for her comfort, again alarmed the disordered mother's mind on behalf of the child she deemed an object of the father's hatred, second to his hatred of the mother. But the mother could defend herself, the child was prey. The child of a detested wife was heir to his title and estates. His look at the child, his hasty one look down at her innocent, was conjured before her as resembling a kick at a stone in his path. His indifference to the child's Christian names pointed darkly over its future.

The distempered wilfulness of a bruised young woman directed her thoughts. She spoke then in the tone of reason to her invalid friend Rebecca Wythan, who saw with her, felt with her, yearned to detain her till breath was gone. Owain Wythan had his doubts of the tyrant guilty of maltreating this woman of women. "But when you do leave Wales," he said, "you shall be guarded up to your haven."

Carinthia was not awake to his meaning then. She sent a short letter of reply, imitating the style of her lord very badly, stating that she was unable to leave Wales because of her friend's illness and her part as nurse. Regrets were unmentioned.

Meanwhile Rebecca Wythan was passing to death. Not cheerlessly, more and more faintly, her thread of life ran to pause, resembling a rill of the drought; and the thinner it grew the shrewder were her murmurs for Carinthia's ears in commending "the most real of husbands of an unreal wife," to her friendly care of him when he would no longer see the shadow he had wedded. She had the privilege of a soul beyond our minor rules and restrainings to speak her wishes to the true wife of a mock husband—no husband; less a husband than this shadow of a woman a wife, she said; and spoke them without adjuring the bowed head beside her to record a promise or seem to show the far willingness, but merely

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that the wishes should be heard on earth in her last breath, for a good man's remaining one chance of happiness. On the theme touching her husband Owain, it was verily to hear a soul speak, and have knowledge of the broader range, the rich interflowings of the tuned discords a spirit past the flesh can find. Her mind was at the same time alive to our worldly conventions when other people came under its light; she sketched them and their views in her brief words between the gasps, or heaved on them, with perspicuous humorous bluntness, as vividly as her twitched eyebrows indicated the laugh. Gower Woodseer she read startlingly, if correctly.

Carinthia could not leave her. Attendance upon this dying woman was a drinking at the springs of life.

Rebecca Wythan under earth, the Earl was briefly informed of Lady Fleetwood's consent to quit Wales—obedient to a summons two months old, and that she would be properly escorted, for the which her lord had made provision. Consequently the tyrant swallowed his wrath, little conceiving the monstrous blow she was about to strike.

In peril of fresh floods from our Dame, who should be satisfied with the inspiring of these pages, it is owned that her story of "the four and twenty squires of Glamorgan and Caermarthen in their brass-buttoned green coats and buckskins, mounted and armed, an escort of the Countess of Fleetwood across the swollen Severn, along midwinter roads, up to the Kentish gates of Esslemont," has a foundation, though the story is not the more credible for her flourish of documentary old ballad-sheets, printed when London's wags had ears on cock to any whisper of the doings of their favorite Whitechapel Countess, and indeed hardly depended on whispers.

Counting the number at four and twenty, it wears the look of an invasion. But the said number is a ballad number, and has been since the antique time. There was, at a lesser number, enough of a challenge about it for squires of England, never in those days backward to pick up a glove or give the ringing rejoinder for a thumb-bite, to ride out and tilt compliments with the Whitechapel Countess's green cavaliers, rally their sprites, and entertain them exactly according to their degrees of dignity, as exhibited by their 'havior under something of a trial; and satisfy also such temporary appetites as might be excited in them by (among other matters left to the luck of events) a metropolitan play upon the Saxon tongue, hard of understanding to the leeky cocks until their ready store of native pepper seasons it; which may require a corresponding English condiment to rectify the flavor of the stew.

Now the number of Saxe-Normans riding out to meet and greet the Welshmen is declared to have not exceeded nine. So much pretends to be historic, in opposition to the poetic version. They would, we may be sure, have made it a point of honor to meet and greet their invading guests in precisely similar numbers; a larger would have overshot the mark of courtesy, and doubtless a smaller have fallen deplorably short of it. Therefore an acquaintance with her chivalrous, if less impulsive, countrymen compels to the dismissing of the Dame's ballad authorities. She has every right to quote them for her own good pleasure, and may create in others an enjoyment of what has been called "The Mackrell Fry."

Nine English cavaliers, then, left London early on a January or February morning, in a southerly direction bearing east; and they were the Earl of Fleetwood's intimates, of the half-dependent order; so we may suppose them to have gone at his bidding. That they met the procession of the Welsh, and claimed to take charge of the Countess's carriage, near the Kentish borderline, is an assertion supported by testimony fairly acceptable.

Intelligence of the advancing party had reached the Earl by courier, from date of the first gathering on the bridge of Pont-y-pridd; and from Gloucester, along to the Thames at Reading; thence away to the Mole from Mickleham, where the Surrey chalk runs its

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

final turfy spine northeastward to the slope upon Kentish soil.

Greatly to the astonishment of the Welsh cavaliers, a mounted footman, clad in the green and scarlet facings of Lord Fleetwood's livery, rode up to them a mile outside the principal towns and named the inn where the Earl had ordered preparations for the reception of them. England's hospitality was offered on a princely scale. Cleverer fencing could not be.

The meeting, in no sense an encounter, occurred close by a thirty-acre meadow, famous over the country; and was remarkable for the punctilious exchange of ceremonial speech, danger being present; as we see powder-magazines protected by their walls and fossés and covered alleys. Notwithstanding which there was a scintillation of sparks.

Lord Brailstone, spokesman of the welcoming party, expressed comic regrets that they had not an interpreter with them.

Mr. Owain Wythan, in the name of the Cambrian chivalry, assured him of their comprehension and appreciation of English slang.

Both gentlemen kept their heads uncovered in a suspense; they might for a word or two more of that savor have turned into the conveniently spacious meadow. They were induced, on the contrary, to enter the channel of English humor, by hearing Chumley Potts exclaim, "His nob!" and all of them laughed at the condensed description of a good hit back, at the English party's cost.

Laughter, let it but be genuine, is of a common nationality; indeed a common fireside; and profound disagreement is not easy after it. The Dame professes to believe that "Carinthia Jane" had to intervene as peacemaker, before the united races took the table in Esslemont's dining-hall for a memorable night of it, and a contest nearer the mark of veracity than that shown in another of the ballads she would have us follow. Whatever happened, they sat down at table together; and the point of honor for them, each and every, was, not to be first to rise from it. Once more the pure Briton and the mixed if not fused English engaged, Bacchus for instrument this time, Bacchus for arbiter of the fray.

You may imagine! says the Dame. She cites the old butler at Esslemont, "as having been much questioned on the subject by her family relative, Dr. Glossop, and others interested to know the smallest items of the facts," and he is her authority for the declaration, that the Welsh gentlemen and the English gentlemen, "whatever their united number," consumed the number of nine dozen and a half of old Esslemont wine before they rose, or as possibly sank, at the festive board, at the hour of five of the morning.

Years later, this butler, Joshua Queeney, "a much enfeebled old man," retold and enlarged the tale of the enormous consumption of his best wine: with a sacred oath to confirm it, and a tear expressive of elegiacal feelings.

"They bled me twelve dozen, not a bottle less," she quotes him, after a minute description of his countenance and scrupulously brushed black suit, pensioner though he had become. He had grown during the interval to be more communicative as to particulars. "The wines were four. Sherry led off the parade pace, Hock the trot into the merry canter, Champagne the racing gallop, Burgundy the grand trial of constitutional endurance for the enforced finish. All these wines, except the sparkling, had their date of birth in the precedent century. 'They went like water.'"

Questioned anxiously by Dr. Glossop, Queeney maintained an impartial attitude, and said there was no victor, no vanquished. They did not sit in blocks. The tactics for preserving peace intermingled them. Each English gentleman had a Welsh gentleman beside him; they both sat firm; both fell together. The bottles or decanters were not stationary for the guest to fill his glass, they circulated, returning to an empty glass. All drank equally. Often the voices were high, the talk was loud. The gentlemen were too serious to sing.

At one moment of the evening Queeney confidently anticipated "a fracassy," he said. One of the foreign party, and they all spoke English, after five dozen bottles had gone the round, as correct

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as the English themselves, remarked on the seventy-years Old Brown Sherry, that "it had a Madeira flavor." He spoke it approvingly. Thereupon Lord Simon Pitscrew calls to Queeney, asking him, "Why Madeira had been supplied instead of Esslemont's renowned Old Sherry?" A second Welsh gentleman gave his assurances that his friend had not said it *was* Madeira. But Lord Brailstone accused them of the worse unkindness to a venerable Old Brown Sherry, in attributing Madeira flavor to it. Then another Welsh gentleman briskly and emphatically stated his opinion that the attribution of Madeira flavor to it was a compliment. At this, which smelt strongly, he said, of insult, Captain Abrane called on the name of their absent host to warrant the demand of an apology to the Old Brown Sherry, for the imputation denying it an individual distinction. Chumley Potts offered generally to bet that he would distinguish, blindfold, at a single sip, any Madeira from any first-class Sherry, Old Brown, or Pale. "Single sip or smell," Ambrose Mallard cried, either for himself or his comrade, Queeney would not say which.

Of all Lord Fleetwood's following Mr. Potts and Mr. Mallard were, the Dame informs us, Queeney's favorites, because they were so genial; and he remembered most of what they said and did, being moved to it by "poor young Mr. Mallard's melancholy end, and Mr. Potts's grief!"

The Welsh gentlemen, after paying their devoirs to the Countess next morning, rode on in fresh health and spirits at mid-day to Barlings, the seat of Mr. Mason Fennell, a friend of Mr. Owain Wythan's. They shouted in an unseemly way, Queeney thought, at their breakfast-table, to hear that three of the English party, namely, Captain Abrane, Mr. Mallard, and Mr. Potts, had rung for tea and toast in bed. Lord Simon Pitscrew, Lord Brailstone, and the rest of the English were sore about it; for it certainly wore a look of constitutional inferiority on the English side, which could boast of indubitably stouter muscles. The frenzied spirits of the Welsh gentlemen when riding off, let it be known what their opinion was. Under the protection of the Countess's presence they were so cheery as to seem triumphantly ironical; they sent messages of condolence to the three in bed.

With an undisguised reluctance, the Countess, holding Mr. Owain Wythan's hand longer than was publicly decent, calling him by his Christian name, consented to their departure. As they left they defiled before her; the vow was uttered by each, that at the instant of her summons he would mount and devote himself to her service individually or collectively. She waved her hand to them. They ranged in line and saluted. She kissed her hand. Sweeping the cavaliers' obeisance, gallantest of bows, they rode away.

A striking scene, Dame Gossip says; but raises a wind over the clipped adventure, and is for recounting what London believed about it. Enough has been conceded for the stoppage of her intrusion; she is left in the likeness of a full-charged pistol, capless to the clapping trigger.

That which London believed, or affected to believe about it, would fill chapters; but surely the Countess of Fleetwood's drive from the Welsh borders to Esslemont, accompanied by the chosen of the land, followed by the vivats of the whole principality, and England gaping to hear the stages of her progress, may be held sufficiently romantic, without stuffing of surprises and conflicts, adventures at inns, alarms at midnight, windings of a horn over hilly verges of black heaths, and the rape of the child, the pursuit, the recovery of the child, after a new set of heroine performances on the part of a strung-wire mother, whose outcry in a waste country district, as she clasps her boy to her bosom again, "There's a farm I see for milk for him!" the Dame repeats, having begun with an admission that the tale has been contradicted, and is not produced on authority. The end in design is to win the ear by making a fuss, and roll event upon event for the braining of common intelligence, until her narrative resembles dusty troopings along a road to the races.

Carinthia and her babe reached Es-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

slemont, no matter what impediments. There, like a stopped runner whose pantings lengthen to the longer breath, her alarms over the infant subsided, ceasing for as long as she clasped it or was in the room with it. Walking behind the precious donkey-basket round the park, she went armed, and she soon won a fearful name at Kentish cottage-hearths, though she was not black to see, nor old No, she was very young. But she did all the things that soldiers do — was a bit of a foreigner; she brought a reputation up from the Welsh land, and it had a raven's croak, and a glowworm's drapery, and a goblin's origin.

Something was hinted of her having agitated London once. Somebody dropped word of her and that old Lord Levellier, up at Croridge. She stalked park and country at night. Stories, one or two near the truth, were told of a restless and a very decided lady down these parts as well; and the Earl, her husband, daren't come nigh in his dread of her, so that he runs, as if to save his life, out of every place she enters. And he's not one to run for a trifle. His pride is pretty well a match for princes and princesses.

All the same he shakes in his shoes before her, durst hardly spy at Esslemont again while she's in occupation. His managing gentleman comes down from him, and goes up from her; that's how they communicate.

One week she's quite solitary; another week the house is brimful as could be. She's the great lady entertaining then. Yet they say it's a fact she has not a shilling of her own to fling at a beggar. She'll stock a cottage wanting it with provision for a fortnight or more, and she'll order the doctor in, and she'll call and see the right things done for illness. But no money; no one's to expect money of her. The shots you hear in Esslemont grounds out of season are she and her maid, always alongside her, at it before a target on a bank, trying that old Lord Levellier's gunpowder out of his mill; and he's got no money either; not for his workmen, they say, until they congregate, and a threatening to blow him up brings forth half their pay, on account. But he's a known miser. She's not that. She's a pleasant-faced lady for the poor. She has the voice poor people like. It's only her enemy, maybe her husband, she can be terrible to. She'd drive a hole through a robber stopping her on the road, as soon as look at him.

This was Esslemont's atmosphere working its way to the Earl, not so very long after the establishment of his Countess there. She could lay hold of the English, too, it seemed. Did she call any gentleman of the district by his Christian name? Lord Simon Pitscrew reported her doing so in the case of one of the Welshmen. Those Welshmen! Apparently they are making a push for importance in the kingdom!

CHAPTER XXXV

IN WHICH CERTAIN CHANGES MAY BE DISCERNED

Behind his white plaster of composure Lord Fleetwood had alternately raged and wondered during the passage of the Welsh cavalcade up eastward: a gigantic burlesque that would have swept any husband of their heroine off the scene had he failed to encounter it deferentially, preserving his countenance, and ostensibly his temper. An idiot of a woman, incurable in her lunacy, suspects the father of the infant as guilty of designs done to death in romances; and so she manages to set going solemnly a bigger blazing Tom Fool's show than any known or written romance gives word of! And that fellow, Gower Woodseer, pleads, in apology, for her husband's confusion, physiologically, that it comes to her having been carried off and kept a prisoner when she was bearing the child and knitting her whole mind to insure the child. But what sheer animals these women are, if they take impressions in such a manner! And Mr. Philosopher argues that the abusing of women proves the hating of Nature; names it "the commonest insanity, and the deadliest," and men are "planted in the bog of their unclean animal conditions until they do proper homage to the animal Nature

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

makes the woman be." Oh, pish, sir! —as Meeson Corby has the habit of exclaiming when Abrane's "fiddler" argues him into a corner. The fellow can fiddle fine things and occasionally clear sense: "Men hating Nature are insane. Women and Nature are close. If it is rather general to hate Nature and maltreat women, we begin to see why the world is a mad world."

That is the tune of the fiddler's fiddling. As for him, something protects him. He was the slave of Countess Livia; like Abrane, Mallard, Corby, Stembre, young Cressett, and the dozens. He is now her master. Can a man like that be foolish in saying of the Countess Carinthia, she is "not only quick to understand, she is in the quick of understanding?" Gower Woodseer said it of her in Wales, and again on the day of his walk up to London from Esslemont, after pedestrian exercise, which may heat the frame, but cools the mind. She stamped that idea on a thoughtful fellow.

He's a Welshman. They are all excitable, have heads on deer's legs for a flying figure in front. Still they must have an object, definitely seen by them, definite to them if dim to their neighbors, and it will run in the poetic direction; and the woman to win them, win all classes of them, within so short a term, is a toss above extraordinary. She is named Carinthia: suitable name for the Welsh pantomimic procession. Or cry out the word in an amphitheatre of Alpine crags, it sounds at home.

She is a daughter of the mountains, should never have left them. She is also a daughter of the Old Buccaneer; no poor specimen of the fighting Englishman of his day. According to Rose Mackrell, he, this Old Buccaneer it was, who, by strange adventures, brought the great Welsh mines into the family. He would not be ashamed in spying through his nautical glass, up or down, at his daughter's doings. She has not yet developed a taste for the mother's tricks — the mother said to have been a kindler. That Countess of Cressett was a romantic little fly-away bird. Both parents were brave: the daughter would inherit gallantry. She inherits a kind of thwarted beauty. Or it needs the situation seen in Wales: her arms up and her unaffrighted eyes over the unappeasable growl. She had then the beauty coming from the fathom depths, with the torch of Life in the jaws of Death to light her; beauty of the nether kingdom mounting to an upper place in the higher. Her beauty recognized, the name of the man who married her is not Longears—not to himself, is the main point: nor will it be to the world when he shows that it is not so to himself.

Suppose he went to her, would she be trying at domination? The woman's pitch above woman's beauty was perceived to be no intermittent beam, but so living as to take the stamp of permanence. More than to say it was hers, it was she. What a deadly peril brought into view was her character—soul, some call it: generally a thing rather distasteful in women, or chilling to the masculine temperament. Here it attracts. Here, strange to say, it is the decided attraction, in a woman of a splendid figure and a known softness. By rights she should have more understanding than to suspect the husband as guilty of designs done to death in romances. However, she is not a craven who compliments him by fearing him, and he might prove that there is no need for fear. But she would be expecting explanations before the reconcilement. The bosom of these women will keep on at its quick heaving until they have heard certain formal words, oaths to boot. How speak them?

His old road of the ladder appeared to Fleetwood an excellent one for obviating explanations and effecting the reconcilement without any temporary seeming forfeit of the native male superiority. For there she is at Esslemont now; any night the window could be scaled. "It is my husband." The soul was in her voice when she said it.

He remembered that it had not ennobled her to him then; had not endeared; was taken for a foreign example of the children, artless, imperfectly suited to our English clime. The tone of adorable utterances, however much desired, is never for repetition; nor is the cast of divine sweet looks; nor are

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

particular deeds, once pardonable, fitly pleaded. A second scaling of her window—no, night's black hills girdle the scene with hoarse echoes: the moon rushes out of her clouds grimacing. Even Fleetwood's devil, much addicted to cape and sword and ladder, the vulpine and the gryphine, rejected it.

For she had, by singular transformation since, and in spite of a deluging grotesque that was antecedently incredible, she had become a personage, counting her adherents; she could put half the world in motion on her side. Yell those Welshmen to scorn, they were on a plane finding native ground with as large a body of these English. His baser mind bowed to the fact. Her aspect was entirely different; her attitude toward him as well: insomuch that he had to chain her to her original features, by the conjuring of recollected phrases memorable for the vivid portraiture of her foregone simplicity and her devotion to "my husband."

Yes, there she was at Esslemont, securely there, near him, to be seen any day; worth claiming, too; a combatant figure, provocative of the fight and the capture rather than repellent. The respect enforced by her attitude awakened in him his inherited keen old relish for our intersexual strife, and the indubitable victory of the stronger, with the prospect of slavish charms, fawning submission, marrowy spoil. Or perhaps, preferably, a sullen submission, reluctant charms; far more marrowy. Or who can say?—the creature is a rocket of the shot unto the fiery garland of stars; she may personate any new marvel, be an unimagined terror, an overwhelming bewitchment: for she carries the unexpected in her bosom. And does it look like such indubitable victory when the man, the woman's husband, divided from her, toothsome to the sex, acknowledges within himself and lets the world know his utter dislike of other women's charms, to the degree that herbal anchorites positively could not be colder, could not be chaster: and he no forest bird, but having the garden of the variety of fairest flowers at nod and blush about him. That was the truth. Even Henrietta's beauty had the effect of a princess's birthday doll admired on show by a contemptuous boy.

Wherefore, then, did the devil in him seek to pervert his loveliest of young women and feed on her humiliation for one flashing minute? The taste had gone, the desire of the vengeance was extinct, personal gratification could not exist. He spied into himself, and set it down to one among the many mysteries.

Men uninstructed in analysis of motives arrive at this dangerous conclusion, which spares their pride and caresses their indolence, while it flatters the sense of internal vastness, and invites to headlong intoxication. It allows them to think they are of such a compound, and must necessarily act in that manner. They are not taught at the schools or by the books of the honored places in the libraries, to examine and see the simplicity of these mysteries: which it would be here and there a saving grace for them to see; as the minstrel dutifully inclining to the prosy in their behalf and morality's, should exhibit; he should arrest all the characters of his drama to spring it to vision and strike perchance the chord primarily, if not continually moving them, that readers might learn the why and how of a germ of evil, its flourishing under rebuke, the persistency of it after the fell creature energy has expired and pleasure sunk to be a phlegmatic dislike, almost a loathing.

This would here be done, but for signs of a barometric dead fall in Dame Gossip's chaps, already heavily pendant. She would be off with us on one of her whirling cyclones or elemental mad waltzes, if a step were taken to the lecturing-desk. We are so far in her hands that we have to keep her quiet. She will not hear of the reasons and the change of reasons for one thing and the other. Things were so: narrate them, and let readers do their reflections for themselves, she says, denouncing our conscientious method as the direct road downward to the dreadful modern appeal to the senses and assault on them for testimony to the veracity of everything described.

She is for the scene of "Chillon John's" attempt to restore the respi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ration of his bank-book by wager; to wit, that he would walk a mile, run a mile, ride a mile, and jump ten hurdles, then score five rifle-shots at a three-hundred yards' distant target, within a count of minutes; twenty-five, she says; and vows it to have been one of the most exciting of scenes ever witnessed on green turf in the land of wagers; and that he was accomplishing it quite certainly when, at the first of the hurdles, a treacherous unfolding and waving of a white flag caused his horse to swerve and the loss of one minute, seven and twenty seconds, before he cleared the hurdles; after which he had to fire his shots hurriedly, and the last counted blank, for being outside the circle of the stated time.

So he was beaten. But a terrific uproar over the field proclaimed the popular dissatisfaction. Presently there was a clearage of the mob, and behold a chase at the heels of a fellow to rival the very captain himself for fleetness. He escaped, leaving his pole with the sheet nailed to it, by way of flag, in proof of foul play; or a proof, as the other side declared, of an innocently premature signalizing of the captain's victory. However that might be, he ran. Seeing him spin his legs at a hound's pace, half a mile away, four countrymen attempted to stop him. All four were laid on their backs in turn with stupefying celerity; and on rising to their feet, and for the remainder of their natural lives, they swore, that no man but a champion could have floored them so. This again may have been due to the sturdy island pride of four good men knocked over by one. We are unable to decide. Wickedness there was, Dame says; and she counsels the world to "put and put together," for, at any rate, "a partial elucidation of a most mysterious incident." As to the wager-money, the umpires dissented; a famous quarrel, that does not concern us here, sprang out of the dispute; which was eventually, after great disturbance of the country, referred to three leading sportsmen in the metropolitan sphere, who pronounced the wager "off," being two to one. Hence arose the dissatisfied third party and the letters of this minority to the newspapers, exciting, if not actually dividing, all England for several months.

Now the month of December was the month of the Dame's mysterious incident. From the date of January, as Madge Winch knew, Christopher Ines had ceased to be in the service of the Earl of Fleetwood. At Esslemont park-gates, one winter afternoon of a north-east wind blowing "rum-shrub into men for a stand against rheumatics," as he remarked, Ines met the girl by appointment, and informing her that he had money, and that Lord Fleetwood was "a black nobleman," he proposed immediate marriage. The hymeneal invitation, wafted to her on the breath of rum-shrub, obtained no response from Madge until she had received evasive answers as to why the Earl dismissed him, and whence the stock of money came.

Lord Fleetwood, he repeated, was a black nobleman. She brought him to say of his knowledge that Lord Fleetwood hated, and had reason to hate, Captain Levellier. "Shouldn't I hate the man who took my sweetheart from me and popped me into the noose with his sister instead?" Madge was now advised to be overcome by the smell of rum-shrub—a mere fancy-drink, tossed off by heroes in their idle moments, before they settle down to the serious business of real drinking, Kit protested. He simulated anxious admiration of known heroes, who meant business, and scorned any of the weak stuff under brandy, and went at it till the bottles were the first to give in. For why? They had to stomach an injury from the world on their young woman, and half-way on they shoved that young person and all enemies aside, trampled 'em. That was what Old O'Devy signified; and many's the man driven to his consolation by a cat of a girl, who's like the elements in their puff and spits at a gallant ship, that rides the tighter and the tighter for all they can do to capsize. "Tighter than ever I was tight I'll be to-night, if you can't behave."

They fell upon the smack of words. Kit hitched and huffed away, threatening bottles. Whatever he had done, it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was to establish the petticoated hornet in the dignity of matron of a champion light-weight's wholesome retreat of a public-house. A spell of his larkish hilarity was for the punishment of the girl devoted to his heroical performances, as he still considered her to be, though women are notoriously volatile, and her language was mounting a stage above the kitchen.

Madge had little sorrow for him. She was the girl of the fiery heart, not the large heart; she could never be devoted to more than one at a time, and her mistress had all her heart. In relation to Kit, the thought of her having sacrificed her good name to him flung her on her pride of chastity, without the reckoning of it as a merit. It was the inward assurance of her independence; the young spinster's planting of the standard of her proud secret knowledge of what she is—let it be a thing of worth or what you will, or the world think as it may. That was her thought.

Her feeling, the much livelier animation, was bitter grief, because her mistress, unlike herself, has been betrayed by her ignorance of the man into calling him husband. Just some knowledge of the man. The warning to the rescue might be there. For nothing did the dear lady weep except for her brother's evil fortune. The day when she had intelligence from Mrs. Levellier of her brother's defeat, she wept over the letter on her knees long hours. "Me, my child, my brother!" she cried more than once. She had her suspicion of the Earl then, and instantly, as her loving servant had. The suspicion was now no dark light, but a clear daybeam to Madge. She adopted Kit's word of Lord Fleetwood. "A black nobleman he is—he is!" Her mistress had written like a creature begging him for money. He did not deign a reply—to her! When he had seen good proof she was the bravest woman on earth; and she rushed at Death to save a child—a common child, as people say. And who knows but what she saved that husband of hers, too, from bites might have sent him out of the world barking, and all his wealth not able to stop him.

They were in the month of March. Her dear mistress had been begging my lord, through Mr. Woodseer, constantly of late for an allowance of money; on her knees to him, as it seemed; and Mr. Woodseer was expected at Esslemont. Her mistress was looking for him eagerly. Something her heart was in depended on it; and only her brother could be the object, for now she loved only him of these men; though a gentleman coming over from Barlings pretty often would pour mines of money into her lap for half a word.

Carinthia had walked up to Croridge in the morning to meet her brother at Lekkatts. Madge was left guardian of the child. She liked a stroll any day round Esslemont Park, where her mistress was beginning to strike roots; as she soon did wherever she was planted, despite a tone of pity for artificial waters and gardeners' arts. Madge respected them. She knew nothing of the grandeur of wildness. Her native English veneration for the smoothing hand of wealth led her to think Esslemont the home of all homes for a lady with her husband beside her. And without him, too, if he were wafted over seas and away; if there would but come a wind to do that.

The wild northeaster tore the budded beeches. Master John Edward Russett lay in the cradling basket drawn by his docile donkey, Martha and Madge to right and left of him, a speechless, rustic graduating in footman's livery to rear.

At slow march round by the wrinkled water Madge saw the park-gates flung wide. A coach drove up the road along on the farther rim of the circle, direct for the house. It stopped, the team turned leisurely and came at a smart pace toward the carriage-basket. Lord Fleetwood was recognized.

He alighted, bidding one of his grooms drive to stables. Madge performed her reverence, aware that she did it in clumsy style; his presence had startled her instincts and set them travelling.

"Coldish for the youngster," he said. "All well, Madge?"

"Baby sleeps in the air, my lord," she replied. "My lady has gone to Croridge."

"Sharp air for a child, isn't it?"

"My lady teaches him to breathe with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his mouth shut, like her father taught her when she was little. Our baby never catches colds."

Madge displayed the child's face.

The father dropped a glance on it from the height of skies.

"Croridge, you said?"

"Her uncle, Lord Levellier's."

"You say, never catches cold?"

"Not our baby, my lord."

Probably good management on the part of the mother. But the wife's absence disappointed the husband strung to meet her, and an obtrusion of her practical motherhood blurred the prospect demanded by his present step.

"When do you expect her return, Madge?"

"Before nightfall, my lord."

"She walks?"

"Oh, yes, my lady is fond of walking."

"I suppose she could defend herself?"

"My lady walks with a good stick."

Fleetwood weighed the chances; behold her figure attacked, Amazonian.

"And tell me, my dear—Kit?"

"I don't see more of Kit Ines."

"What has the fellow done?"

"I'd like him to let me know why he was dismissed."

"Ah! He kept silent on that point."

"He let out enough."

"You've punished him, if he's to lose a bonny sweetheart, poor devil. Your sister Sally sends you messages?"

"We're both of us grateful, my lord."

He lifted the thin veil from John Edward Russett's face, with a loveless hand.

"You remember the child bitten by a dog down in Wales. I have word from my manager there. Poor little wretch has died—died raving."

Madge's bosom went shivering up and sank. "My lady was right. She's not often wrong."

"She's looking well?" said the Earl, impatient with moral merits—and this communication from Wales had been the decisive motive agent in hurrying him at last to Esslemont. The next moment he heard coolly of the lady's looking well. He wanted fervid eulogy of his wife's looks, if he was to hear any.

CHAPTER XXXVI

BELOW THE SURFACE AND ABOVE

The girl was counselled by the tremor of her instincts to forbear to speak of the minor circumstances, that her mistress had, besides a good stick, a good companion on the road to Croridge; and she rejoiced to think her mistress had him, because it seemed an intimation of Justice returning upon earth. She was combative, a born rebel against tyranny. She weighed the powers, she felt to the worth, of the persons coming into her range of touch; she set her mistress and my lord fronting for a wrestle, and my lord's wealth went to thin vapor, and her mistress's character threw him. More dimly, my lord and the Welsh gentleman were put to the trial; a tough one for these two men. She did not proclaim the winner, but a momentary flutter of pity in the direction of Lord Fleetwood did as much. She pitied him; for his presence at Esslemont betrayed an inclination; he was ignorant of his lady's character, of how firm she could be to defy him and all the world, in her gratitude to the gentleman she thought of as her true friend, smiled at for his open nature, called by his Christian name.

The idea of a piece of information stinging Lord Fleetwood, the desire to sting, so to be, an instrument of retribution (one of female human nature's ecstasies); and her abstaining, that she might not pain the lord who had been generous to her sister Sally, made the force in Madge's breast which urges to the gambling for the undeveloped, entitled prophecy. She kept it low and felt it thrill.

Lord Fleetwood chatted; Madge had him wincing. He might pull the cover off the child's face carelessly—he looked at the child. His look at the child was a thought of the mother. If he thought of the mother, he would be wanting to see her. If he heard her call a gentleman by his Christian name, and heard the gentleman say "Carinthia," my lord would begin to shiver at changes. Women have to do unusual things when they would bring that outer set

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to human behavior. Perhaps my lord would mount the coach-box and whip his horses away, adieu for ever. His lady would not weep. He might perhaps command her to keep her mouth shut from gentlemen's Christian names, all except his own. His lady would not obey. He had to learn something of changes that had come to others as well as to himself. Ah! and then would he dare hint, as base men will? He may blow foul smoke on her; she will shine out of it. He has to learn what she is, that is his lesson; and let him pray all night and work hard all day, for it not to be too late. Let him try to be a little like Mr. Woodseer, who worships the Countess and is hearty with the gentleman she treats as her best of friends. There is the real nobleman.

Fleetwood chatted on airily. His instincts were duller than those of the black-browed girl, at whom he gazed for idle satisfaction of eye from time to time while she replied demurely and maintained her drama of the featureless but well-distinguished actors within her bosom.

"You will grant me permission to lunch at your mistress's table in her absence?" And she said: "My lord.!" And he resumed, to waken her interest with a personal question: "You like our quiet country round Esslemont?" She said: "I do," and gave him plain look for look. Her eye was undefended; he went into it, finding neither shallow nor depth, simply the look, always the look; whereby he knew that no story of a man was there, and not the shyest of remote responsive invitations from Nature's wakened and detected rogue. The bed of an unmarried young woman's eye yields her secret of past and present to the intrepid diver, if he can get his plunge; he holds her for the tenth of a minute that is the revealment. Jewel or oyster-shell, it is ours. She cannot withhold it, he knew right well. This girl, then, was, he could believe, one of the rarely exampled innocent in knowledge. He was practised to judge.

Invitation or challenge or response from the handsomest, he would have scorned just then. His native devilry suffered a stir at sight of an innocent in knowledge and spotless after experiences. By a sudden singular twist, rather unfairly, naturally, as it happened, he attributed it to an influence issuing from her mistress, to whom the girl was devoted, whom consequently she copied; might physically, and also morally at a distance, resemble.

"Well, you've been a faithful servant to your lady, my dear; I hope you'll be comfortable here," he said. "She likes the mountains."

"My lady would be quite contented if she could pass two months of the year in the mountains," Madge answered.

"Look at me. They say people living together get a likeness to one another. What's your opinion? Upon my word, your eyebrows remind me, though they're not the color:—they have a bend. . . ."

"You've seen my lady in danger, my lord!"

"Yes; well, there's no one to resemble her there, she has her mark: kind of superhuman business. We're none of us 'fifty feet high, with phosphorous heads,' as your friend Mr. Gower Woodseer says of the prodigiosities. Lady Fleetwood is back—when?"

"Before dark, she should be."

He ran up the steps to the house.

At Lekkatts beneath Croridge a lean mid-day meal was being finished hard on the commencement by a silent company of three. When eating is choking to the younger members of the repast, bread and cold mutton-bone serve the turn as conclusively as the trencherman's buffet-dishes. Carinthia's face of unshed tears dashed what small appetite Chillon had. Lord Levellier plied his fork in his right hand, ruminating; his back an arch across his plate.

Riddles to the thwarted young, these old people will not consent to be read by sensations. Carinthia watched his jaws at their work of eating under his victim's eye—knowing Chillon to be no longer an officer in the English service; knowing that her beloved had sold out for the mere money to pay debts and support his Henrietta; knowing, as he must know, that Chillon's act struck a knife to pierce his mother's breast through her coffin boards! This old

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man could eat, and he could withhold the means due to his dead sister's son. Could he look on Chillon and not feel that the mother's heart was beating in her son's fortunes? Half the money due to Chillon would have saved him from ruin.

Lord Levellier laid his fork on the plate. He munched his grievance with his bit of meat. The nephew and niece here present feeding on him were not so considerate as the Welsh gentleman, a total stranger, who had walked up to Lekkatts with the Countess of Fleetwood, and expressed the preference to feed at an inn. Relatives are cormorants.

His fork on his plate released the couple. Barely half a dozen words, before the sitting to that niggard restoration, had informed Carinthia of the step taken by her brother. She beckoned him to follow her.

"The worst is done now, Chillon. I am silent. Uncle is a rock. You say we must not offend. I have given him my whole mind. Say where Riette is to live."

"Her head-quarters will be here, at a furnished house. She's with her cousin, the Dowager."

"Yes. She should be with me."

"She wants music. She wants—poor girl—let her have what comes to her."

Their thoughts beneath their speech were like fish darting under shadow of the traffic bridge.

"She loves music," said Carinthia; "it is almost life to her; like fresh air to me. Next month I am in London; Lady Arpington is kind. She will give me as much of their polish as I can take. I dare say I should feel the need of it if I were an enlightened person."

"For instance, did I hear 'Owain,' when your Welsh friend was leaving?" Chillon asked.

"It was his dying wife's wish, brother."

"Keep to the rules, dear."

"They have been broken, Chillon."

"Mend them."

"They would be a step backward."

"*The right one for defence*, Father says."

"Father says, *The habit of the defensive paralyzes will.*"

"*Womanizes*, he says, Carin. You quote him falsely, to shield the sex. Quite right. But my sister must not be tricky. Keep to the rules. You're an exceptional woman; and it would be a good argument if you were not in an exceptional position."

"Owain is the exceptional man, brother."

"My dear, after all, you have a husband."

"I have a brother, I have a friend, I have no—I am a man's wife and the mother of his child; I am free, or husband would mean dungeon. Does my brother want oath from me? That I can give him."

"Conduct, yes; I couldn't doubt you," said Chillon. "But *the world's a flood at a dyke for women, and they must keep watch*, you've read."

"But Owain is not our enemy," said Carinthia, in her deeper tones, expressive of conviction and thereby not assuring to hear. "He is a man with men, a child with women. His Rebecca could describe him; I laugh now at some of her sayings of him; I see her mouth, so tenderly comical over her big 'simpleton,' she called him, and loved him so."

The gentleman appeared on the waste land above the house. His very loose black suit and a peculiar roll of his gait likened him to a mourning boatswain who was jolly. In Lord Levellier's workshop his remarks were to the point. Chillon's powders for guns and blasting interested him, and he proposed to ride over from Barlings to witness a test of them.

"You are staying at Barlings?" Chillon said.

"Yes; now Carinthia is at Esslemont," he replied, astoundingly, the simpleton.

His conversation was practical and shrewd on the walk with Chillon and Carinthia down to Esslemont; evidently he was a man well armed to encounter the world; social usages might be taught him. Chillon gained a round view of the worthy simple fellow, unlikely to turn out impracticable, for he talked such good sense upon matters of business.

Carinthia saw her brother tickled and interested. A feather moved her. Full of tears though she was, her heart

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lay open to the heavens and their kind, small, wholesome gifts. Her happiness in the walk with her brother and friend, the pair of them united by her companionship, both of them showing they counted her their comrade, was the nearest to the radiant day before she landed on an island and imagined happiness grew here, and found it to be gilt thorns, loud mockery. A shaving northeaster tore the scream from hedges and the roar from copses under a faceless breadth of sky, and she said, as they turned into Esslemont Park lane: "We have had one of our old walks today, Chillon!"

"You used to walk together long walks over in your own country," said Mr. Wythan.

"Yes, Owain, we did, and my brother never knew me tired."

"Never knew you to confess to it," said Chillon, as he swallowed the name on her lips.

"Walking was flying over there, brother."

"Say, once or twice in Wales, too?" Mr. Wythan begged of her.

Wales reminded. "Yes, Owain, I shall not forget Wales, Welsh people. Mr. Woodseer says they have the three-stringed harp in their breasts, and one string is always humming, whether you pull it or no."

"That's love of country; that's their love of wild Wales, Carinthia."

There was a quiet interrogation in Chillon's turn of the head at this fervent simpleton.

"I love them for that hum," said she. "It joins one in me."

"Call to them any day; they are up, ready to march!"

"Oh! dear souls!" Carinthia said.

Her breath drew in.

The three were dumb. They saw Lord Fleetwood standing in the park gateway.

(To be continued.)

THE WILD GEESE

By James Herbert Morse

The wild geese, flying in the night, behold
Our sunken towns lie underneath a sea
Which buoys them on its billows. Liberty
They have, but such as those frail barques of old
That crossed unsounded mains to search our wold.
To them the night unspeakable is free;
They have the moon and stars for company,
To them no foe but the remorseless cold,
And froth of polar currents darting past,
That have been nigh the world's-end lair of storms
Enormous billows float their fragile forms.
Yes, those frail beings, tossing on the Vast
Of wild revolving winds, feel no dismay:
'Tis we who dread the thunder, and not they.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PHOTOGRAPHY IN FICTION

"MISS JERRY," THE FIRST PICTURE PLAY

By Alexander Black

I MIGHT have described it by another phrase. Indeed, I have been appalled by the number of descriptive terms which critics and commentators have suggested as applying with equal if not greater fitness to the partnership of monologue and photographs from life to which I gave the name "picture play." But perhaps it is too late now, if I had the wish, to call it anything else. And, to tell the truth, in the stress of the problem of the thing itself, I have been content to let others worry about the name.

Primarily my purpose was to illustrate art with life. Five or six years ago, when my plan first was made, I discovered several instances in which photographs from life were used to illustrate fiction, and many other instances in which fiction evidently had been adjusted to photographs from life. Neither of these phases offered any practical hint toward the picture play. The suggestion definitely came through a group of photographic studies from living characters, which were tossed together in a "picture talk" that I called "Ourselves as Others See Us." After outlining a combination of fiction and photography, each devised with a regard for the demands and limitations of the other, it began to be quite clear that the pictures must do more than illustrate. Thus there would be two points of radical difference from the illustrator's scheme. In the first place, the pictures would be primary, the text secondary. Again the pictures would not be art at all in the illustrator's sense, but simply the art of the *tableau vivant* plus the science of photography. If it is the function of art to translate nature, it is the privilege of photography to transmit nature. But in this case the *tableaux vivants* must be progressive, that the effect of reality may arise not from the suspended action of isolated pictures, but from the blending of many. Here the stereopticon came to my aid. By carefully "registering" the backgrounds of the successive pictures in a scene, the figures alone are made to appear to move, thus slowly producing the effect which Mr. Edison has wrought, in a different way, with his kinetoscope. Here again the range of the picture-play plan gave it peculiar advantages, for not only could I pass from one fictitious scene to another, but I could introduce the backgrounds of real life, as I have done in several instances, bringing the living characters of my fictitious action against the actual life of the city—an interesting, if sometimes discouraging, labor.

The importance of the pictures in this relationship is analogous to the importance of the action in a play. The text or monologue, freed, for the most part, from the necessity of describing the appearance or actions of the characters, has to concern itself simply with their thoughts and words; and thus, in effect, a novelette which might require three hours to read, by this division of communication between the eye and the ear can be presented in an hour and a half or less time.

In "Miss Jerry" my purpose has been to test experimentally, in a quiet story, certain possibilities of illusion, with this aim always before me, that the illusion should not, because it need not and could not safely, be that of photographs from an acted play, nor of artistic illustration, but the illusion of reality.

A. B.

GLIMPSES OF "MISS JERRY"

The heroine of "Miss Jerry" is a girl of Eastern birth, reared among the mines and cow-camps of Colorado. Richard Holbrook goes into the West with his young wife after the financial crash of '73. Soon after reaching Colorado his wife dies, and his child, Geraldine, grows up under the father's care, the only girl in the county, the pet of a rough community, in which she receives the title of the "Princess of Panther Mine."

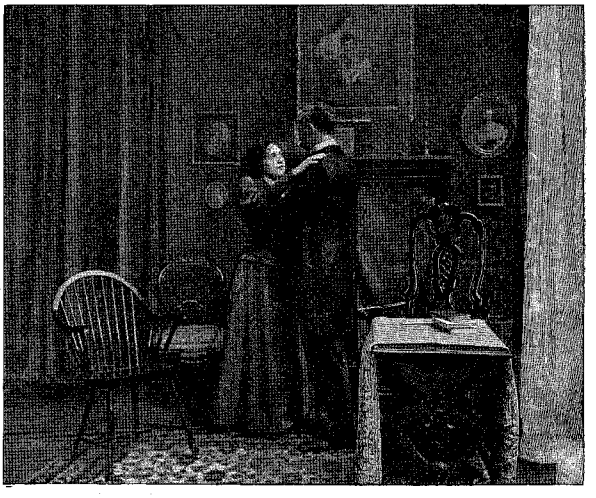
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

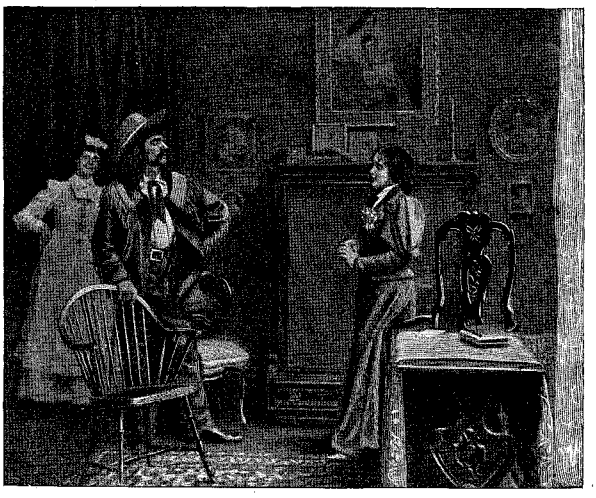
When the story opens Holbrook and his daughter have been in New York again for five years enjoying the fruits of the miner's success, and the first cloud of misfortune appears in the shape of a letter from the mine reporting probable disaster. Moreover, Holbrook's New York investments have not turned out favorably. It begins to seem as if the miner and his daughter must make some radical changes in their way of living, yet Holbrook clings to the hope of averting disaster. The thought of confronting Geraldine with misfortune fills him with peculiar distress.

When she surprises him in his painful reverie, he starts guiltily, slipping the letter into his pocket and muttering some commonplace about being late for the office. But she reads the new trouble in his face, and the Colorado postmark on the envelope, which he has not taken from the table, confirms her suspicions of trouble at the mine.

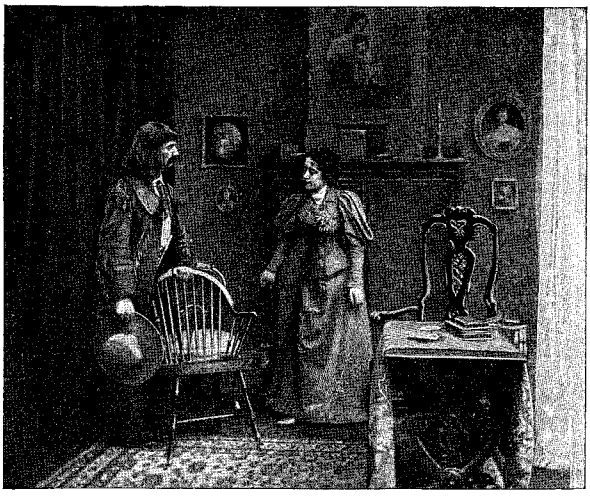
On the same morning Kate, the maid, announces, in much excitement, that there is "a pirate in the hall." The "pirate" turns out to be a picturesque person who lounges in with a strange mixture of assurance and diffidence in his manner, and who drawls, "I guess this *is* Jerry!"

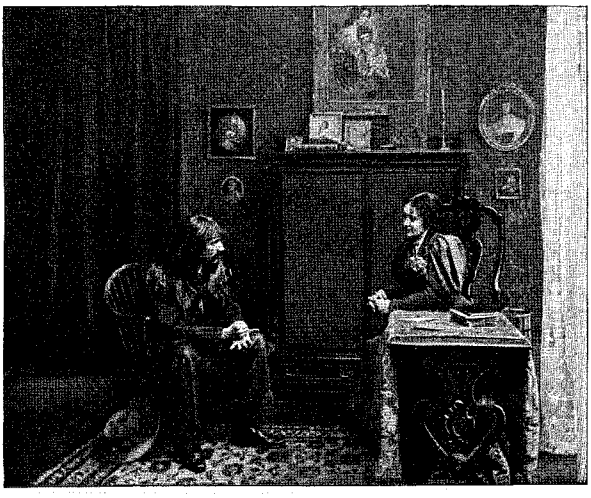
"Yes, it is!" exclaims the girl; "and is this you, Pink?" she adds, extending her hand, which the picturesque person, to the distress of the maid, grasps fervently. With increased astonishment Kate hears the pirate say, "Waal, I'll be hanged if I'd knowed yer, Miss Jerry, yer got to be such a woman!"





PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





"But, Pink," pursues Jerry, surveying Pink's sombrero, buckskin coat and leather breeches, "what on earth are you doing in this rig?"

"Rig? Advertisin' the show, I guess. Anyhow, I ain't got any other hat that's fit to wear just about now. I'll have t' tell yer about it. But shoot me, I can't git used t' this bein' you!"

"You look so funny, Pink, worse than Charlie Allen used to look."

"Yes, I suppose I do. But I'm right in this now. I—I suppose y' heered about my gittin' married to Mary?"

"Yes, soon after I went away."

"And y' know what kind of a shot Mary was?"

"A much better shot than cook."

"Waal, somehow she got it inter her head t' go inter a show; and finally we got over t' Denver and then t' Omaha. And me and her got up a shootin' act, a reg'lar museum act, y' know; and Mary's a corker and no mistake, and I kin make a pretty good stagger myself. Of course it's dead easy at three or four yards, but we chuck a great bluff and it goes. Anyhow we was at Chicago durin' the show, and now we're down on the Bowery, at the Mammoth. I had yer address all the time from Parker and always intended to look yer up if ever I got to New York."

"And is this why you let your hair grow so long?"

"Sure. An' this is why I wear this hull business. It's an ad fer the show, but I did feel kinder queer tacklin' yer door-bell."

"And does your wife wear——"

"Not much! She's got a good fake for the show,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but she wouldn't wear nothing but stylish clothes on the street. And when she's got her war paint on, Mary's a peach. Mary's got very high-toned lately. She's a remarkable woman."

"I wonder if you remember, Pink, that Mary is the first woman I ever remember seeing?"

"Waal, yer got over it."

"You don't seem to be exactly happy about Mary, Pink."

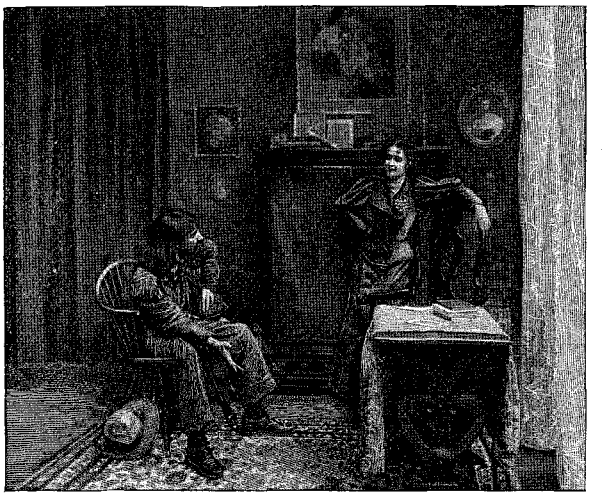
"I ain't altogether. She's too remarkable a woman for me; and I kin tell yer, Jerry, if I ever was bereaved, and had a good square chance to marry again, I wouldn't take up next time with a dead shot!"

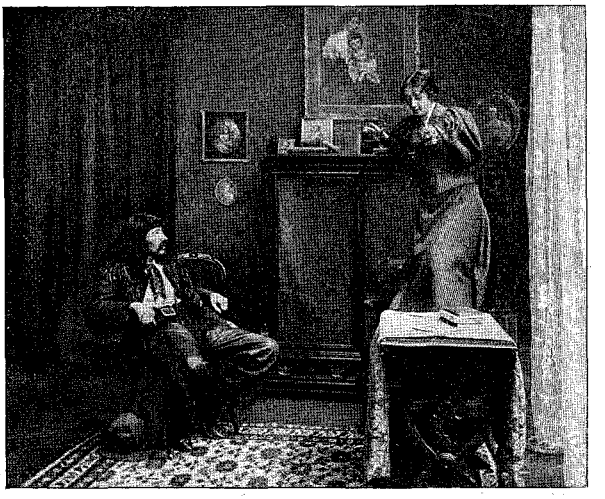
"Pink!" cries Jerry, when they have drifted off into reminiscent talk, "do you remember the day that I got into a corner of the corral, and climbed up there to escape the cattle, and stood there screaming for help until the Boston man dashed in, just in time?"

"Yes, and I remember the day that Banks was shot that you got a hole in your hat for tryin' t' tell Banks that Thorp was gunnin' for 'im."

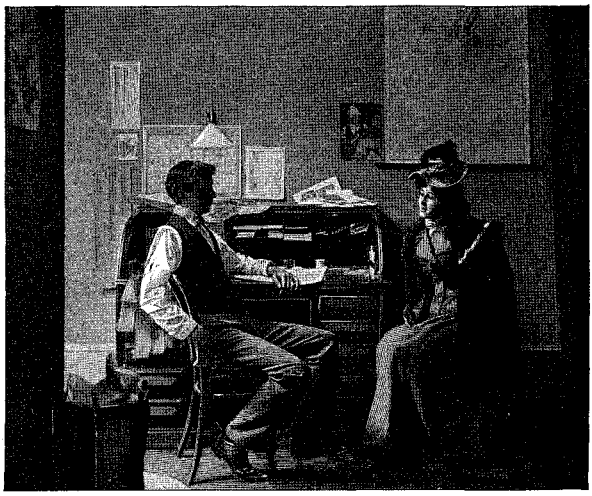
"I had almost forgotten about that. And the winter before, Pink! you remember the great storm and the burying of the camp! And you remember me with the snow-shoes and a long rope fastened around my waist picking my way to the other camp. You remember the slope there, Pink!"

"Yes, sir, like I was lookin' at it now; an' you screamin' for more rope, an' bringin' back the best news a crowd of men with a lonesome feelin' inside ever got on the face of this earth."





PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A later turn in the story carries Jerry downtown to the office of the New York *Daily Dynamo*. She has made up her mind to do something in the world on her own account. Her father is not an old man by any means, and there is no certainty of disaster, but she finds in the situation an excuse for entertaining a long-cherished ambition.

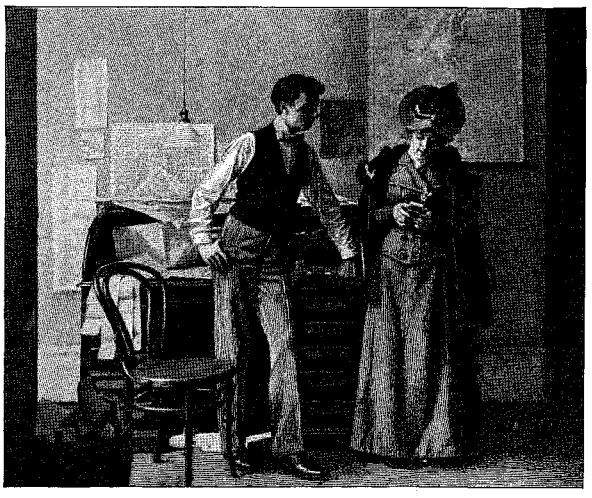
She persuades herself that it is an entirely creditable thing to do, but she realizes that she felt much more comfortable going down the Panther Mine in a bucket than going up the *Dynamo* Building in an elevator; and when she has gone so far as one of those paradoxical doors that tell you the entrance is somewhere else, she begins to feel a little sorry that her scheme makes it absolutely necessary for her to go alone.

The city editor is a younger man than Jerry has expected to see. He is young, but if he were eighty-three he could not wait with more severe repose for Jerry to begin, or assume a more judicial air while she explains, clumsily and haltingly, that she wishes to be a newspaper writer.

The ensuing conversation is characteristic of a situation familiar to newspaper offices. The young editor has succeeded much to his professional satisfaction in placing the difficulties before the applicant, when Jerry musters courage to ask for the privilege of interviewing a certain mining genius, now in town, who is guilty at once of revolutionary inventions and daring syndicating schemes. The girl's exceptional familiarity with the Colorado mines and her ambitious candor induce Hamilton to make a somewhat unprofessional experiment, not without an expectation of getting a story with an original flavor.

Jerry reads the slip of paper: "J. Sylvester Ward, Fifth Avenue Hotel."

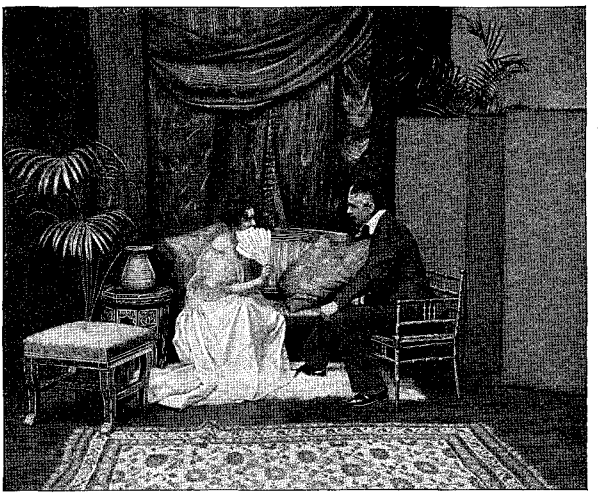
"I don't suppose," she says, "that there is any other way except to go right to the hotel."



"No, I think not," says Hamilton, searching her face for some sign of dismay. "And we must have this thing for to-morrow morning's paper if Ward is in town."

At the Fifth Avenue Hotel Jerry learns that Ward is out of town. But that night Jerry meets Ward at the Dyckman ball. The Western man is a late comer, and is presented by his cousin, the hostess. Jerry has a moment of pardonable confusion when she realizes that the man who enters into talk with her is the man she was sent to interview.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"I'm glad," pursues Ward, "to get over here out of the crowd. The crush of people worries me. Of course you know I haven't done much of this society sort of thing for about a dozen years, and I feel like a cat in Leadville — the atmosphere is too rare for me."

"I've become accustomed to it," Jerry says—"I mean to society; but for a long time I was homesick for the camps. And sometimes when I find myself in a polite drawing-room dance I wonder what would happen if I should break into a regular mining jig right there before all the people!"

"I came from Philadelphia to-night, but I would travel a much greater distance to see you do that." Presently Ward is talking about his electric drills and other matters with interested candor.

"Of course," he remarks, some minutes later, "we are keeping very quiet about that 'combine' just now."

"And yet you are telling me all about it."

"O, well, you know what I mean; we are keeping it out of the papers."

"I see," says Jerry, reflectively.

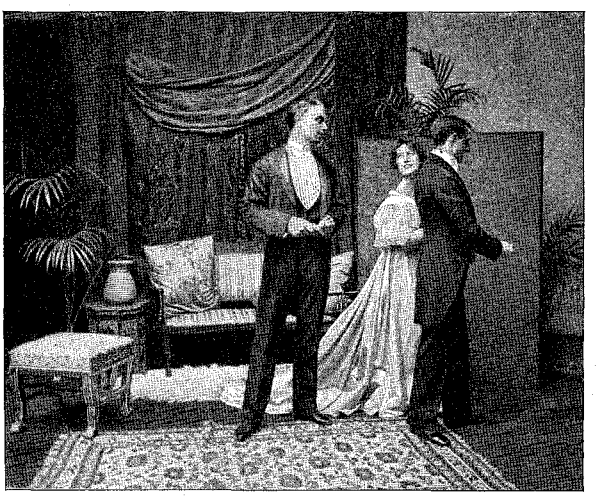
"And besides, you are a privileged person. You belong to the mining fraternity, and if I am not mistaken your father will be interested in this thing."

"Aren't you trying to justify yourself for telling something you shouldn't have told?"

"Well, I am open to conviction as to whether my confidence has been misplaced."

They are both laughing at this when Fred Prentiss comes hurrying up. "Miss Holbrook, I have been looking for you everywhere. They are dancing, and this is my waltz!"

The incident of the ball causes Jerry some embarrassment; but in an accidental meeting with Ward on the following day she confesses her ambition and her commission from the *Dynamo*, with the result that the interview is published a day later than first ordered, and after making peace with her father the girl finds herself launched in journalism.



Jerry's experiences as an interviewer bring us to an interesting phase of the picture-play method. Jerry goes to interview Superintendent Martin, of the Brooklyn Bridge, and she finds Sergeant Dunn in his aerie on the top of the Equitable Building.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When she has mastered the complicated passages of the Grand Central Station the worst difficulties associated with interviewing Mr. Depew are over.

"But how did you come to know anything about railroads?" asks Mr. Depew.

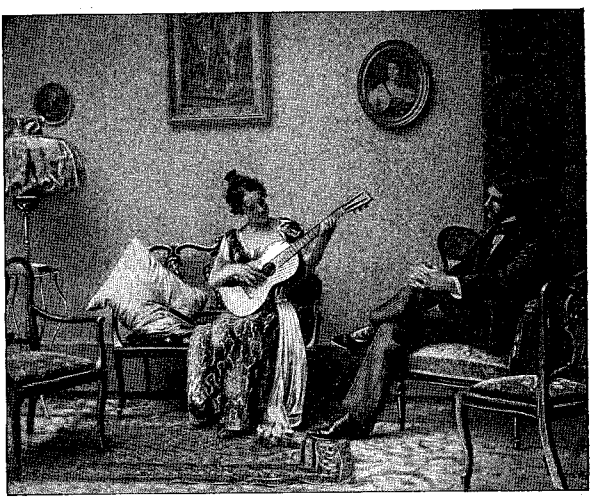
And Jerry has to remind him that she is not the person who is being interviewed.

So much for the story of the interviews. The real thing is another story of its own which there is not space to speak of here. For the real people become part of the story. Mr. Depew heard the description of the proposed partnership between fiction and reality with evident interest, and not, perhaps, without a trace of whimsical curiosity as to the outcome of the relationship. On the day set for the picture-making he received without dismay the author, the fictitious heroine, and the camera, and sat for the two pictures which in their due succession were to become part of the story, enlivening the incident, the reader will be induced to believe, with flashes of his delightful wit.

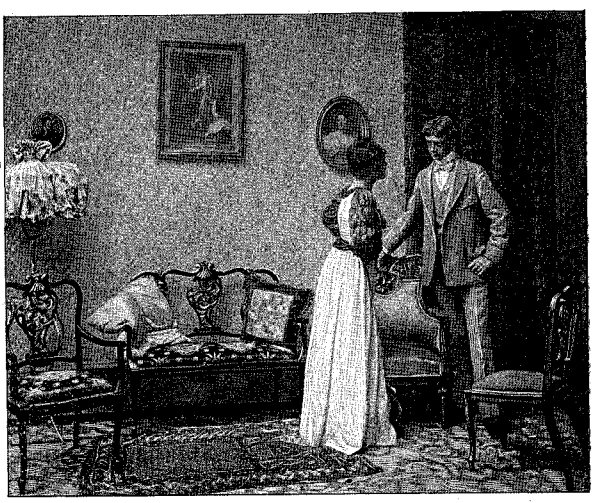
Another realistic phase of the picture-play method is represented in the street scenes, as where Hamilton and Jerry are observed on lower Fifth Avenue in one of their afternoon walks from the office to the Holbrook house in West Tenth Street. It may safely be said that it is an easier thing to paint a street background than to use the actual thing ready made; but the charm of the actual thing in the progression of the picture-play is a sufficient incentive to any necessary fight with the obstacles. The strain falls first on the photographer, who, with the requirements of the story continually in mind, had here, as elsewhere, the leeway afforded by the fact that primarily he was telling the story with his pictures, and could modify the text to fit the pictures should occasion demand, but who nevertheless was committed in a certain degree by the pictures already made. A multitude of difficulties may, and generally do, arise in the course of the picture-making in the streets, and to get satisfactory results the actors, or models, must sometimes move a dozen times over a designated spot, for if other figures appear in the scene they must be unconscious of the camera and of the conscious actors, and the kaleidoscope of the scene may be shaken many times before it fits the requirements. This brings a trying strain on the actors, especially if the weather be warm and the pictures are being taken in full sunlight.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The indoor scenes brought up different methods. The people "cast" for the different characters of the story were posed in scenes entirely fictitious, that is to say, devised by the aid of screens, etc., under the strong light of a large photographic studio. So far as the actors in the play or story were concerned, their work was that of pantomime. Thus when "Pink" Loper, the Bowery cowboy, is followed to Miss Jerry's house by his gaunt wife, the "Rose of the Rockies," the tumult of the occasion, visible through the pictures, is made audible in the monologue. This misunderstanding, by the way, is amiably adjusted, though not until Mary has expressed herself in severe terms.

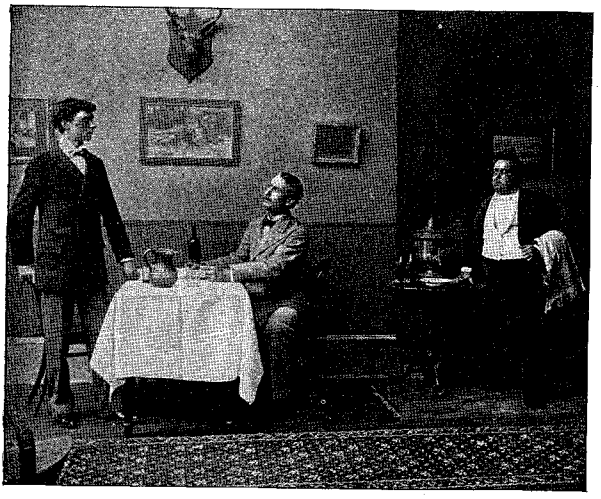


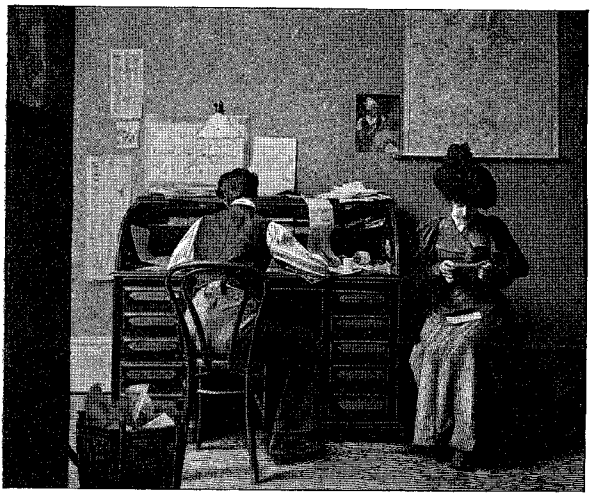
From time to time Hamilton makes unprofessional visits to the Holbrook house, and hears Jerry sing some of her mining-camp songs, accompanying herself on the guitar. He listens with eloquent attention, paying a second tribute with his eyes. There is a fine flattery that does not use words. And it is a natural enough thing that Hamilton should one day find himself in a confused state of feeling when he receives a proposition to become the London correspondent of the *Dynamo*. This is the sort of position he has always thought he would be delighted to get hold of. But there comes to most of us a time when we worry not so much about the appointments of Paradise as about who is going to be there.



Hamilton goes to see Jerry that night, and comes away disappointed. She does not tell him that she refused Ward two weeks before,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





or his thoughts might not have caught the shadow of suspicion that grows with the presence of another man. When he has gone she wonders why the threat of a parting affects her so disagreeably. Her life with her father has influenced her views of life. The thought of marriage has never appeared in her reveries. She appreciates the fact that Hamilton is hampered by the attitude he occupies toward her, and it makes her realize her high estimate of him to find that she doesn't doubt his ability to emerge from the most delicate of situations without discredit.

Hamilton and Ward are brought together at the Holbrook house when Hamilton goes there with the proof of an article to be published in the *Dynamo*, in which there is allusion to the mining scheme into which Ward has drawn Holbrook. Hamilton refuses to suppress the article, though willing to do any honorable thing by way of modifying the influence of its publication, and Ward leaves the house with him in the hope that he be successful in another form of attack. The two men quarrel at the "Monastery," when Ward offers a cautious bribe.

The next day, at the *Dynamo* office, Hamilton hands Jerry a letter, called forth by an article she has written. The letter, addressed "To the writer of The Pressure of Despair," comes from Cherry Street, in the slums of the city.

"Perhaps I had better send one of the boys around to look the matter up," says Hamilton, after glancing at the address. But Jerry insists on going herself.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When she has gone Hamilton regrets that he has not refused to let her go alone. From a window overlooking the street he sees a man at the corner. It is Ward, who met Jerry on her way to the office, and who, in view of the quarrel, prefers not to enter. Hamilton sees her join him and walk away. Then he sends a telegram to the proprietor of the paper, who is in Washington, accepting the London commission.

When Jerry meets Ward in the street below she tells him about the strange letter, and adds, "You can't go with me."

"What will you do if I simply do go?"

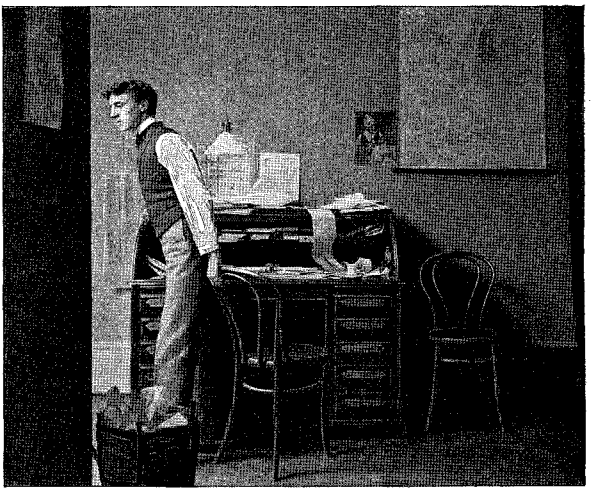
"But you mustn't. I've already refused an escort. Good-by!"

"Let me walk a little way with you," says Ward, "and I'll be very good and go just when you tell me."

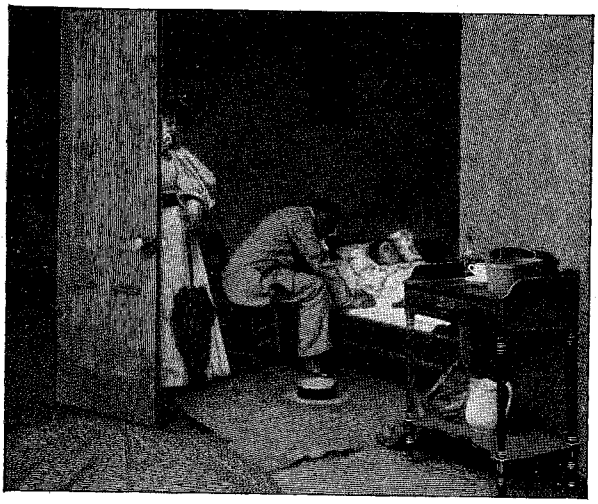
When they have reached Cherry Street he turns to her. "This is a horrible place. Can't I wait at the door for you?"

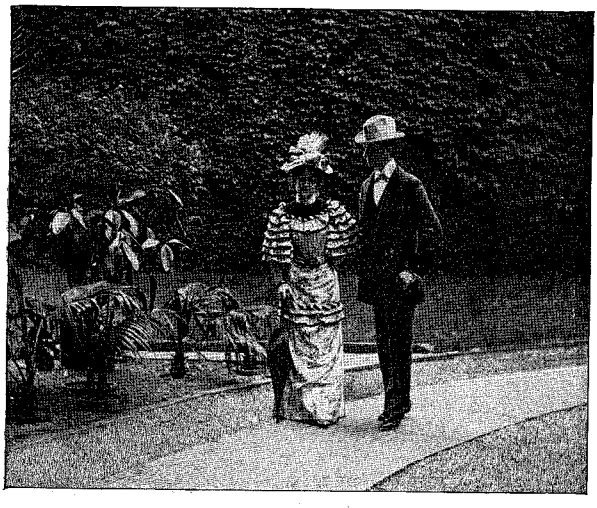
"No, that would make me nervous."

Ward paces the block waiting for her to come out. The house that Jerry enters is dark. In a room on the third floor she discovers the writer of the letter, who after recovering from the surprise of finding that the writer of the article is a woman, tells her the sad story of a sad life; of an early marriage and separation under the influence of her young husband's father. The young husband has been permitted to think that she is dead. "And he has made a great name now," says the woman, showing Jerry a newspaper clipping, with the Ward interview.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





There is a knock at the door, and Ward, who has grown suspicious of some danger under Jerry's long absence, appears on the threshold. The woman screams her recognition, and Ward, slowly realizing the truth, falters to the woman's side. Jerry pauses at the door, and looking back sees him kneeling beside the poor bed, while over the face of the woman is stealing the white shadow of death.

When, after this crisis in the tenement, Jerry reaches home and finds a message from Hamilton, in which she is bluntly informed that he cannot keep an appointment to call for the reason that he is preparing to go to London, Jerry's horizon grows rather dark. She cannot conceal the change that has come over her. She cannot conceal it at noon the next day when her father comes home with news of the failure of Ward's scheme, from which he had withdrawn, and the sale of the Panther Mine under the most favorable conditions. Her face betrays her later in the afternoon when she meets Mrs. Remson-Holt, the "club woman" of the story, who at this stage is president of a cycling society, and who declares that Jerry looks as droopy as she used to look before she had any clubs.

It is in Mrs. Holt's garden that the contrite Hamilton finds Jerry and abjectly apologizes for the brusque message and his unjust suspicions.

"I can't say anything worse about myself than that," he pleads, "but I ask you to remember——"

"To remember that you are a man," says Jerry.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"If you like; but not only a man who because he was a man could indulge a foolish suspicion, but a man who had reason to be deeply, profoundly interested in the person of whom he was thinking."

They walk back to Jerry's home in West Tenth Street, talking in this vein.

"Take off your hat and stay a while," says Hamilton, trying to speak lightly.

He takes the hat from her. "What a wonderful thing a woman's hat is," he says. "Somehow it seems to symbolize the marvellous complexity of her own personality."

"I suppose," says Jerry, "that you have some parallel symbolism to explain the simplicity of a man's hat."

He took her by the arms and looked straight into her baffling blue eyes.

"Look here! I want you to sit down for a moment and let me talk to you seriously."

"Must it be serious? Everything has been so serious lately that it would be a relief to have"——

"But I must be serious—just a little."

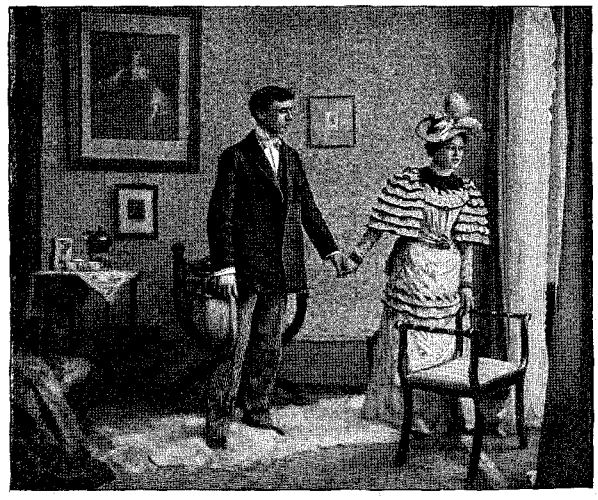
In spite of his attempts at levity his face is entirely serious, while hers wears an expression that explains nothing to him.

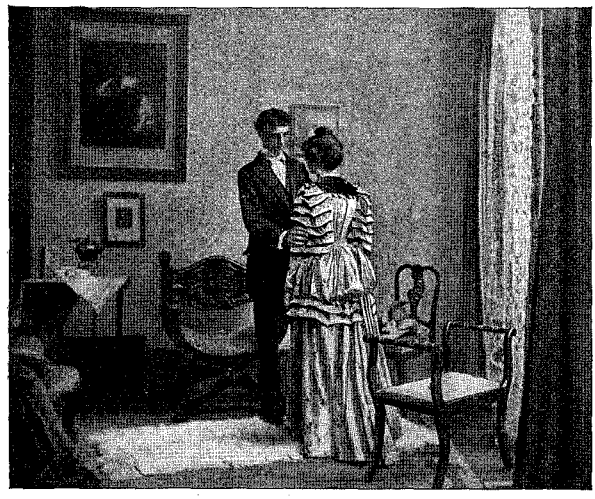
"You seem to be determined," she says from the depths of the chair.

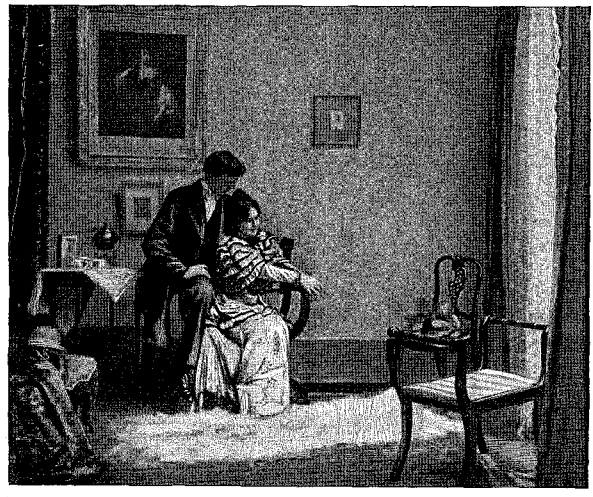
"I am. I told you once I shouldn't easily give you up. I have also said that I shall go to London. Now, this chair is very artistic, but how do you expect a man to propose to you in such furniture?"

"I don't expect it."

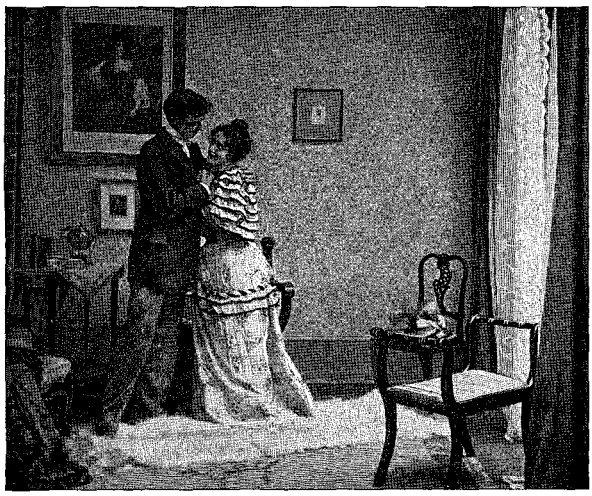
He caught her before she could get away, and held her







PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



so closely and firmly that her eyes were near to his own. For a moment neither spoke a word, and in that moment he could not tell whether she was very near or very far from him.

"Right here and now, Jerry Holbrook, do I go to London or do I stay home?"

"You go to London."

Hamilton was staggered. It plainly appeared that she was trifling with him. He almost gasped at her:

"You say that finally?"

"Yes; and I'm going with you."

He scarcely believed her.

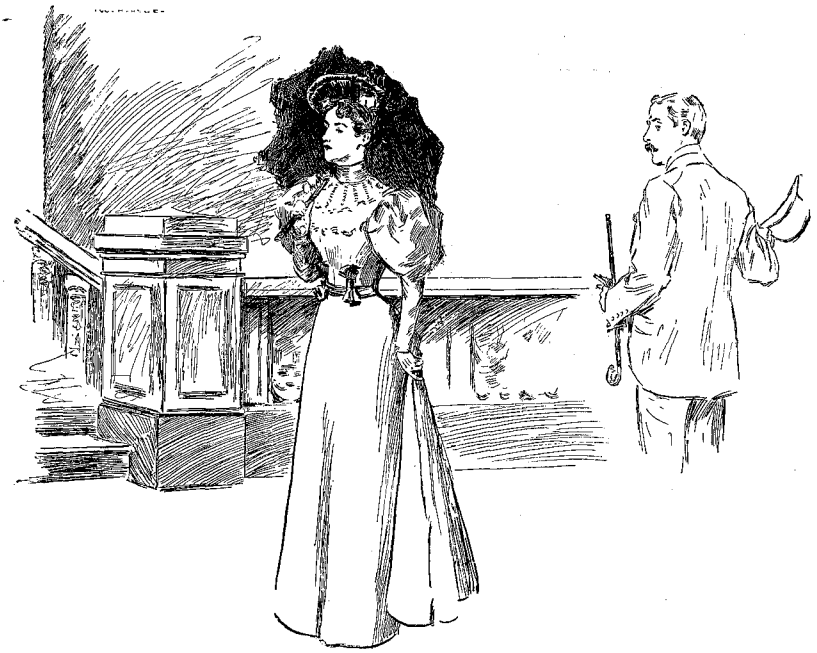
"Do you mean, Jerry, that we may just put it off for a while and that we may then"——

"O, no! You needn't put it off unless you wish to—I believe in short engagements."

She tried to keep him from kissing her again.

"And then, you know, father—there he is out there in the garden now—father needs a long rest, and I think I should like to ask him to join us in London. And he has told me, you quiet fellow, that you were the one who sent the timely word that made this morning's sale of the Panther Mine."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE ART OF LIVING

THE CASE OF MAN

By Robert Grant

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. H. HYDE

I

A NOT inconsiderable portion of the women of the United States is inclined to regard man as a necessary evil. Their point of view is that he is here, and therefore is likely, for the present at least, to remain a formidable figure in human affairs, but that his ways are not their ways, that they disapprove of them and him, and that they intend to work out their lives and salvation as independently of him as possible. What man in the flush and prime of life has not been made conscious of this attitude of the modern woman? She is constantly passing us in the street with the manner of one haughtily and supremely indifferent. There are women enough still who look patterns of modesty, and yet let us feel at the same time that we are more or less an object of interest to them; but this particular type sails by in her trig and often stylish costume with the air not merely of not seeing us, but of wishing to ignore us. Her compressed lips suggest a judgment; a judgment born of meditated conviction which leaves no hope of reconsideration or exception. "You are all substantially alike," she seems to say, "and we have had enough of you. Go your ways and we will go ours."

The Mecca of the modern woman's hopes, as indicated by this point of view, would appear to be the ultimate disappearance of man from the face of the earth after the manner of the mastodon and other brutes. Nor are her hopes balked by physiological barriers. She is prepared to admit that it is not obvious, as yet, how girls alone are to be generated and boy babies given the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cold maternal shoulder; but she trusts to science and the long results of time for a victory which will eliminate sexual relations and all their attendant perplexities and tragedies from the theatre of human life.

We are not so sanguine as she that the kingdom of heaven is to be brought to pass in any so simple and purely feminine a fashion. That is, we men. Perhaps we are fatuous, but we see no reason to doubt that sexual relations will continue to the crack of doom, in spite of the perplexities and tragedies consequent upon them; and moreover, that man will continue to thrive like a young bay-tree, even though she continues to wear a chip on her tailor-made shoulder. And yet at the same time we feel sober. It is not pleasant to be regarded as brutes and to have judgment passed upon us by otherwise attractive women. It behooves us to scratch our heads and ask ourselves if we can possibly merit the haughty indifference and thinly disguised contempt which is entertained toward us. To be weighed in the balance and found wanting by a serene and beautiful young person is a far from agreeable experience. There must be something wrong with us, and if so, what is it?

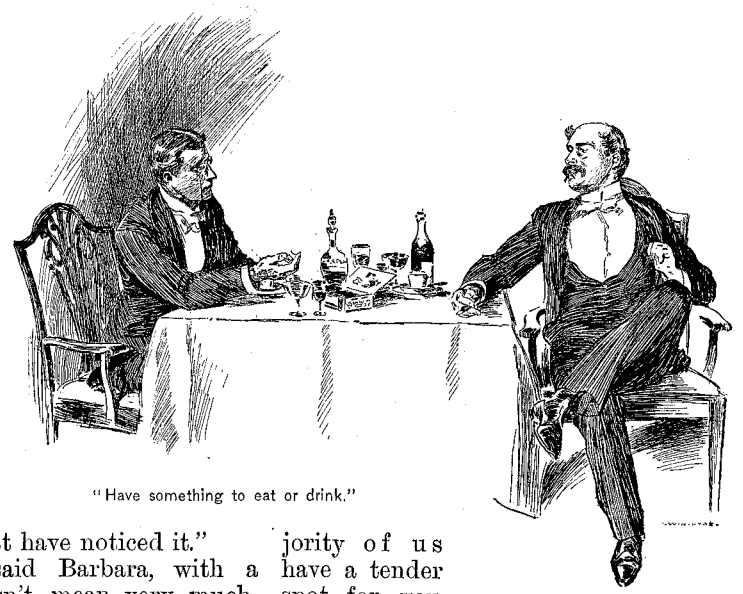
"Man, the tyrant and highwayman, has thrown up his arms."

Of course there was a time—and not so very long ago—when men were tyrants and kept women under. Nowadays the only thing denied them in polite circles is to whisk around by themselves after dark, and plenty of them do that. The law is giving them, with both hands, almost everything they ask for nearly as rapidly as existing inequalities are pointed out, and the right of suffrage is withheld from them only because the majority of women are still averse to exercising it. Man, the tyrant and highwayman, has thrown up his arms and is allowing woman to pick his pockets. He is not willing to have her bore a hole in his upper lip, and drag him behind her with a rope, but he is disposed to consent to any reasonable legislative changes which she desires to have made, short of those which would involve masculine disfigurement or depreciation. It certainly cannot be his bullying qualities which have attracted her disdain, for he has given in. If woman to-day finds that the law discriminates unjustly between her and man, she has merely to ask for relief in sufficient numbers to show that she is not the tool of designing members of her own sex, in order to obtain it.

Under the spur of these reflections I consulted my wife by way of obtaining light on this problem. "Barbara, why is it that modern women of a certain type are so sniffy toward men? You know what I mean; they speak to us, of course, and tolerate us, and they love us individually as husbands and fathers; but instead of counting for everything, as we once did, we don't

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seem to count for anything unless it be dollars and cents. It isn't merely that you all talk so fast and have so much to say without regard to us that we often feel left out in the cold, and even hurt, but there is a stern, relentless look on some of your faces which makes us feel as though we had stolen the Holy Grail. You must have noticed it."



"Have something to eat or drink."

"Oh, yes," said Barbara, with a smile. "It doesn't mean very much. Of course times are not what they were. Man used to be a demigod, now he is only a——"

Barbara hesitated for a word, so I suggested, "Only a bank."

"Let us say only a man. Only a man in the eyes of reflective womanhood. We have caught up and are beginning to think for ourselves. You can't expect us to hang on your every word and to fall down and worship you without reservation as we once did. Man used to be woman's whole existence, often to her infinite sorrow, and now he is only part of it, just as she is only a part of his. You go to your clubs; we go to ours; and while you are playing cards we read or listen to papers, some of which are not intelligible to man. But we love you still, even though we have ceased to worship you. There are a few, I admit, who would like to do away with you altogether; but they are extremists—in every revolution, you know, there are fanatics and unreasonable persons—but the vast majority of us have a tender spot for you in our hearts, and regard your case in sorrow rather than in anger—and as probably not hopeless."

"Behooves us to scratch our heads."

"What is the matter with us?"

"Oh, everything. You are a failure fundamentally. To begin with, your theory of life is founded on compromise. We women—the modern woman—abhor compromise."

Although it was obvious that Barbara was trying to tease me, I realized from her expression that she intended to deal my sex a crucial stab by the word compromise. I must confess that I felt just a little uncomfortable under the white light of scorn which radiated from her eyes, while her general air reminded me for the first time disagreeably of the type of modern woman to whom I had referred.

"The world progresses by compromise," I replied, sententiously.

"Yes, like a snail."

"Otherwise it would stand still. A man thinks so and so; another man thinks precisely opposite; they meet each other half-way and so much is gained."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Telling the host that we had been bored to death."

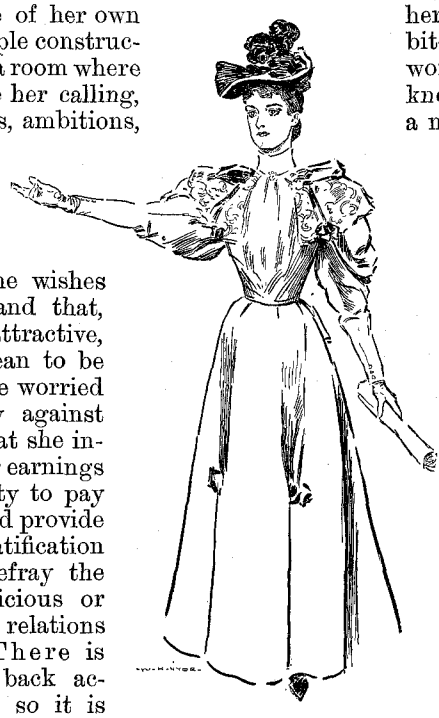
"Oh, I know how they do. A man who stands for a principle meets another man; they argue and bluster for a few minutes, and presently they sit down and have something to eat or drink, and by the time they separate the man who stands for a principle has sacrificed all there is of it, except a tiny scrap or shred, in order not to incommode the man who has no principles at all; and what is almost worse, they part seemingly bosom friends and are apt to exchange rhetorical protestations of mutual esteem. The modern woman has no patience with such a way of doing things."

"I suppose," said I, "that two modern women under similar circumstances would tear each other all to pieces; there would be nothing to eat or drink, except possibly tea and wafers, and the floor would be covered with fragments of skin, hair, and clothing. When they separated one would be dead and the other maimed for life, and the principle for which the victor stood would be set back about a century and a half."

Barbara winced a little, but she said, "What have you men accomplished all these years by your everlasting compromises? If you were really in earnest to solve the liquor problem, and the social evil, as you call it, and all the other abuses which exist in civilized and uncivilized society, you would certainly have been able to do more than you have. You have had free scope; we haven't been consulted; we have stood aside and let you have your innings; now we merely wish to see what we can do. We shall make mistakes I dare say; even one or two of us may be torn to pieces or maimed for life; but the modern woman feels that she has the courage of her convictions and that she does not intend to let herself be thwarted or cajoled by masculine theories. That accounts largely for our apparent sniffiness. I say 'apparent,' because we are not really at bottom so contemptuous as we seem—even the worst of us. I suppose you are right in declaring that the proud, superior, and beautiful young person of the present day is a little disdainful. But even she is less severe than she looks. She is simply a nine-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

teenth century Joan of Arc protesting against the man of the world and his works, asking to be allowed to lead her life without molestation from him in a shrine of her own tasteful yet simple construction—rooms or a room where she can practise her calling, follow her tastes, ambitions, or hobbies, pursue her charities, and amuse herself without being accountable to him. She wishes him to understand that, though she is attractive, she does not mean to be seduced or to be worried into matrimony against her will, and that she intends to use her earnings and her property to pay her own bills and provide for her own gratification instead of to defray the debts of her vicious or easy-going male relations or admirers. There is really a long back account to settle, so it is not surprising that the pendulum should swing a little too far the other way. Of course she is wrong; woman can no more live wholly independent of man than he of her—and you know what a helpless being he would be without her—and the modern woman is bound to recognize, sooner or later, that the sympathetic companionship of women with men is the only basis of true social progress. Sexual affinity is stronger than the constitutions of all the women's clubs combined, as eight out of ten young modern women discover to their cost, or rather to their happiness, sooner or later. Some brute of a man breaks into the shrine, and before she knows it she is wheeling a baby carriage. Even the novelist, with his or her fertile invention, has failed to discover any really satisfactory ending for the independent, disdainful heroine but marriage or the grave. Spinsterhood, even when illumined by a career, is a worthy and respectable lot, but not alluring."



"A nineteenth century Joan of Arc."

It was something to be assured by my wife that the modern woman does not purpose to abolish either maternity or men, and that, so to speak, her bark is worse than her bite. Barbara belongs to a woman's club, so she must know. We men are in such a nervous state, as a result of what Barbara calls the revolution, that very likely we are unduly sensitive and suspicious, and allow our imaginations to fly off at a tangent. Very likely, too, we are disposed to be a trifle irritable, for when one has been accustomed for long to sit on or club a person (literally or metaphorically according to one's social status) when she happens to express sentiments or opinions contrary to ours, it must needs take time to get used to the idea that she is really an equal, and to adjust one's ratiocinations to suit. But even accepting as true the assurance that the forbidding air of the modern woman does not mean much, and that she loves us still though she has ceased to worship us, we have Barbara's word for it, too, that the modern woman thinks we have made a mess of it and that man is a failure fundamentally. Love without respect! Sorrow rather than anger! It sobers one; it saddens one. For we must admit that man has had free scope and a long period in which to make the most

"The so-called man of the world."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of himself; and woman has not, which precludes us from answering back, as it were, which is always more or less of a consolation when one is brought to bay.

A tendency to compromise is certainly one of man's characteristics. Barbara has referred to it as a salient fault—a vice, and perhaps it is, though it is writ large in the annals of civilization as conducted by man. We must at least agree that it is not woman's way, and that she expects to do without it when we are no more or are less than we are now. Probably we have been and are too easy-going, and no one will deny that one ought at all times to have the courage of one's convictions, even in midsummer and on purely social occasions; nevertheless it would have been trying to the nervous system and conducive to the continuance and increase of standing armies had we favored the policy of shooting at sight those whose views on the temperance question differed from ours, or of telling the host at whose house we had passed the evening that we had been bored to death.

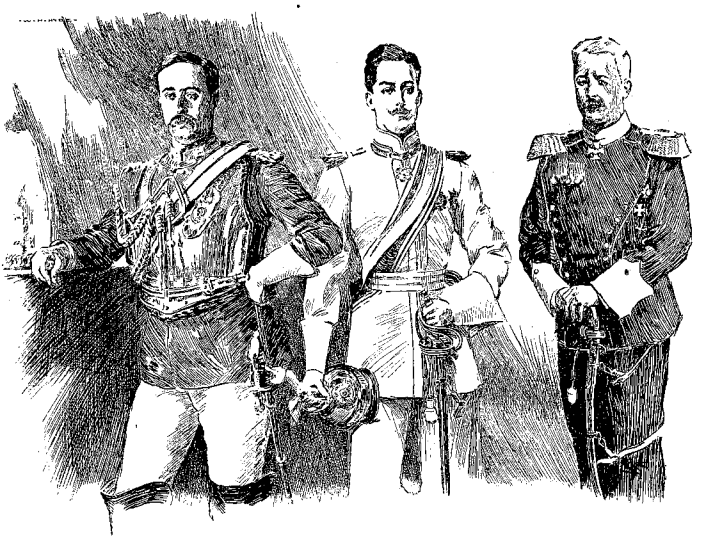
If one runs over in his mind the Madame Tussaud Gallery of masculine types, he cannot fail to acknowledge that, in our capacity of lords of creation and vicegerents of Providence, we have produced and perpetuated a number of sorry specimens. First in the list stands the so-called man of the world, on account of whom in particular, according to Barbara, the nineteenth-century Joan of Arc looks askance at our sex. He is an old stager; he dates back very nearly, if not completely, to the garden of Eden, and he has always been a bugbear to woman. It is not necessary to describe him; he has ever stood for simply carnal interests and appetites, whether as a satyr, a voluptuary, a winebibber, a glutton, a miser, an idler, or a mere pleasure-seeker. If all the human industries which have owed and still owe their prosperity to his propensities were to be obliterated, there would be a large array of unemployed in the morning but a healthier world. The bully, or prevailer by brute force, the snob, the cynic, the parasite, the trimmer, and the conceited egotist are others prominent in the category, without regard to criminals and unvarnished offenders against whose noxious behavior men have protected themselves by positive law. On the other hand, our gallery of past types has many figures of which we have a right to be proud. Unfortunately we are barred again from comparison or answering back by the taunt that woman has never had a chance; nevertheless we may claim for what it is worth that, in the realm of intellect or of the spirit, there have been no women who have soared so high; seers, poets, law-givers, unfolders of nature's secrets, administrators of affairs, healers and scholars have been chiefly or solely men. If some of us have fraternized with Belial, others have walked, or sought to walk, with God no less genuinely and fervently than any woman who ever breathed. In the matter of spirituality, indeed, some of us in the past having been led to believe that women knew more about the affairs of the other world than men, sought to cultivate the spindle-legged, thin-chested, pale, anæmic Christian as the type of humanity most acceptable to God and serviceable to society; but we have gone back to the bishop of sturdy frame and a reasonably healthy appetite as a more desirable mediator between ourselves and heaven.

"Not a picturesque figure."

From the stand-point of our present inquiry, what man in his various types has been in the past is less pertinent

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than what he is at present. To begin with, certainly the modern man is not a picturesque figure. He no longer appeals to the feminine or any eye by virtue of imposing apparel or accoutrements. Foreign army officers and servants in livery are almost the only males

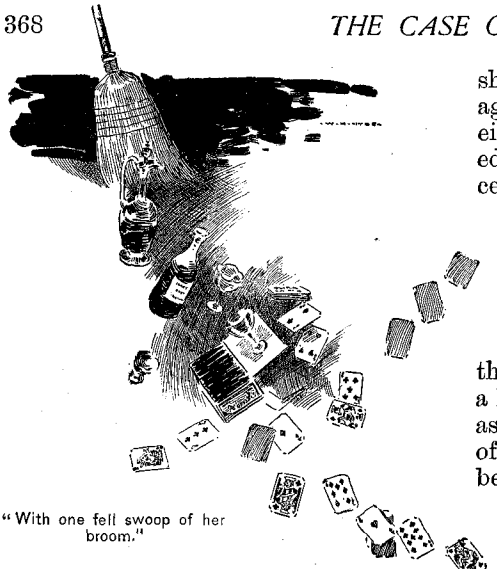


"Foreign army officers."

who have not exchanged plumage for sober woollens, tweeds, or serges, and the varied resplendent materials and colors by means of which men used to distinguish themselves from one another and to negative their evil-doings in the eyes of women have been discarded. All men but one look alike to any woman, and even that one is liable to be confounded with the rest of mankind when he is more than half a block away. Nor is the homogeneous tendency limited to clothes; it includes manners, morals, and point of view. The extreme types approximate each other much more closely than formerly, and apart from criminals and deliberately evil-minded persons, women have some ground for their insinuation that we are all pretty much alike. Let it be said that this effect is in one sense a feather in our caps. The nineteenth-century Joan of Arc to the contrary notwithstanding, the modern man of the world is a manifest improvement on his predecessor. He is no longer to be found under the table after dinner as a social matter of course, and three-bottles-to-a-guest festivities have ceased to be an aristocratic function. Though on occasions still he will fumble with the latch-key, he mounts the stairs very little, if at all, after midnight with the nonchalance of self-congratulatory sobriety, and all those dire scenes of woman on the staircase with a lighted candle looking down at her prostrate lord and master belong to an almost dim past. True it may be that the man of the world fears God no more than formerly, but he has learned to have a wholesome dread of Bright's disease, the insane asylum, and those varied forms of sudden and premature death which are included under the reportorial head of heart-failure. Mere brutishness in its various forms is less apparent. The coarse materialist still swaggers in public places and impudently puffs a cigar in the face of modesty, but he serves no longer as a model for envious contemporaries or an object of hero-worship to the rising generation. Good taste, if nothing better, has checked man's tendencies to make a beast of himself in public or in private.

Similarly, also, the type of man to whom we look up most proudly and confidently to-day is not altogether the same. The model whom we were urged, and whom we sought of old to imitate, was he who wrestled with God on the mountain-top, without a thought of earth's smoke and din and wretchedness. Human life and its joys and interests served for him as a homily on vanity, or was regarded as a degradation in comparison with the revelations obtained by the priest, poet, or devotee of culture through the vista of aspiring imagination or zeal. The conservative

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

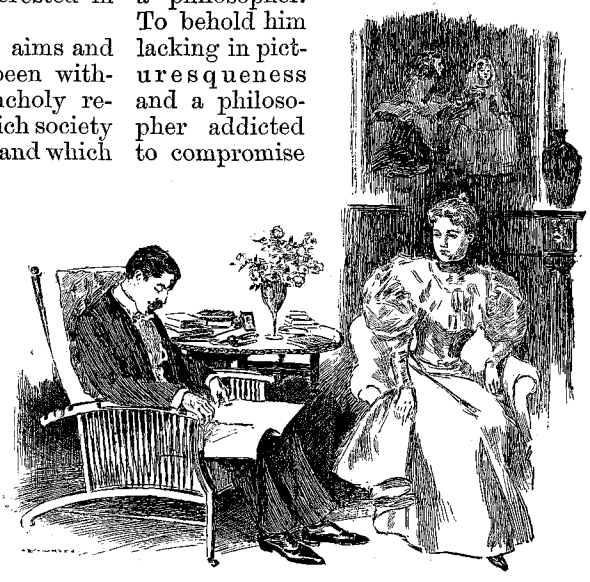


"With one fell swoop of her broom."

man of affairs—vigorous, far-seeing, keenly alive to the joys and interests of this life, strongly sympathetic on the humanitarian side, a man of the world withal in a reasonable sense—has impressed his personality on modern society more successfully than any other type. The priest who cares not for his fellow-man, the poet whose dreams and visions include no human interest or passion, the devotee of culture who refines merely to refine, have been superseded, and in their stead we have the man of the world who is interested in the world and for the world.

This change in the avowed aims and aspirations of man has not been without certain apparently melancholy results and manifestations of which society is feeling the effect at present, and which if allowed to prevail too far will undo us. The removal of the gaze of the priest, poet, and devotee of culture from the stars in contempt of earth, and the substitution of earth-gazing as a method for understanding the stars, has seemed to cast a damper on human imagination and has thereby caused many excellent women and some men to weep. If materialism be the science of trying to get the most out of this life, this is a material age; but at the same time it should be remembered that man in this age has ceased for the first time to be either a hypocrite or a fool. Undoubtedly the process of becoming both sincere and sensible, especially as it has substituted concern for the ignorant, the oppressed, and the vicious of this earth about whom we know next to nothing, in place of Pre-Raphaelite heavenly choirs, alabaster halls, and saints in glory about whom we thought we knew everything, has been a little trying for the rest of us as well as for the priests, poets, and devotees of culture. But the women must not be discouraged; we shall grow to the situation in time, and even the poets, who seem to be most down in the mouth at present, will sooner or later find a fresh well of inspiration by learning to study the reflection of the stars on the earth instead of looking directly at them. Let them be patient, though it be to death, and some day through others, if not through themselves, the immortal verse will flow and the immortal lyre sound again.

Undoubtedly the modern man is at present a rather trying person to woman, for woman would have been glad, now that she is coming into her kingdom, to have him more of a crusader and less of a philosopher. To behold him lacking in picturesqueness and a philosopher addicted to compromise



"Ordinarily he is sleepy in the evening."

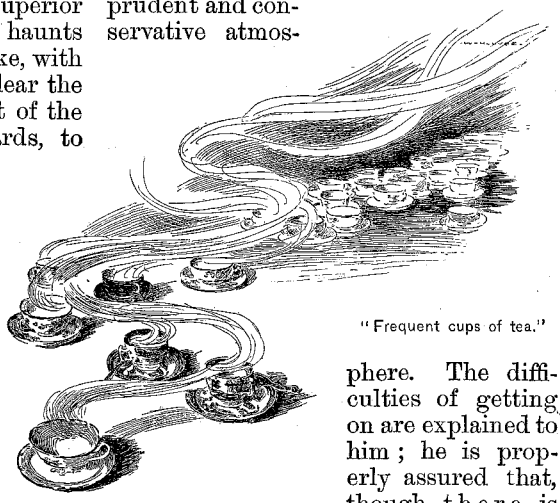
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

into the bargain is almost irritating to her, and she has certainly some ground for criticism. The man who sits opposite to her at the breakfast-table, even after he has overcome conservative fears of nothing to live on and dawdled into matrimony, is a lovable but not especially exciting person. He eats, works, and sleeps, does most of the things which he ought to do and leaves undone a commendable number of the things which he ought not to do, and is a rather respectable member of society of the machine-made order. He works very hard to supply her with money; he is kind to her and the children; he gives her her head, as he calls it; and he acquiesces pleasantly enough in the social plans which she entertains for herself and him, and ordinarily he is sleepy in the evening. Indeed in moments of most serious depression she is tempted to think of him as a superior choreman, a comparison which haunts her even in church. She would like, with one fell swoop of her broom, to clear the world of the social evil, the fruit of the grape, tobacco, and playing cards, to introduce drastic educational reforms which would, by kindergarten methods, familiarize every one on earth with art and culture, and to bring to pass within five, or possibly six years, a golden age of absolute reform inspired and established by woman. Life for her at present means one vast camp of committee meetings, varied only by frequent cups of tea; and that steaming beverage continues prominent in her radiant vision of the coming millennium. No wonder it disconcerts and annoys her to find so comparatively little enthusiastic confidence in the immediate success of her fell swoop, and to have her pathway blocked by grave or lazy ifs and buts and by cold contradictions of fact. No wonder she abhors compromise; no wonder she regards the man who goes on using tobacco and playing cards and drinking things stronger than tea as an inert and soulless creature.

Yet smile as we may at the dull, sorry place the world would be were the golden age of her intention to come upon us over night like a cold wave, is she not justified in regarding the average custom-made man of the day as a highly respectable, well-to-do choreman who earns fair wages and goes to sleep at night contented with a good meal and a pipe? Is he not machine-made? Sincere and wise as he is, now that his gaze is fixed on the needs of earth, has he not the philosophy of hygienic comfort and easy-going conservative materialism so completely on the brain that he is in danger of becoming ordinary instead of just a little lower than the angels? Let us consider him from this point of view more in detail.

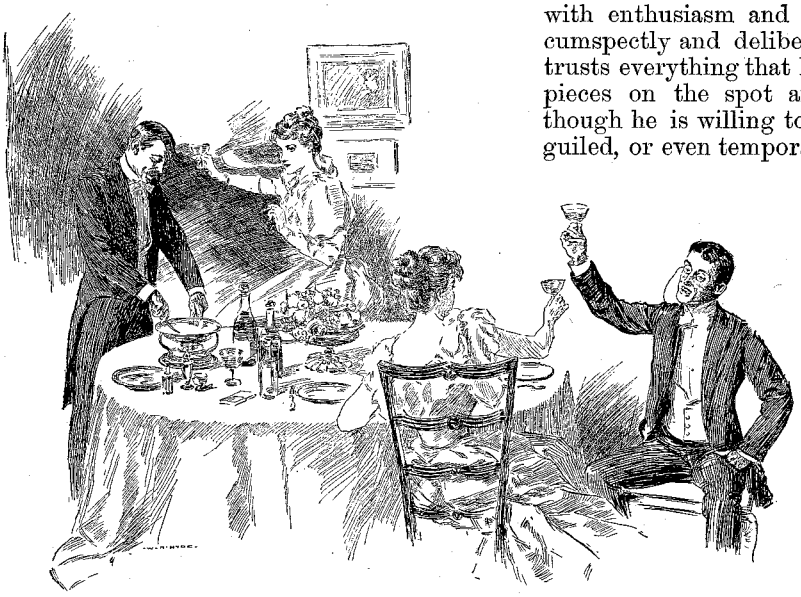
II

The young man of the present era on his twenty-first birthday is apt to find himself in a very prudent and conservative atmosphere. The difficulties of getting on are explained to him; he is properly assured that, though there is plenty of room on the top benches, the occupations and professions are crowded, if not overcrowded, and that he must buckle down if he would succeed. It is obvious to him that the field of adventure and fortune-seeking in foreign or strange places is practically exhausted. It is open to him, to be sure, to go to the North Pole in search of some one already there, or to study in a cage in the jungles of Africa the linguistic value of the howls and chatterings of wild animals; but these are manifestly poor pickings compared with the opportunities of the past when a considerable por-



"Frequent cups of tea."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"A Welsh-rarebit with theatrical celebrities."

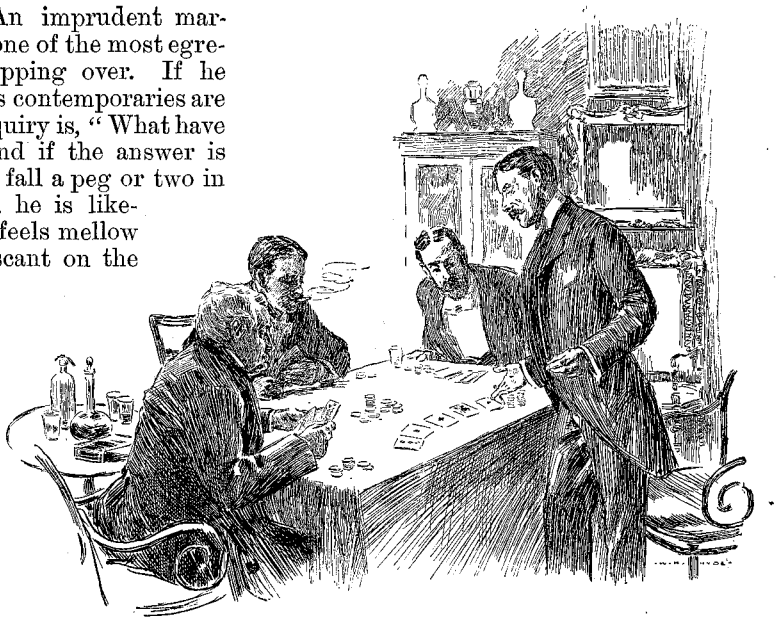
tion of the globe was still uninvestigated soil, and a reputation or treasure-trove was the tolerably frequent reward of leaving the rut of civilized life. It is plainly pointed out to him, too, that to be florid is regarded as almost a mental weakness in intellectual or progressive circles. He sees the lawyer who makes use of metaphor, bombast, and the other arts of oratory, which used to captivate and convince, distanced in the race for eminence by him who employs a succinct, dispassionate, and almost colloquial form of statement. He recognizes that in every department of human activity, from the investigation of disease-germs to the management of railroads, steady, undemonstrative marshallings of fact, and cautious, unemotional deduction therefrom are considered the scientific and only appropriate method. He knows that the expression of unusual or erratic ideas will expose him to the stigma of being a crank, a reputation which, once acquired, sticks like pitch, and that the betrayal of sentiment will induce conservative people to put him on the suspected list.

All this is imbibed by him as it should be, in the interest of sincerity and sense. Under the sobering restraint of it the young man begins to make his way with enthusiasm and energy, but circumspectly and deliberately. He mistrusts everything that he cannot pick to pieces on the spot and analyze, and though he is willing to be amused, beguiled, or even temporarily inspired by appeals to his imagination or emotions, he puts his doubts or qualms aside next morning at the behest of business. He wishes to get on. He is determined not to allow anything to interfere with that, and he understands that that is to be accomplished partly by hard work and partly by becoming a good fellow and showing common-sense. This is excellent reasoning until one examines too closely what is expected of him as a good fellow, and what is required of him in the name of common-sense.

There have been good fellows in every age, and some of them have been tough specimens. Our good fellow is almost highly respectable. He wishes to live as long as he can, and to let others live as long as they can. His patron saints are his doctor, his bank account, prudence, and general toleration. If he were obliged to specify the vice not covered by the statute law which he most abhors, he would probably name slopping over. He aims to be genial, sympathetic, and knowing, but not obtrusively so, and he is becomingly suspicious and reticent regarding everything which cannot be demonstrated on a chart like an international yacht-race or a medical operation. He is quietly and moderately licentious, and justifies himself satisfactorily but mournfully on hygienic grounds or on the plea of masculine inevitability. He works hard, if he has to, for he wishes to live comfortably by the time he is forty, and comfort means, as it ought to mean, an attractive wife, an attractive establishment, and an at-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tractive income. An imprudent marriage seems to him one of the most egregious forms of slopping over. If he hears that two of his contemporaries are engaged, his first inquiry is, "What have they to live on?" and if the answer is unsatisfactory, they fall a peg or two in his estimation, and he is likely, the next time he feels mellow after dinner, to descant on the impropriety of bringing children into the world who may be left penniless orphans. If he falls in love himself before he feels that his pecuniary position warrants it, he tries to shake out the arrow, and, if that fails, he cuts it out deliberately under antiseptic treatment to avoid blood-poisoning. All our large cities are full of young men who have undergone this operation. To lose one's vermiform appendix is a perilous yet blessed experience; but this trifling with the human heart, however scientific the excision, can scarcely be regarded as beneficial unless we are to assume that it, like the fashionable sac, has become rudimentary. We see a great many allusions in our comic and satiric weeklies to marrying for money, but the good fellow of the best type ordinarily disdains such a proceeding. His self-respect is not offended but hugely gratified if the young woman with whom he intends to ally himself would be able immediately or prospectively to contribute a million or so to the domestic purse; but he would regard a deliberate sale of himself for cash as a dirty piece of business. On the other hand, he is very business-like where his heart is engaged, and is careful not to let his emotions or fancy get the better of him until he can see his ship—and a well-freighted one at that—on the near horizon. And what is to become of the young woman in the meantime? To let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on a damask cheek may be more fatal than masculine arrow extraction; for woman, less scientific in her methods than man, is less able to avoid blood-poisoning. She doses herself, probably, with antipyrine, burns her Emerson and her Tennyson, and after a period of nervous prostration devotes herself to charity toward the world at large with the exception of all good fellows.



"A little game of poker within his means."

The good fellow after he marries continues to be a good fellow. He adapts himself to the humanitarian necessities of the situation; he becomes fond and domestic, almost oppressively so, and he is eager to indulge the slightest wish or fancy of his mate, provided it be within the bounds of easy-going rationalism. The conjugal pliability of the American husband is a well-recognized original feature of our institutions, nevertheless he is apt to develop kinks unless he be allowed to be indulgent and companionable in his own way. He works harder than ever, and she for whose sake he is ostensibly toiling is encouraged to make herself fetching and him comfortable as progressively as his income will permit. When the toil of the week is over he looks for his reward in the form of a Welsh-rarebit with theatrical celebrities, a little game of poker within his means,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or, if he be musical, a small gathering of friends to sing or play, if possible in a so-called Bohemian spirit. It irks him to stand very upright or to converse for long, whether in masculine or feminine society. He likes to sprawl and to be entertained with the latest bit of humor, but he is willing, on a pleasant Sunday or holiday, to take exercise in order to perspire freely, and then to lie at ease under a tree or a bank, pleasantly refreshed with beer and tobacco, and at peace with the world. He prefers to have her with him everywhere, except at the little game of poker, and is conscious of an aching void if she be not at hand to help him recuperate, philosophize, and admire the view. But he expects her to do what he likes, and expects her to like it too.

In no age of the world has the reasoning power of man been in better working order than at present. With all due respect to the statistics which show that the female is beginning to outstrip the male in academic competitive examinations, one has only to keep his ears and eyes open in the work-aday world in order to be convinced that man's purely mental processes suggest a razor and woman's a corkscrew. The manager of corporate interests, the lawyer, the historian, the physician, the chemist, and the banker seek to-day to probe to the bottom that which they touch, and to expose to the acid of truth every rosy theory and seductive prospectus. This is in the line of progress; but to be satisfied with this alone would speedily reduce human society to the status of a highly organized racing stable. If man is to be merely a jockey, who is to ride as light as he can, there is nothing to be said; but even on that theory is it not possible to train too fine? With eloquence tabooed as savoring of insincerity, with conversation as a fine art starved to death, with melody in music sniffed at as sensational, and fancy in literature condemned as unscientific, with the loosening of all the bonds of conventionality which held civilization up to the mark in matters of taste and elegance, and with a general doing away with color and emotion in all the practical affairs of life out of regard to the gospel of common-sense and machine-made utility, the jockey now is riding practically in his own skin.

"Foreign lions of their own sex"

One has to go back but a little way in order to encounter among the moving spirits of society a radically different attitude. Unquestionably the temper of the present day is the result of a vigorous reaction against false or maudlin sentiment, florid drivel, and hypocritical posturing; but certainly a Welsh-rarebit at midnight, with easy-going companions, is a far remove as a spiritual stimulus from bread eaten in tears at the same hour. As has been intimated, this exaggeration of commonplaceness will probably right it-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

self in time, but man's lack of susceptibility to influences and impressions which cannot be weighed, fingered, smelt, looked at, or tasted, seems to justify at present the strictures of the modern woman, who, with all her bumptiousness, would fain continue to reverence him. Some in the van of feminine progress would be glad to see the inspiration and direction of all matters —spiritual, artistic, and social—apportioned to woman as her sole rightful prerogative, and consequently to see man become veritably a superior choreman. Fortunately the world of men and women are likely to agree with Barbara that mutual sympathy and co-operation in these matters between the sexes are indispensable to the healthy development of human society. But even assuming that women were ready to accept the responsibility and man were willing to renounce it, I, for one, fear that civilization would find itself in a ditch rather speedily. All of us—we men, I mean—recognize the purifying and deterrent influence of woman as a Mentor and sweet critic at our elbows. We have learned to depend upon her to prod us when we lag, and to save us from ourselves when our brains get the better of our hearts. But, after all, woman is a clinging creature. She has been used to playing second fiddle; and it is quite a different affair to lead an orchestra. To point the way to spiritual or artistic progress needs, first of all, a clear intellect and a firm purpose, even though they alone are not sufficient. Woman is essentially yielding and impressionable. At the very moment when the modern Joan of Arc would be doing her best to make the world a better place, would not eleven other women out of the dozen be giving way to the captivating plausibility of some emotional situation? As an instance of what she is already capable of from a social point of view, now that she has been given her head, may well be cited the feverish eagerness with which some of the most highly cultivated and most subtly evolved American women of our large cities vie with each other for intimacy with artistic foreign lions of their own sex known to be unchaste. They seem to regard it as a privilege to play hostess to, or, at least, to be on familiar terms with, actresses, opera-singers, and other public characters quietly but notoriously erotic, the plea in each case being that they are ready to forgive, to forget, and ignore for the sake of art and the artist. Yes, ignore or forget, if you choose, so far as seeing the artist act or hearing her sing in public is concerned, where there are no social ceremonies or intercourse; but let us please remember at the same time that even those effete nations who believe that the world would be a dull place without courtesans, insist on excluding such persons from their drawing-rooms. Indeed there is reason to believe that some of the artists in question have become hilarious, when out of sight of our hospitable shores, over the wonders of American social usages among the pure and cultivated women. Before our young men will cease to sow wild oats their female relations must cease to run after other men's mistresses. Decidedly, the modern Joan of Arc to the contrary notwithstanding, man cannot afford to abdicate just yet. But he needs to mend his hedges and to look after his preserves.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"THE WHEEL OF LOVE"

A COMEDY IN NARRATIVE

By Anthony Hope

CHAPTER VII

THE SIGHTS OF AVIGNON

"It's a curious thing," observed Roger Deane, "but this fellow Baedeker always travels the opposite way to what I do. When I'm coming back, he's always going out, and *vice versa*. It makes him precious difficult to understand, I can tell you, Miss Dora. However, I think I've got him now. Listen to this! 'Marseilles to Arles (Amphitheatre starred) one day. Arles to Avignon (Palace of the Popes starred) two days—slow going that—Avignon to——"

"Do you want to *squat* in this wretched country, Sir Roger?" demanded Dora, angrily.

A faint smile played round Sir Roger's lips.

"You're the only one who's in a hurry," he remarked.

"No, I'm not. Mr. Ellerton is in just as much of a hurry."

"Then he bears disappointment better."

"What in the world did papa and—well, and Lady Deane, you know—want to stop here for?"

"You don't seem to understand how interesting Marseilles is. Let me read you a passage. 'Marseilles was a colony founded about 600 B.C.'— Oh, well, don't be angry. We'll skip a bit. 'In 1792 hordes of galley-slaves were sent hence to Paris, where they committed frightful excesses'— that's what Maude and your father are going to do. 'It was for them that Rouget—' I say, what's the matter, Miss Dora?"

"I don't know why you should enjoy teasing me, but you *have* nearly made me cry, so perhaps you'll be happy now."

"You tried to take me in. I pretended to be taken in. That's all."

"Well, it was very unkind of you."

"And, after all, it's not a matter of indifference to you at what rate we travel, as you said in the train to-day."

"Oh, I had to. I—I couldn't let papa see."

"And why are you in a hurry?"

"I can't tell you; but I must—oh, I must!—be in England in four days."

"You'll hardly get your father to give up a day at Avignon."

"Well, one day there—then we should just do it, if we only slept in Paris."

"Yes, but my wife——"

"Oh, you can stay. Don't say anything about Paris yet. Help me to get there. I'll make papa go on. Please do, Sir Roger. I shall be so awfully obliged to you; so will Mr. Ellerton."

"Charlie Ellerton? Not he! He's in no hurry."

"What do you mean? Didn't you hear him urging papa to-day to travel straight through."

"Oh, yes, I heard that."

"Well?"

"You were there then."

"What of that?"

"He's not so pressing when you're away."

"I don't understand. Why should he pretend to be in a hurry when he isn't?"

"Ah, I don't know. Don't you?"

"Not in the least, Sir Roger. But never mind Mr. Ellerton. Will you help me?"

"As far as Paris. You must look out for yourself there."

These terms Dora accepted. Surely at Paris she would hear some news of or from John Ashforth. She thought he must have written one line in response to her last letter, and that his answer must have been so far delayed as to arrive at Cannes after her departure; it would be waiting for her at Paris and would tell her whether she was in time or whether there was no more use in hurrying. The dread that oppressed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her was lest, arriving too late in Paris, she should find that she had missed happiness by reason of this wretched dawdling in Southern France.

Seeing her meditative, Deane slipped away to his cigar, and she sat in the hotel hall musing. Deane's revelation of Charlie's treachery hardly surprised her; she meant to upbraid him severely, but she was conscious that, if little surprised, she was hardly more than a little angry. His conduct was indeed contemptible, it revealed an utter instability and fickleness of mind which made her gravely uneasy as to Mary Travers's chances of permanent happiness. Yes, scornful one might be; but who could be seriously angry with the poor boy? And perhaps, after all, she did him injustice. Some natures were more prone than others to sudden passions; it really did not follow that a feeling must be either shallow or short-lived because it was sudden; whether it survived or passed away would depend chiefly on the person who excited it. It was clear that Mary Travers was incapable of maintaining a permanent hold over Charlie's affections, but another girl might — might have. If so, it would be perhaps a pity if Charlie and Mary Travers were to come together again. She doubted very much if they were suited to one another. She pictured Mary as a severe, rather stern young woman; and she hardly knew whether to laugh or groan at the thought of Charlie adapting himself to such a mate. Meanwhile, her own position was certainly very difficult, and she acknowledged its thorniness with a little sigh. To begin with, the suspense was terrible; at times she would have been almost relieved to hear that John was married beyond recall. Then Charlie was a great and a growing difficulty. He had not actually repeated the passionate indiscretion of which he had been guilty at Cannes, but more and more watchfulness and severity were needed to keep him within the bounds proper to their relative positions, and it was odious to be disagreeable to a fellow-traveller, especially when he was such a good and devoted friend as Charlie.

Sir Roger loyally carried out his bargain. Lady Deane was hurried on, leaving Marseilles, with its varied types of humanity and its profound social significance, practically unexplored; Arles and Amphitheatre, in spite of the beckoning "star," were dropped out of the programme, and the next day found the party at Avignon. And now they were once more for a moment in harmony. Dora could spare twenty-four hours; Lady Deane and the General were mollified by conscious unselfishness; the prospect of a fresh struggle at Paris lay well in the background and was discreetly ignored; Charlie Ellerton, who had reached the most desperate stage of love, looked neither back nor forward. It was enough for him to have wrung four-and-twenty hours of Dora's company from fate's reluctant grasp. He meant to make the most of it.

She and he sat, on the afternoon of their arrival, in the gardens, hard by the Cathedral, where Lady Deane and the General were doing their duty. Sir Roger had chartered a cab and gone for a drive on the boulevards.

"And we shall really be in Paris to-morrow night?" said Dora. "And in England, I hope, six-and-thirty hours afterward. I want papa to cross the next evening. Mr. Ellerton, I believe we shall be in time."

Charlie said nothing. He seemed to be engrossed with the magnificent view before him.

"Well? Have you nothing to say?" she asked.

"It's a sin to rush through a place like this," he observed. "We ought to stay a week. There's no end to see. It's an education!"

By way probably of making the most of his brief opportunity, he went on gazing across the river which flowed below, now toward the heights of Mont Ventoux, now at the ramparts of Villeneuve. Dora, on the other hand, fixed pensive eyes on his curly, hatless head, which leant forward as he rested his elbows on his knees. He had referred to the attractions of Avignon in tones of almost overpowering emotion.

Presently he suddenly turned his head toward her.

"I don't want to be in time," he said, and, with equal rapidity, he returned to his survey of Villeneuve.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dora made no answer, unless a perplexed wrinkle on her brow might serve for one. A long silence followed. It was broken at last by Charlie. With a sigh of satisfaction he left the landscape, as though he could not reproach himself with having neglected it, and directed his gaze into his companion's eyes. Dora blushed and pulled the brim of her hat a little lower down over her brow.

"What's more," said Charlie, in deliberate tones, and as if no pause had occurred between this remark and his last, "I don't believe you do."

Dora started and straightened herself in her seat; it looked as if the rash remark were to be met with a burst of indignation, but, a second later, she leant back again and smiled scornfully.

"How can you be so silly, Mr. Ellerton?" she asked.

"We both of us," pursued Charlie, "see now that we made up our minds to be very foolish; we both of us mistook our real feelings; we're beginning—at least I began some time ago, and you're beginning now—to understand the true state of affairs."

"Oh, I know what you mean, and I ought to be very angry, I suppose; but it's too absurd."

"Not in the least. The absurd thing is your fancying that you care about this fellow Ashforth."

"No, you must really stop, you must indeed. I don't——"

"I know the sort of fellow he is—a dull, dry chap, who makes love as if he was dancing a minuet."

"You're quite wrong."

"And kisses you as if it was part of the church service."

This last description, applied to John Ashforth's manner of wooing, had enough of aptness to stir Dora into genuine resentment.

"A girl doesn't like a man less because he respects her—nor more because he ridicules better men than himself."

"Don't be angry. I'm only saying what's true. Why should I want to run him down?"

"I suppose — well, I suppose because——"

"Well?"

"You're a little bit — but I don't think I ought to talk about it."

"Jealous, you were going to say."

"Was I?"

"And that shows you know what I mean."

"Well, by now I suppose I do. I can't help your doing it or I would."

Charlie moved closer, and leaning forward till his face was only a yard from hers, while his hand, sliding along the back of the seat, almost touched her, said in a low voice,

"Are you sure you would?"

Dora's answer was a laugh—a laugh with a hint of nervousness in it. Perhaps she knew what was in it, for she looked away toward *La Barthelasse*.

"Dolly," he whispered, "shall I go back to Cannes; shall I?"

Perhaps the audacity of this *per saltum* advance from the distance of Miss Bellairs to the ineffable assumption involved in "Dolly" made the subject of it dumb.

"I will, if you ask me," he said, as she was silent for a space.

Then with profile toward him and eyes away, she murmured,

"What would Miss Travers say if you turned back now?"

The mention of Mary did not on this occasion evoke any unseemly words. On the contrary, Charlie smiled. He glanced at his companion. He glanced behind him and round him. Then, drilling his deep design into the semblance of an uncontrollable impulse, he seized Dora's hand in his, and before she could stir, kissed her cheek.

She leapt to her feet.

"How dare you?" she cried.

"How could I help it?"

"I'll never speak to you again. No gentleman would have—oh, I do hope you're ashamed of yourself!"

Her words evidently struck home. With an air of contrition he sank on the seat.

"I'm a beast," he said, ruefully. "You're quite right, Miss Bellairs. Don't have anything more to say to me. I wish I was—I wish I had some—some self-control—and self-respect, you know. If I were a fellow like Ashforth now, I should never have done that!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Of course you can't forgive me," and, in his extremity of remorse, he buried his face in his hands.

Dora stood beside him. She made one step as if to leave him ; a glance at him brought her back, and she looked down at him for a minute. Presently a troubled, doubtful little smile appeared on her face ; when she realized it was there, she promptly banished it. Alas ! It was too late. The rascal had been peeping through his fingers, and, with a ringing laugh, he sprang to his feet, caught both her hands, and cried,

"Shocking, wasn't it? Awful?"

"Let me go, Mr. Ellerton."

"Must I?"

"Yes, yes."

"Why? Why, when you——"

"Sir Roger's coming. Look behind you."

"Oh, the deuce!"

An instant later they were sitting demurely at opposite ends of the seat, inspecting Villeneuve with interest.

Another moment Deane stood before them, puffing a cigarette, and wearing an expression of amiability tempered by boredom.

"Wonderful old place, isn't it, Deane?" asked Charlie.

"Such a view, Sir Roger!" cried Dora, in almost breathless enthusiasm.

"You certainly," assented Deane, "do see some wonderful sights on this Promenade. I'm glad I came up. The air's given you quite a color, Miss Dora."

"It's tea-time," declared Dora, suddenly. "Take me down with you, Sir Roger. Mr. Ellerton, go and tell the others we're going home to tea."

Charlie started off, and Sir Roger strolled along by Miss Bellairs's side. Presently he said :

"Still anxious to get to Paris?"

"Why shouldn't I be?" she asked, quickly.

"I thought perhaps the charms of Avignon would have decided you to linger. Haven't you been tempted?"

Dora glanced at him, but his face betrayed no secondary meaning.

"Tempted? Oh, perhaps," she answered, with the same nervous little laugh, "but not quite led astray. I'm going on."

CHAPTER VIII

MR. AND MRS. ASHFORTH

ALL that evening Miss Bellairs was not observed—and Dean watched her very closely—to address a word to Charlie Ellerton ; even good-night was avoided by a premature disappearance and unexpected failure to return. Perhaps it was part of the same policy of seclusion which made her persuade Lady Deane to travel to Paris with her in one compartment and relegate the men to another—a proposal which the banished accepted by an enthusiastic majority of two to one. The General foresaw an infinity of quiet naps and Deane uninterrupted smoking ; Charlie alone chafed against the necessary interruption of his bold campaign, but, in face of Dora's calm coldness of aspect, he did not dare to lift up his voice.

Lady Deane was so engrossed in the study—or the search for opportunities of study—of sides of life with which she was unfamiliar as to be, for the most part, blind to what took place immediately around her. General Bellairs himself (who vaguely supposed that some man might try to make love to his daughter five years hence, and thereupon be promptly sent off with a flea in his ear) was not more unconscious than she that there was, had been, or might be anything, as the phrase runs, "between" the two junior members of the party. She had no hints to give and no questions to ask ; she seated herself placidly in a corner and began to write in a large note-book. She had been unwillingly compelled to "scamp" Marseilles, but, as she wrote, she found that the rough notes she was copying, aided by fresh memory, supplied her with an ample fund of material. Alternately she smiled contentedly to herself, and gazed out of the window with a preoccupied air. Clearly, a plot was brewing, and the authoress was grateful to Dora for restricting her interruptions to an occasional impatient sigh and the taking up and dropping again of her Tauchnitz.

With the men tongues moved more.

"Well, General," said Deane, "what's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Miss Dora's *ultimatum* about your staying in Paris?"

Charlie pricked up his ears and buried his face behind *La Vie Parisienne*.

"You'll think me very weak, Deane," rejoined the General, with an apologetic laugh, "but I've promised to go straight on if she wants me to."

"And does she?"

"I don't know what the child has got in her head, but she says she'll tell me when she gets to Paris. We shall have a day with you anyhow; I don't think she's so set on not staying as she was, but I don't profess to understand her fancies. Still, as you see, I yield to them."

"Man's task in the world," said Deane. "Eh, Charlie, what are you hiding behind that paper for?"

"I was only looking at the pictures."

"Quite enough, too. You're going to stay in Paris, aren't you?"

"Don't know yet, old fellow. It depends on whether I get a letter calling me back or not."

"Hang it! One might as well be in a house where the shooting turns out a fraud. Nobody knows that he won't have a wire any morning and have to go back to town. My wife'll be furious if you desert her, General."

"Oh, I hope it won't come to that."

"I hope awfully that I shall be able to stay," said Charlie, with obvious sincerity.

"Then," observed Deane with a slight smile, "if the General and Miss Bellairs leave us you can take my wife about."

"I should think you might take her yourself," and he gently kicked Deane. He was afraid of arousing the General's dormant suspicions.

It was late at night when they arrived in Paris, but the faithful Laing was on the platform to meet them, and received them with a warm greeting. While the luggage was being collected by Deane's man, they stood and talked on the platform. Presently the General, struck by a sudden thought, asked:

"I suppose nothing came for us at Cannes, eh, Laing? You said you'd bring anything on, you know."

Laing interrupted à pretty speech which he was trying to direct into Dora's inattentive ears.

"Beg pardon, General."

"No letters for any of us before you left Cannes?"

"No, Gen—" he began, but suddenly stopped. His mouth remained open and his glass fell from his eye.

The General, not waiting to hear more than the first word, had rushed off to hail a cab and Deane was escorting his wife. Dora and Charlie stood waiting for the unfinished speech.

The end came slowly and with a prodigious emphasis of despair.

"Oh, by Jove!"

"Well, Mr. Laing?" said Dora.

"The morning you left—just after—there were two telegrams."

"For me?" said each of his auditors.

"One for each of you, but——"

"Oh, give me mine."

"Hand over mine, old chap."

"I—I haven't got 'em."

"What?"

"I—I'm awfully sorry, I—I forgot 'em."

"Oh, how tiresome of you, Mr. Laing!"

"Send 'em round first thing to-morrow, Laing."

"But—but I don't know where I put 'em, I know I laid 'em down. Then I took 'em up. Then I put 'em—where the deuce did I put 'em? Here's a go, Miss Bellairs! I say, I am an ass!"

No contradiction assailed him. His victims glared reproachfully at him.

"I must have left them at Cannes. I'll wire first thing in the morning, Miss Bellairs; I'll get up as soon as ever the office is open. I say, do forgive me."

"Well, Mr. Laing, I'll try, but——"

"Laing! Here! My wife wants you," shouted Sir Roger, and the criminal, happy to escape, ran away, leaving Dora and Charlie alone.

"They must have been from *them*," murmured Dora.

"No doubt; and that fool Laing——"

"What has he done with them?"

"Lit his pipe with them, I expect."

"Oh, what shall we do?"

"I don't know."

"What—what do you think they said, Mr. Ellerton?"

"How can I tell? Perhaps that the marriage was off!"

"Oh!" escaped from Dora.

"Perhaps that it was going on."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"It's worse than ever. They may have asked for answers."

"Probably."

"And they won't have written here!"

"Sure not to have."

"And—and I sha'n't know what to do. I—I believe it was to say he had broken off the marriage."

"Is the wish father to the thought?"

The lights of the station flickered, but Charlie saw, or thought he saw, a hasty, unpremeditated gesture of protest.

"Dolly!" he whispered.

"Hush, hush! How can you now—before we know?"

"The cab's waiting," called Deane. "Come along."

They got in in silence. The General and Deane went first, and the three young people followed in a second vehicle. It was but just twelve, and the boulevards were gay and full of people.

Suddenly, as they were near the Opera, they saw the tall figure of an unmistakable Englishman walking away from them down the Avenue de l'Opéra. Dora clutched Charlie's arm with a convulsive grip.

"Hullo! what's the—" he began, but a second pinch enforced silence.

"See that chap?" asked Laing, pointing to the figure, "He's at my hotel."

"Is he?" said Dora, in a faint voice.

"Yes, I've got a good deal of amusement out of him. He oughtn't to be out so late though, and by himself, too!"

"Who is it?" asked Charlie.

"I don't know his name."

"And why oughtn't he to be out?"

"Because he's on his honeymoon."

"What?" cried Dora.

"Just married," explained Laing. "Wife's a tallish girl, fair—rather good-looking; looks standoffish though."

"You—you're sure they're married, Mr. Laing?" gasped Dora, and Charlie, in whom her manner had awakened a suspicion of the truth, also waited eagerly for the reply.

"What, Miss Bellairs?" asked Laing in surprise.

"Oh, I mean—I mean you haven't made a mistake?"

"Well, they're together all day, and nobody's with them except a lady's-maid. I should think that's good enough."

With a sigh Dora sank back against the cushions. They were at the hotel now; the others had already gone in, and, bidding Laing a hearty good-night, Dora ran in, followed closely by Charlie. He did not overtake her before she found her father.

"Well, Dolly," said the General, "there's no letter."

"Oh!" cried Dolly, "I'll stay as long as ever you like, papa."

"That's right," said Deane. "And you, Charlie?"

Charlie took his cue.

"A month if you like."

"Capital! Now for a wash—come along, Maud—and then supper!"

Dora lingered behind the others, and Charlie with her. Directly they were alone, he asked:

"What does it all mean?"

She sat down, still panting with agitation.

"Why—why, that man we saw—the man Mr. Laing says is on his honeymoon, is—is——"

"Yes, yes?"

"Mr. Ashforth!"

"Dolly! And his wife. By Jove! It's an exact description of Mary Travers!"

"The telegrams were to say the marriage was to be at once."

"Yes, and—they're married!"

"Yes!"

A short pause marked the astounding conclusion. Then Charlie came up very close and whispered:

"Are you broken-hearted, Dolly?"

She turned her face away with a blush.

"Are you, Dolly?"

"I'm very much ashamed of myself," she murmured. "Oh, Mr. Ellerton, not just yet!" and in deference to her entreaty Charlie had the grace to postpone what he was about to do.

When the supper was ready Sir Roger Deane looked round the table inquiringly.

"Well," said he, "what is it to be?"

"Champagne—champagne in magnums!" cried Charlie Ellerton, with a ringing laugh.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHAPTER IX

MR. AND MRS. ASHFORTH

Miss Bussey was much relieved when the doctor pronounced her convalescent and allowed her to come downstairs. To fall ill on an outing is always exasperating, but beyond that she felt that her enforced seclusion was particularly unfortunate at the moment. Here were two young people, not engaged nor going to be engaged to one another; and for three days or more circumstances had abandoned them to an inevitable and unchaperoned *tête-à-tête!* Mary made light of it; she relied on the fraternal relationship, but that was, after all, a fiction, quite incapable, in Miss Bussey's opinion, of supporting the strain to which it had been subjected. Besides, Mary's sincerity appeared doubtful; the kind girl, anxious to spare her aunt worry, made light of the difficulties of her position, but Miss Bussey detected a restlessness in her manner which clearly betrayed uneasiness. Here, of course, Miss Bussey was wrong; neither Mary nor John were the least self-conscious; they felt no embarrassment, but the poor creatures wore out their spirits in a useless vigil over the letter-rack. Miss Bussey was restored to active life on the morning after the party from Cannes arrived in Paris, and she hastened to emphasize the fact of her return to complete health by the unusual effort of coming down to breakfast. She was in high feather, and her cheery conversation lifted, to some extent, the gloom which had settled on her young friends. While exhorting to patience she was full of hope, and dismissed as chimerical all the darker explanations which the disconsolate lovers suggested as accounting for the silence their communications had met with. Under her influence the breakfast-table became positively cheerful, and at last all the three burst into a hearty laugh at one of the old lady's little jokes.

At this moment Authur Laing entered the room. His brow was clouded. He had searched his purse, his cigar-case, the lining of his hat—in fact every depository where a careful man would be likely to bestow documents whose existence he wished to remember; as no careful man would put such things in the pocket of his "blazer," he had not searched there; and so the telegrams had not appeared, and the culprit was looking forward, with some alarm, to the reception which would await him when he "turned up" to lunch with his friends, as he had promised to do. Hardly, however, had he sat down to his coffee when his sombre thoughts were cleared away by the extraordinary spectacle of young Mr. and Mrs. Ashforth hobnobbing with their maid, the latter lady appearing quite at home and leading the gayety and the conversation. Laing laid down his roll and his knife and looked at them in undisguised amazement.

For a moment doubt of his cherished theory began to assail his mind. He heard the old lady call Ashforth "John;" that was a little strange, and it was rather strange that John answered by saying: "That must be as you wish—I am entirely at your disposal." And yet, reflected Laing, was it very strange, after all? In his own family they had an old retainer who called all the children, whatever their age, by their Christian names, and was admitted to a degree of intimacy hardly distinguishable from that accorded to a relative.

Laing, weighing the evidence *pro* and *contra*, decided that there was an overwhelming balance in favor of his old view, and dismissed the matter with the comment that, if it ever befell him to go on a wedding-tour, he would ask his wife to take a maid with rather less claims on her kindness and his toleration.

That same morning the second pair of telegrams, forwarded by post from Cannes, duly arrived. Dora and Charlie, reading them in the light of their recent happy information, found them most kind and comforting, although in reality they, apart from their missing forerunners, told the recipients nothing at all. John's ran: "Am in Paris at Continental. Please write. Anxious to hear. Everything decided for the best.—John." Mary's to Charlie was even briefer; it said, "Am here at Continental. Why no answer to last?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"It's really very kind of Mr. Ashforth," said Dora to Charlie, as they strolled in the garden of the Tuileries, "to make such a point of what I think. I expect the wire that stupid Mr. Laing lost was just to tell me the date of the marriage."

"Not a doubt of it. Miss Tr—Mrs. Ashforth's wire to me makes that clear. They want to hear that we're not desperately unhappy. Well, we aren't, are we, Dolly?"

"Well, perhaps not."

"Isn't it extraordinary how we mistook our feelings? Of course, though, it's natural in you. You had never been through anything of the sort before. How could you tell whether it was the real thing or not?"

Dora shot a glance out of the corner of her eye at her lover, but did not disclaim the innocence he imputed to her; she knew men liked to think that, and why shouldn't they, poor things? She seized on his implied admission and carried the war into his country.

"But you!—you who are so experienced—how did you come to make such a mistake?"

Charlie was not at a loss.

"It wasn't a mistake *then*," he said. "I was quite right then. Mary Travers was about the nicest girl I had ever seen. I thought her as charming as a girl could be."

"Oh, you did! Then why——"

"My eyes have been opened since then."

"What did that?"

"Why don't you ever pronounce my name?"

"Never mind your name. What opened your eyes?"

"Why, yours, of course."

"What nonsense! They're very nice about it, aren't they? Do you think we ought to call?"

"Shall you feel it awkward?"

"Yes, a little. Sha'n't you? Still we must let them know we're here. Will you write to Mrs. Ashforth?"

"I suppose I'd better. After lunch 'll do, won't it?"

"Oh, yes. And I'll write a note to him. I expect they won't be staying here long."

"I hope not. Hullo, it's a quarter past twelve. We must be getting back. Laing's coming to lunch."

"Where are the Deanes?"

"Lady Deane's gone to Belleville with your father to see slums, and Roger's playing tennis with Laing. He said we weren't to wait lunch. Are you hungry, Dolly?"

"Not very. It seems only an hour since breakfast."

"How charming of you! We've been walking here since ten o'clock."

"Mr. Allerton, will you be serious for a minute? I want to say something important. When we meet the Ashforths there mustn't be a word said about—about—you know."

"Why not?"

"Oh, I couldn't! So soon! Surely you see that. Why, it would be hardly civil to them, would it, apart from anything else?"

"Well, it might look rather casual."

"And I positively couldn't face John Ashforth. You promise, don't you?"

"It's a nuisance, because, you see, Dolly——"

"You're not to get into the habit of saying 'Dolly.' At least not yet."

"Presently?"

"If you're good. Now promise!"

"All right."

"We're not engaged."

"All right."

"Nor thinking of it."

"Rather not."

"That's very nice of you, and when the Ashforths are gone——"

"I shall be duly rewarded?"

"Oh, we'll see. Do come along. Papa hates being kept waiting for his meals, and they must have finished their slums long ago."

They found Lady Deane and the General waiting for them, and the latter proposed an adjournment to a famous restaurant near the Opera. Thither they repaired, and ordered their lunch.

"Deane and Laing will find out where we've gone and follow," said the General. "We won't wait," and he resumed his conversation with Lady Deane on the events of the morning.

A moment later the absentees came in; Sir Roger in his usual leisurely fashion, Laing hurriedly. The latter

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

held in his hand two telegrams, or the crumpled *débris* thereof. He rushed up to the table and panted out, "Found 'em in the pocket of my blazer—must have put 'em there—stupid ass—never thought of it—put it on for tennis—awfully sorry."

Wasting no time in reproaches, Dora and Charlie grasped their recovered property.

"Excuse me!" they cried simultaneously, and opened the envelopes. A moment later both leant back in their chairs, the pictures of helpless bewilderment.

Dora had read: "Marriage broken off. Coming to you 28th. Write directions—Continental, Paris."

Charlie had read: "Engagement at end. Aunt and I coming to Paris—Continental, on 28th. Can you meet?"

Lady Deane was writing in her notebook. The General, Sir Roger, and Laing were busy with the waiter, the *menu*, and the wine-list. Quick as thought the lovers exchanged telegrams. They read and looked at one another.

"What does it mean?" whispered Dora.

"You never saw anything like the lives those ragpickers lead, Dora," observed Lady Deane, looking up from her task. "I was talking to one this morning and he said——"

"Maître d'hotel for me," broke in Sir Roger.

"I haven't a notion," murmured Charlie.

"Look here, what's your liquor, Laing?"

"Anything; with this thirst on me——"

"There are ample materials for a revolution more astonishing and sanguinary——"

"Nonsense, General, you must have something to drink."

"Can they have changed their minds again, Dolly?"

"They must have, if Mr. Laing is——"

"Dry? I should think I was. So would you be, if you'd been playing tennis."

Laing cut across the currents of conversation:

"Hope no harm done, Miss Bellairs, about that wire?"

"I—I—I don't think so."

"Or yours, Charlie?"

Charlie took a hopeful view.

"Upon my honor, Laing, I'm glad you hid it."

"Oh, I see!" cried Laing. "Tip for the wrong 'un, eh, and too late to put it on now?"

"You're not far off," answered Charlie Ellerton.

"Roger, is it to-night that the General is going to take me to the——"

"Hush! Not before Miss Bellairs, my dear! Consider her filial feelings. You and the General must make a quiet bolt of it. *We're* only going to the *Palais-Royal*."

The arrival of fish brought a momentary pause, but the first mouthful was hardly swallowed when Arthur Laing started, hunted hastily for his eyeglass, and stuck it in his eye.

"Yes, it is them," said he. "See, Charlie, that table over there. They've got their backs to us, but I can see 'em in the mirror."

"See who?" asked Charlie, in an irritable tone.

"Why, those honeymooners. I say, Lady Deane, it's a queer thing to have a lady's-maid to breakf—— Why, by Jove, she's with them now! Look!"

His excited interest aroused the attention of the whole party, and they looked across the long room.

"Ashforth's their name," concluded Laing. "I heard the Abigail call him Ashforth; and the lady is——"

He was interrupted by the clatter of a knife and fork falling on a plate. He turned in the direction whence the sound came.

Dora Bellairs leant back in her chair, her hands in her lap; Charlie Ellerton had hidden himself behind the wine-list. Lady Deane, her husband, and the General gazed inquiringly at Dora.

At the same instant there came a shrill little cry from the other end of the room. The mirror had served Mary Travers as well as it had Laing. For a moment she spoke hastily to her companion; then she and John rose, and, with radiant smiles on their faces, ad-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vanced toward their friends. The long-expected meeting had come at last.

Dora sat still, staring sternly. Charlie, peeping out from behind his *menu*, saw the approach.

"Now, in Heaven's name," he groaned, "are they married or aren't they?" and having said this he awaited the worst.

CHAPTER X

MR. AND NOT MRS. ASHFORTH

Suum cuique: to the Man belongeth Courage in great things, but in affairs of small moment Woman is pre-eminent. Charlie Ellerton was speechless; Dora Bellairs, by a supreme effort, rose on shaking legs and advanced with outstretched hands to meet John Ashforth.

"Mr. Ashforth, I declare! Who would have thought of meeting you here?" she exclaimed; and she added in an almost imperceptible, mysterious whisper, "Hush!"

John at once understood that he was to make no reference to the communications which had resulted in this happy meeting. He expressed a friendly gratification in appropriate words. Dora began to breathe again; everything was passing off well. Suddenly she glanced from John to Mary. Mary stood alone, about three yards from the table, gazing at Charlie. Charlie sat as though paralyzed. He would ruin everything.

"Mr. Ellerton," she called, sharply. Charlie started up, but before he could reach Dora's side, the latter had turned to Mary and was holding out a friendly hand. Mary responded with alacrity.

"Miss Bellairs, isn't it? We ought to know one another. I'm so glad to meet you."

Charlie was by them now.

"And how do you do, Mr. Ellerton?" went on Mary, rivalling Dora in composure. And she also added a barely visible and quite inaudible "Hush!"

"Who are they?" asked Deane, in a low voice.

"Their name's Ashforth," answered Laing.

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed the General. "I remember him now. We made his acquaintance at Interlaken, but his name had slipped from my memory. And that's his wife. Fine girl, too. I must speak to him." And full of kindly intent he bustled off and shook John warmly by the hand.

"My dear Ashforth, delighted to meet you again, and under such delightful conditions, too! Ah, well, it only comes once in a lifetime, does it?—in your case anyhow, I hope. I see Dora has introduced herself. You must present me. When was it?"

Portions of this address puzzled John considerably, but he thought it best to do as he was told.

"Mary," he said, "let me introduce General Bellairs—Miss Bellairs's father—to you. General Bell——"

The General interrupted him by addressing Mary with much effusion.

"Delighted to meet you. Ah, you know our young friend Ellerton? Everybody does, it seems to me. Come, you must join us. Waiter, two more places. Lady Deane, let me introduce Mr. Ashforth. They're on their——"

He paused. An inarticulate sound had proceeded from Mary's lips.

"Beg pardon?" said the General.

A pin might have been heard to drop, while Mary, recovering herself, said coldly:

"I think there's some mistake. I'm not Mrs. Ashforth."

"Gad! it's the old 'un," burst in a stage whisper from Arthur Laing, who seemed determined that John Ashforth should have a wife.

The General looked to his daughter for an explanation. Dora dared not show the emotion pictured on her face, and her back was toward the party. Charlie Ellerton was staring with a vacant look at the lady who was not Mrs. Ashforth. The worst had happened.

John came to the rescue. With an awkward laugh he said:

"Oh, you—you attribute too much happiness to me. This is Miss Travers. I—I— Her aunt, Miss Bussey, and she have kindly allowed me to join their travelling party. Miss Bussey is at that table," and he pointed to "the old 'un."

Perhaps it was as well that at this moment, the pent-up feelings which the situation, and above all the remorseful

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

horror with which Laing was regarding his fictitious lady's-maid, overcame Roger Deane. He burst into a laugh. After a moment the General followed heartily. Laing was the next, bettering his examples in his poignant mirth. Sir Roger sprang up.

"Come, Miss Travers," he said, "sit down. Here's the fellow who gave you your new name. Blame him," and he indicated Laing. Then he cried, "General, we must have Miss Bussey, too."

The combined party, however, was not, when fully constituted by the addition of Miss Bussey, a success. Two of its members ate nothing and alternated between gloomy silence and forced gayety—who these were may well be guessed. Mary and John found it difficult to surmount their embarrassment at the *contretemps* which had attended the introduction, or their perplexity over the cause of it. Laing was on thorns lest his distributions of parts and stations in life should be disclosed. The only bright feature was the congenial feeling which appeared at once to unite Miss Bussey and Sir Roger Deane. They sat together, and, aided by the General's geniality and Lady Deane's supramundane calm, carried the meal to a conclusion without an actual breakdown, ending up with a friendly wrangle over the responsibility for the bill. Finally it was on Sir Roger's proposal that they all agreed to meet at five o'clock and take coffee, or what they would, together at a *café* by the water in the Bois de Boulogne. With this understanding the party broke up.

Dora and Charlie, lagging behind, found themselves alone. They hardly dared to look at one another, lest their composure should fail.

"They're not married," said Charlie.

"No."

"They've broken it off!"

"Yes."

"Because of us."

"Yes."

"While we——"

"Yes."

"Well, in all my life, I never——"

"Oh, do be quiet."

"What an infernal ass that fellow Laing——"

"Do you think they saw anything?"

"No. I half wish they had."

"Oh, Mr. Ellerton, what shall we do? They're still in love with us!"

"Rather. They've been waiting for us."

Dora entered the hotel gates and sank into a chair in the court-yard.

"Well?" she asked, helplessly; but Charlie had no suggestion to offer.

"How could they," she broke out indignantly, "how could they break off their marriage at the last moment like that? They—they were as good as married. It's really hardly—people should know their own minds."

She caught sight of a rueful smile on Charlie's face.

"Oh, I know, but it's different," she added, impatiently. "One expects it of you, but I didn't expect it of John Ashforth."

"And of yourself?" he asked, softly.

"It's all your fault, you wicked boy," she answered.

Charlie sighed heavily.

"We must break it to them," said he. "Mary will understand; she has such delicacy of feeling that——"

"You're always praising that girl. I believe you're in love with her still."

"Well, you as good as told me I wasn't fit to black Ashforth's boots."

"Anyhow he wouldn't have—have—have tried to make a girl care for him when he knew she cared for somebody else."

"Hang it! It seems to me Ashforth isn't exactly immaculate. Why, in Switzerland——"

"Never mind Switzerland, Mr. Ellerton, please."

A silence ensued. Then Charlie remarked, with a reproachful glance at Dora's averted face:

"And this is the sequel to Avignon! I shouldn't have thought a girl would change so in forty-eight hours."

Dora said nothing. She held her head very high in the air and looked straight in front of her.

"When you gave me that kiss—" resumed Charlie.

Now this form of expression was undoubtedly ambiguous; to give a kiss may mean: 1. What it literally says—to bestow a kiss. 2. To offer one's self to be kissed. 3. To accept willingly a prof-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fered kiss, and without much straining of words. 4. Merely to refrain from angry expostulation and a rupture of acquaintance when one is kissed—this last partaking rather of the nature of the ratification of an unauthorized act, and being, in fact, the measure of Dora's criminality. But the other shades of meaning caught her attention.

"You know it's untrue; I never did," she cried, angrily. "I told you at the time that no gentleman would have done it."

"Oh, you mean Ashforth, I suppose? It's always Ashforth."

"Well, he wouldn't."

"And some girls I know wouldn't forgive a man on Monday and round on him on Wednesday."

"Oh, you needn't trouble to mention names. I know the paragon you're thinking of!"

They were now at the hotel.

"Going in?" asked Charlie.

"Yes."

"I suppose we shall go to the Bois together?"

"I shall ask papa or Sir Roger to take me."

"Then I'll go with Lady Deane."

"I don't mind who you go with, Mr. Ellerton."

"I'll take care that you're annoyed as little as possible by my presence."

"It doesn't annoy me."

"Doesn't it, D——"

"I don't notice it one way or the other."

"Oh."

"Good-by for the present, Mr. Ellerton."

"Good-by, Miss Bellairs; but I ought to thank you."

"What for?"

"For making it easy to me to do what's right," and Charlie turned on his heel and made rapidly for the nearest *café*, where he ordered an *absinthe*.

Dora went wearily up to her bedroom, and, sitting down, reviewed the recent conversation. She could not make out how, or why, or where they had begun to quarrel. Yet they had certainly not only begun but made very fair progress, considering the time at their disposal. It had all been Charlie's fault. He must be fond of that girl after all; if so, it was not likely that she would let him see that she minded. Let him go to Mary Travers, if—if he liked that sort of prim creature. She, Dora Bellairs, would not interfere. She would have no difficulty in finding several who did care for her. Poor John! How happy he looked when he saw her! It was quite touching. He really looked almost—almost—to her sudden annoyance and alarm she found herself finishing the sentence thus, "almost as Charlie did at Avignon."

"Oh, he's worth a thousand of Charlie," she exclaimed, impatiently.

At half-past four Sir Roger Deane was waiting in the hall. Presently Dora appeared.

"Where are the others?" she asked.

"Charlie's having a drink. Your father and Maud aren't coming. They're going to rest."

"Oh, well, we might start."

"Excuse me, Miss Dora, there's some powder on your nose."

"Oh, is there? Thanks."

"What have you been powdering for?"

"Really, Sir Roger! Besides the sun has ruined my complexion."

"Oh, the sun."

"Yes. Don't be horrid. Do let's start."

"But Charlie——"

"I hate riding three in a *voiture*."

"Oh, and I like riding alone in one, so——"

"No, no. You must come with me. Mr. Ellerton can follow us. He's always drinking, isn't he? I dislike it so."

Sir Roger, with a wink at an unresponsive plaster bust of *M. le President*, followed her to the door. They had just got into their little victoria when Charlie appeared, cigarette in hand.

"Charlie," observed Deane, "Miss Bellairs thinks you'll be more comfortable by yourself than perched on this front seat."

"Especially as you're smoking," added Dora. "*Allez cocher*."

Charlie hailed another vehicle and got in. As he did so he remarked between his teeth, "I'm d——d if I stand it."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHAPTER XI

A DYNAMITE OUTRAGE

On one side of the lake Dora and John walked together, on the other Mary and Charlie. Miss Bussey and Roger Deane sat in the garden of the *café*. The scene round them was gay. Carriages constantly drove up discharging daintily attired ladies and their cavaliers. There was a constant stream of bicycles, some of them steered by fair riders in neat bloomer-suits; the road-waterers spread a grateful coolness in their ambit, for the afternoon was hot for the time of year, and the dust had an almost autumnal volume. Miss Bussey had been talking for nearly ten minutes on end, and now she stopped with an exhausted air, and sipped her coffee. Deane lit another cigar and sat silently looking on at the life that passed and repassed before him.

"It's a curious story," he observed at last.

"Very; but I suppose it's all ended happily now. Look at them, Sir Roger."

"Oh, I see them."

"Their troubles are over at last, poor children; and really I think they've all behaved very well. And yet——"

"Yes?"

"I should have thought Mary and Mr. Ashforth so suited to one another. Well, well, the heart's an unaccountable thing—to an old spinster, anyhow."

"You're right, Miss Bussey. Take my wife and me. You wouldn't have thought we should have hit it off, would you? First year I knew her I hardly dared to speak to her—used to bring up Browning and—(Sir Roger here referred to an eminent living writer) and chaps like that, before I went to see her, you know. No use! I bored her to death. At last I chucked it up."

"Well?"

"And I went one day and talked about the Grand National for half an hour by the clock. Well, she asked me to come again next day, and I went, and told her all about the last burlesque and—and so on, you know. And then I asked her to marry me."

"And she said 'Yes'?"

"Not directly. She said there was an impassable gulf between us—an utter want of sympathy in our tastes and an irreconcilable difference of intellectual outlook."

"Dear me! Didn't that discourage you?"

"I said I didn't care a dash; she was the only girl I ever cared for (all right, Miss Bussey—don't laugh), and I'd have any outlook she liked. I said I knew I was an ass, but I thought I knew a pretty girl when I saw one, and I'd go away if she'd show me a prettier one."

"Well?"

"Well, she didn't."

Miss Bussey laughed a little.

"Of course," resumed Sir Roger, "I've got money, you know, and all that, and perhaps——"

"Sir Roger! what a thing to say of your wife!"

"Well, with another girl—but, hang it, I don't believe Maud would. Still, you see, it's so dashed queer that sometimes——"

"I'm sure she's very fond of you," said Miss Bussey, rather surprised at the confidence and the nature of the confidence which she was receiving.

"I expect it's all right," resumed Deane, more cheerfully, "and that brings us back to where we started, doesn't it?"

"And we started in bewilderment."

"You're puzzled that Dora Bellairs and Ashforth should pair off together and——?"

"Well, the other combination would seem more natural, wouldn't it? Doesn't it surprise you a little?"

"I'm never surprised at anything till I know it's true," said Sir Roger.

"What, you——?"

They were interrupted by the return of their friends, and a move was made. Three vehicles were necessary to take them back, for the twos could, obviously, neither be separated from one another nor united with anybody else, and in procession, Miss Bussey and Deane leading, they filed along the avenues back to the Arc de Triomphe.

They had hardly passed the open Place when their progress was suddenly arrested. A crowd spread almost across

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the broad road, and *sergents-de-ville* imperiously commanded a stop. There was a babble of tongues, great excitement, and a thousand eager fingers pointing at a house. The doorway was in ruins, and workmen were busy shoring it up with beams. In the middle of the crowd there was an open circle, surrounded by *gendarmes*, and kept clear of people. In the middle of it lay a thing like a rather tall, slim watering-pot, *minus* the handle. The crowd, standing on tiptoe and peeping over the shoulders of their guardians, shook their fists at this harmless-looking article and apostrophized it with a wonderful wealth of passionate invectives.

"What in the world's the matter?" cried Miss Bussey, who was nervous in a crowd.

"Revolution, I suppose," responded Deane, calmly, and turning to his nearest neighbor, he continued in the first French that came to him, "*Une autre révolution, n'est-ce-pas, Monsieur?*"

The man stared, but a woman near him burst into a voluble explanation, from the folds of which unlearned English ears disentangled, at the third reiteration, the ominous word, "*Dynamite*," and she pointed to the watering-pot.

"Oh, it'll go off!" shrieked Miss Bussey.

"It's gone off," said Sir Roger. "We're too late," and there was a touch of disappointment in his voice, as he turned and shouted to the others, "Keep your seats! It's all over. Only an explosion."

"Only!" shuddered Miss Bussey. "It's a mercy we weren't killed."

It appeared that this mercy had not stopped at Miss Bussey and her friends. Nobody had been killed—not even the magistrate on the third floor for whose discipline and reformation the occurrence had been arranged; and presently the carriages were allowed to proceed.

Lady Deane's grief at having missed so interesting an occasion was very poignant.

"No, Roger," said she, "it is *not* a mere craving for horrors, or a morbid love of excitement; I wish I had been there to observe the world, because it's just at such moments that people reveal their true selves. The veil is lifted—the veil of hypocrisy and convention—and you see the naked soul."

"You could hear it too, Maud," observed Sir Roger. "Fine chance of improving your French vocabulary. Still, I daresay you're right."

"I'm sure I am."

Deane looked at his wife meditatively.

"You think," he asked, "that being in danger might make people——"

"Reveal their inmost natures and feelings! I'm sure of it."

"Gad! Then we might try."

"What do you mean, Roger?"

"Nothing. You're going out with the General to-night. Very well, I shall take a turn on my own hook."

As he strolled toward the smoking-room, he met Charlie Ellerton.

"Well, old fellow, had a pleasant afternoon?"

"Glorious!" answered Charlie in a husky voice.

"Are we to congratulate you?"

"I—I—well, it's not *absolutely* settled yet, Deane, but—soon, I hope."

"That's right. Miss Bussey told me the whole story, and I think you're precious lucky to get such a girl."

"Yes, aren't I?"

"You don't look over and above radiant."

"Do you want me to go grinning about the hotel like an infernal hyena?"

"I think a chastened joy would be appropriate."

"Don't be an ass, Deane. I suppose you think you're funny."

Sir Roger passed on, with a smile on his lips. As he passed the reading-room Dora Bellairs came out.

"Well, Miss Dora, enjoyed your afternoon?"

"Oh, awfully—except that dreadful explosion."

"You must excuse a friend, you know. I'm awfully glad it's all come right in the end."

"You—you're very kind, Sir Roger. It's—it's—there's nothing quite settled yet."

"Oh, of course not, but still—! Well, I heard all about it and I think he's worthy of you. I can't say more. He seems a capital fellow."

"Yes, isn't he? I——"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Yes?"

"Oh, I'm very, very, *very* happy," and, after making this declaration in a shaky voice, she fairly ran away down the passage. Deane watched her as she went.

"Maud's right," said he. "She always is. There's nothing for it but dynamite. I wonder where it's to be got?"

General Bellairs clapped him on the shoulders.

"Inclined for a turn, Deane? I'm going to see an old servant of mine—Painter's his name. He married my poor wife's French maid, and set up as a restaurant-keeper in the Palais-Royal. I always look him up when I come to Paris."

"I'm your man," answered Deane, and they set out for Mr. Painter's establishment. It proved to be a neat little place, neither of the very cheap nor the very sumptuous class, and the General was soon promising to bring the whole party to *déjeuner* there. Painter was profuse in thanks and called Madame to thank the General. The General at once entered into conversation with the trim little woman.

"Nice place yours, Painter," observed Deane.

"Pleased to hear you say so, Sir Roger."

"Very nice. Ah—er—heard of the explosion?"

"Yes, Sir Roger. Abominable thing, sir. These Socialists——"

"Quite so. Never had one here, I suppose?"

"No, sir. We're pretty well looked after in here."

"Like one?" asked Deane.

"Beg pardon, sir. Ha-ha. No, sir."

"Because I want one."

"You—beg pardon, sir?"

"Look here, Painter. I'll drop in here after dinner for some coffee. I want to talk to you. See? Not a word to the General."

"Glad to see you, Sir Roger, but——"

"All right. I'll put you up to it. Here they come. Present me to Madame."

They went away, having arranged with the Painters for luncheon and a private room on the next day but one.

"Lunch for eight," said Deane. "At least, General, I thought we might ask our friends from the Continental."

"Yes—and young Laing."

"Oh, I forgot him. Yes, Laing, of course. For nine — *neuf*, you know, please, madame."

"That's all right," said the General. "I'm glad to do him a turn."

"Yes, that's all right," assented Sir Roger, with the slightest possible chuckle. "We shall have a jolly lunch, eh, General?"

CHAPTER XII

ANOTHER!

"I SHALL never, never forget your generosity, John."

"No, Mary. It was your honesty and courage that did it."

"I told Mr. Ellerton the whole story, and he seemed positively astonished."

"And Miss Bellairs admitted that when she wrote she considered such a thing utterly impossible. She's changed a little, Mary. She's not so cheerful and light-hearted as she used to be."

"Think what she's gone through. I've noticed just the same in Mr. Ellerton, but——"

"You hope to restore him soon?"

"Oh, well, I expect Miss Bellairs—what a pretty girl she is, John—will soon revive, too, now she is with you again. John, have you observed anything peculiar in Aunt Sarah's manner?"

"To tell you the truth, I fancied she was rather short with me once or twice at dinner."

"I believe she is—isn't pleased at—at what's happened. She hasn't taken much to Mr. Ellerton, and you know she liked you so much, that I think she still wants you as one of the family."

John laughed: then he leant forward and said in a low voice:

"Have you settled anything about dates?"

"N-o. Mr. Ellerton—well he didn't introduce the subject: so of course I didn't. Have you?"

"No, we haven't. I made some suggestion of the kind, but Miss Bellairs

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

didn't fall in with it. She won't even let me ask her father's consent just yet."

"Mr. Ellerton proposes not to announce our—anything—for a few days."

"Well," said John, "I shall insist on an announcement very shortly, and you ought to do the same, Mary. We know the evils—" He checked himself, but Mary was not embarrassed.

"Of secret engagements?" she said, calmly. "We do indeed."

"Besides it's a bore. I couldn't go with Miss Bellairs to the theatre to-night, because she said it would look too marked."

"Yes, and Mr. Ellerton said that if he dined here he might as well announce our engagement from the statue of Strasburg."

John frowned, and Mary perceiving the bent of his thoughts ventured to say, though with a timid air unusual to her:

"I think they're the least little bit inconsiderate, don't you, John—after all we have done for them?"

"Well, I don't mind admitting that I do feel that. I do not consider that Miss Bellairs quite appreciates the effort I have made."

Mary sighed.

"We mustn't expect too much of them, must we?" she asked.

"I suppose not," John conceded; but he still frowned.

When we consider how simple the elements of perfect happiness appear to be, regarded in the abstract, it becomes surprising to think how difficult it is to attain them in the concrete. A kind magician may grant us all we ask, may transport us whither we would go, dower us with all we lack, bring to us one desired companion after another, but something is wrong. We have a toothache, or in spite of our rich curtains there's a draught, or the loved one haps not to be at the moment congenial: and we pitifully pray the wizard to wave his wand again. Would any magician wave his for these four troublesome folk? It must be admitted that they hardly deserved it.

Nevertheless a magician was at work, and, with the expiration of the next night, his train was laid. At eleven o'clock in the forenoon of Friday, Roger Deane had a final interview with the still hesitating Painter.

"But if the police should come, Sir Roger?" urged the fearful man.

"Why, you'll look a fool, that's all. Isn't the figure high enough?"

"Most liberal, Sir Roger, but—but it will alarm my wife."

"If you come to that, it'll alarm my wife."

"Very true, Sir Roger." Painter seemed to derive some comfort from this indirect community of feeling with the aristocracy.

"It'll alarm everybody, I hope. That's what it's for. Now mind—2.30 sharp—and when the coffee's been in ten minutes. Not before! I must have time for coffee."

"Very good, Sir Roger."

"Is the ladder ready?"

"Yes, Sir Roger."

"And the what's-its-name?"

"Quite ready, Sir Roger."

"Let's see it."

It was inspected and pronounced satisfactory. Then Roger Deane set out to return to his hotel, murmuring contentedly:

"If that don't make up their minds for 'em, I don't know what will."

Then he paused suddenly.

"Gad! Will the women have hysterics?" he asked, but in a moment he added, reassuring himself, "Maud never has, and, hang it, we must chance the rest."

Arrived at home he found Arthur Laing kicking his heels in the smoking-room.

"Lunching with you to-day, aren't I, somewhere in the Palais-Royal?" asked the visitor.

"Yes, some place the General's found out. Look here, Laing, are you a nervous man?"

"Nervous! what do you take me for?"

"Lose your head in moments of excitement?"

"I never have 'em."

"Oh, well, hang you! I say, Laing, you're not a fool. Just look here. Anything I say—*anything*, mind — at lunch to-day, you're not to contradict. You're to back me up."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Right you are, old chap."

"And the more infernal nonsense it sounds, the more you're to take your oath about."

"I'm there."

"And finally, you're on no account to lay a finger either on Miss Travers or on Dora Bellairs."

"Hullo! I'm not in the habit of beating women at any time, let alone at a lunch-party."

"I mean what I say: you're not to touch either of them. If you do you'll spoil it. You're to go for Miss Bussey."

"She's not done me any harm."

"Never mind. As soon as the row begins and I say, 'Save the ladies!' you collar Miss Bussey. See?"

"Oh, I see. Seems to me we're going to have a lively lunch. Am I to carry the old lady?"

"Yes."

"Oh, by Jove! How's my biceps? Just feel, will you?"

Deane felt and gravely pronounced the muscle to be equal to its task Laing was much gratified, and awaited the unknown future with philosophic patience.

Sir Roger had predicted "a jolly lunch," but, in its early stages, the entertainment hardly earned this description. Something was wrong somewhere; Dora started by refusing, very pointedly, to sit near Charlie Ellerton; and yet, when she found herself between Ashforth and Laing, she was absent, silent, and melancholy. Charlie, on the other hand, painfully practised a labored attentiveness to Mary Travers which contrasted ill with his usual spontaneous and gay courtesy. Miss Bussey wore an air of puzzled gravity, and Laing kept looking at her with a calculating eye. He seemed to be seeking the best grip. Lady Deane and the General, engrossed in a *tête-à-tête* discussion, did little to promote the hilarity of the table, and it was left to Deane to maintain the flow of conversation as he best could. Apparently he found the task a heavy one, for, before long, he took a newspaper out of his pocket, and, *à propos* one of his own remarks, began to read a highly decorated account of the fearful injuries under which the last victim of the last diabolical explosion had been in danger of succumbing. Sir Roger read his grewsome narrative with much emphasis, and as he laid down the paper he observed:

"Well, I hope I'm not more of a coward than most men, but in face of dynamite—ugh!" and he shuddered realistically.

"I should make for the door," said Laing.

"Yes, but in this case the bomb was at the door!"

"Then," said Laing, "I should exit by the window."

"But this poor man," remarked Mary Travers, "stayed to rescue the woman he loved," and her eyes rested for an instant in confident affection on Charlie Ellerton.

"We should all do as much, I trust," said John, glancing at Dora Bellairs.

"I'm sure I hope you won't have to," said Dora, rather ungraciously.

"Think what a convincing test of affection it would be," suggested Deane, persuasively. "After that you could never doubt that the man loved you."

"My good Sir Roger," observed Miss Bussey, "it would be common humanity."

"Suppose there were two girls," said Laing, "and you couldn't take 'em both!"

Deane hastily interposed.

"Haven't we had enough of this dreary subject?" he asked, and he frowned slightly at Laing.

"Isn't it about time for coffee?" the General suggested.

Deane looked at his watch.

"What does the time matter, Deane, if we're ready?"

"Not a bit. 2.20. That's all right," and he rang the bell.

Painter came in with the coffee: the little man looked rather pale and nervous, but succeeded in serving the company without upsetting the cups. He came to Deane last.

"Is everything ready?" whispered that gentleman, and receiving a trembling "Yes, sir," he added, "in ten minutes."

"This," he observed out loud, "has been a pleasant gathering—a pleasant end to our outing."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"What? you're going?" asked Miss Bussey.

"Yes: my wife and I cross to England to-morrow."

"I shall go the next day," announced the General, "if Dora is ready."

John threw a glance toward Dora, but she was busy drinking her coffee.

"Well," said Deane, "I hope we may soon meet again, under equally delightful circumstances, in London. At any rate," he added with a laugh, "then we shall be safe from——"

Crash! A loud noise came from the door, as if of some metallic substance thrown against the panels.

"Hullo!" said Laing.

"Oh, somebody tumbled downstairs," said Deane, reassuringly. "Don't move, Miss Bussey."

"Oh, but Sir Roger, what is it? What do you think?" It didn't sound at all like what you say."

The General laughed.

"Come, Miss Bussey. I don't suppose it's——"

As he spoke the form of Painter appeared at the open window. He was breathless, and shrieked hastily.

"Dynamite, dynamite! Save yourselves! It'll be off in a minute."

"Then I shall be off in half a minute," said Laing.

There was a rush to the door: and Laing, remembering his instructions joined hastily in it.

"No, no. The bomb's there!" cried Painter, excitedly.

They stood still in horror for ten seconds.

"To the window, to the window, for your lives! Save the ladies!" cried Sir Roger Deane.

CHAPTER XIII

FAITHFUL TO DEATH

The ladies looked at one another. Even in that awful moment, the becoming, the seemly, the dignified had its claims. The window was narrow: the ladder—Mary Travers had gone to look at it — was steep: a little, curious, excited crowd was gathering below. Deane saw their hesitation. He rushed to the door and cautiously opened it. The thing was there! Across the very entrance—that villainous oblong case! And from below came a shriek—it was Madame's voice, and a cry of "Quick! quick!"

"This," said the General, firmly (he had been through the Mutiny), "is not a time for punctilio. Excuse me," and he lifted Lady Deane in his stalwart arms and bore her toward the window.

With a distant reminiscence of the ball-room, Arthur Laing approached Miss Bussey, murmuring "May I have the—" and, with a mighty effort swung the good lady from the ground. She clutched his cravat wildly, crying "Save me!"

Mary Travers was calmness itself. With quiet mien and unfaltering voice. she laid her hand on Charlie's arm and murmured:

"I am ready, Charlie."

At the same moment John Ashforth, the light of heroism in his eye, whispered to Dora, "You must trust yourself implicitly to me."

"Quick, quick!" cried Deane, "or its's all up with you. Quick, Ashforth! Quick, Charlie, quick, man!"

There was one more pause. Mary's hand pressed a little harder. John's arm was advancing toward Dora's waist. Sir Roger looked on with apparent impatience.

"Are you never going?" he called. "Must I——"

Suddenly a loud cry rang out. It came from Miss Bellairs.

"Oh, Charlie, save me, save me!" she cried, and then and there flung herself into his arms.

"My darling!" he whispered loudly, and catching her up made for the window. As they disappeared through it, Deane softly and swiftly opened the door and disappeared in his turn. Mary and John were left alone. Then Mary's composure gave way. Sinking into a chair she cried:

"And I am left! Nobody cares for me. What shall I do?"

"In an instant John's strong arm was round her. "I care for you!" he cried, and raising her almost senseless form, he rushed to the window. The ladder was gone!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Gone!" he shrieked. "Where is it?"

There was no answer. The little crowd had gone too.

"We are lost," he said.

Mary opened her eyes.

"Lost!" she re-echoed.

"Lost! Abandoned—by those who loved—ah, no, no, Mary. In the hour of danger—then we see the truth."

Mary's arms clasped him closer.

"Ah, John, John," she said, we must die together, dear."

John stooped and kissed her.

Suddenly the door was opened and Deane entered. He wore a comically apologetic look, and carried an oblong metal vessel in his right hand.

"Excuse me," he said. "There's been er—slight but very natural mistake. It wasn't—er—exactly dynamite—it's er—a preserved-peach tin. That fool Painter——"

"Then we're safe!" cried Mary.

"Yes, thank Heaven," answered Deane, fervently.

"Oh, John!" she cried.

Sir Roger, with a smile, retired and closed the door after him.

Downstairs Lady Deane and Miss Bussey, forgetful of their sufferings, were restoring Madame Painter to her senses; Painter was uncorking a bottle of champagne for Arthur Laing; Sir Roger Deane was talking in a low voice and persuasive tones to an imposing representative of the police. What passed between them is unknown; possibly only words, possibly something else; at any rate, after a time, Deane smiled, the great man smiled responsively, saluted, and disappeared, murmuring something about *Anglais, milords*, and *drôles*—the precise purport of his reflections could not be distinctly understood by those in the house, for civility made him inarticulate, but when he was safely outside he looked at a piece of crisp paper in his hand, then, with his thumb pointing over his shoulder, he gave an immense shrug, and exclaimed:

"*Mais voila un grand fou!*" and to this day he considers Roger Deane the very type of a maniac.

Mary and John descended. As soon as they appeared Dora jumped up from her seat and ran toward John, crying,

"Oh, Mr. Ashforth!"

While Charlie, advancing more timidly to Mary, murmured: "Forgive me, but——"

Mary with a slight bow, John, with a lift of his hat, both without a halt or a word, passed through the room, arm-in-arm, and vanished from Mr. Painter's establishment.

Sir Roger had seized on Laing's champagne and was pouring it out. He stopped now, and looked at Dora. A sudden gleam of intelligence glanced from her eyes. Rushing up to him, she whispered, "You did it all? It was all a hoax?"

He nodded.

"And why?"

"Ask Charlie Ellerton," he answered.

"Oh, but Mr. Ashforth and Mary Travers are so angry!"

"With one another?"

"No, with us."

Sir Roger looked her mercilessly full in the face, regardless of her blushes.

"That," he observed with emphasis, "is exactly what you wanted, Miss Bellairs."

Then he turned to the company, holding a full glass in his hand. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "some of us have had a narrow escape. Whether we shall be glad of it or sorry hereafter, I don't know—do you, Charlie? But here's a health to——"

But Dora, glancing apprehensively at the General, whispered, "Not yet!"

"To Dynamite!" said Sir Roger Deane.

POSTSCRIPT

It should be added that a fuller, more graphic, and more sensational account of the outrage in the Palais-Royal than this pen has been capable of inscribing will appear, together with much other curious and enlightening matter, in Lady Deane's next work. The authoress also takes occasion in that work—and there is little doubt that the subject was suggested by the experiences of some of her friends—to discuss the nature, quality, and duration of the Passion of Love. She concludes—if it be permissible thus far to anticipate the publication of her book—that all

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

True Love is absolutely permanent and unlimitable, untried by circumstance and untouched by time; and this opinion is, she says, indorsed by every woman who has ever been in love. Thus fortified, the conclusion seems beyond cavil. If, therefore, any incidents here recorded appear to conflict with it, we must imitate the discretion of Plato and say, either these persons were not Sons of the Gods—that is, True Lovers —or they did not do such things. Unfortunately, however, Lady Dean's proof-sheets were accessible too late to allow of the title of this story being changed. So it must stand—"The Wheel of Love;" but if any lady (men are worse than useless) will save the author's credit by proving that wheels do not go round, he will be very much obliged—and will offer her every facility.

THE END.

LIKE TO A SONGLESS BIRD

By M. L. van Vorst

LIKE to a songless bird that swings
On some high branch and thrills to hear,
How the deep-hearted forest rings,
With melody so rich and clear,

And vainly swells his throat to wake
A song as pure as these that fill
The wood, and every echo shake,
While he alone is dumb and still.

So, thrilling to the music dear
Since the first song woke low and sweet,
To all pure sound I bend my ear,
And with my heart the rhythms beat.

Until the palpitating past,
With melody becomes so rife,
With parted lips and hands locked fast,
I hear all songs of Love and Life.

I try to lift my voice to wake
A song as pure as these that fill
All time, the vaults with music shake,
And I alone am dumb and still.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE POINT OF VIEW

MR. STEVENSON once wrote an Apology for Idlers, but it has long seemed to me that someone (I do not, myself, propose to do it) should set down an Apology for Workers, as a protest against certain lamentable habits of thought into which the modern worker has fallen. The suspicion seems never to have occurred to him that he may, after all, have been called upon to labor, not because of any peculiar ability on his own part, nor because there is anything specially meritorious in labor itself, but simply because he has an heirship in the common primal curse. Having contrived, in some way, at the outset, to shed upon his vocation a certain glory of the fancy, thenceforward he courts work "like a mistress," and chooses to consider his calling as a sacred and binding function; not as a means to a living, but as Life itself, and altogether the most important part of his entirety.

In my idle youth I once listened on a sunny, odorous Sunday with an unregenerate and doubting heart while a perspiring theologian contended that when man lost Paradise unto himself, a wise Creator gave him Toil as the best possible recompense. Perhaps the preacher was right, though I hardly think the biblical account would bear him out. Perhaps work is the most efficacious means of grace and growth; but it is a sorry substitute for Eden!

One must discriminate here, of course, between that vital, spontaneous play of mind and muscle in the easy delight which was their creative intent, and that acquired instinct for busyness which prompts a man to think better of doing ill than of doing nothing at all. The natural man would leap and shout and run and wrestle, to be sure, but it is to be questioned whether, without the high and heroic compulsions of civilization, he would put a submissive head into the yoke to swink and sweat for the mere sense of virtue resulting therefrom. Indeed it is quite improbable that he would recognize any virtue in such behavior, there being not yet established in his mind that instinct for self-supremacy which is at the root of much of the modern love of activity. Mr. La Farge tells us that he has seen a crew of big Samoans often outpull the same number of English sailors in a short race, but that in a long, tough contest the little underfed Cockneys invariably outdid the others. And this, not because of any physical superiority in the Englishmen (the Samoans could have beaten them over and over), but simply because of the *habit* of winning in the English blood which brought into play an incalculable nervous force against which mere physical strength, unfed by desire, counted as nothing. To the natural man in such case there is nothing to pull for, a matter of supremacy being of no importance, and such exertion as brings weariness to the flesh no matter of love. The savage is too self-sufficient to admit rivalry; the man is greater than the worker.

It is just possible, you see, that this compelling impulse toward work for work's sake may not be the respectable thing we have taken it for; that it may even indicate a deficiency in the individual, just as men ravenously read indiscriminate printed matter, to avoid the *ennui* of their own barren minds. Physicians are accustomed to find among the earliest symptoms of nervous disintegration an abnormal eagerness for activity. "Most of the work of the world is done by the men and the women who are not very well. They

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cannot keep still; they are not strong enough," said a shrewd physician to me once.

Perhaps my friend was whimsical, perhaps he was scientific. At any rate, Napoleon and Cæsar were epileptics, and Diogenes a healthy man. Nor have I ever found a man, wholesome and lovable to the core, who had not somewhere in his composition a capacity for wide and smiling idleness. For your over-busy person needs be of necessity a coward or an egotist. Either he permits himself to be whipped by Life into a nervous and flinching energy, because he is not strong enough and courageous enough to offer the necessary resistance, or else he is of that class of self-appointed heroes who have a taste for being at the front and who find no privilege of exemption half so dear as the opportunity for self-expression that comes with participation. A great deal of unnecessary work, such as Congresses for Discussions, and Societies for Advancements, and *fin-de-siècle* literature, gets itself done in this way, and by these persons, not because the world is in any way benefited by such performances, but simply because the performers are not able to efface themselves and their opinions. One longs at last for the cool presence of the idler, to whom "life is for itself, and not for a spectacle," and who has no feeling of uneasy resentment that there is not provided a desperate situation for him to redeem. I do not believe that Shakespeare ever thought the better of himself, except perhaps before Anne Hathaway and his debtors, for having written the sonnets, nor am I uncomfortable in the opinion that Shakespeare's peers have lived and died, so blessed by Fortune and a high indifference as to be under no temptation to coin their gold and barter it for a world's consideration. For in the richest nature its activities distil back into itself, and thereby is knowledge fortified into wisdom and both ripen into character. Happy and thrice happy is the man whose life to him a kingdom is, and who is of the royal blood to sit down and enjoy it.

At the time of the late change of ministry in England it was related in the newspapers, with a solemnity befitting the theme, how when Lord Salisbury found it necessary to communicate with Lord Rosebery in the crisis of affairs, on a trainless Sunday afternoon, Lord Salisbury's secretary, "who was an expert bicycler," mounted his wheel and rode hard some thirty miles bearing his chief's message to the retiring premier. As he dashed up, spurning the flying gravel with his pneumatic tire, and whirling with glowing axle—O hapless muse, an axle with ball-bearings cannot even glow!—I wonder if Lord Rosebery, who is a man of imagination, noted what a historic scene was here enacted. The historian, at all events, should not fail to note it; and when, at the coronation of future kings of England, the champion rides into the great hall at Westminster on a Humber to throw down the king's glove to all comers, or when some future Jefferson tethers his Columbia to the White House fence as he goes to his inauguration, the memory of the gallant McDonnell, first to bear upon a bicycle the high affairs of state, shall recur to men.

Romance, we are assured, is a matter of association. Beauty is a matter of convention. We have been accustomed to associate with heroic action a four-legged, round-bellied, long-headed animal which is not intrinsically beautiful, which has been proved in the *Evening Post* to be overrated as to its intelligence and ability, and which many of us cannot even ride. Will it be a matter for surprise if our descendants transfer the feeling to a steel machine which is even now inspiring verse and fiction? When new Esmonds and Castlewoods "spin" and "scorch" over dark roads after recreant princes, and poets tell how Dirck and Joris burst a tire or broke a pedal on their way from Ghent to Aix, they will have changed their mounts but not their minds. Lovers will still "ride together, forever ride;" of "the bicycle in war" we hear already; and there will be plenty of young Harries, "vaulting with such ease into their seats," to witch the world with noble wheelmanship. Young Lochinvars will come out of the West on the best wheels in all the broad Border—but this literature of the future is too full of great possibilities to let us follow it.

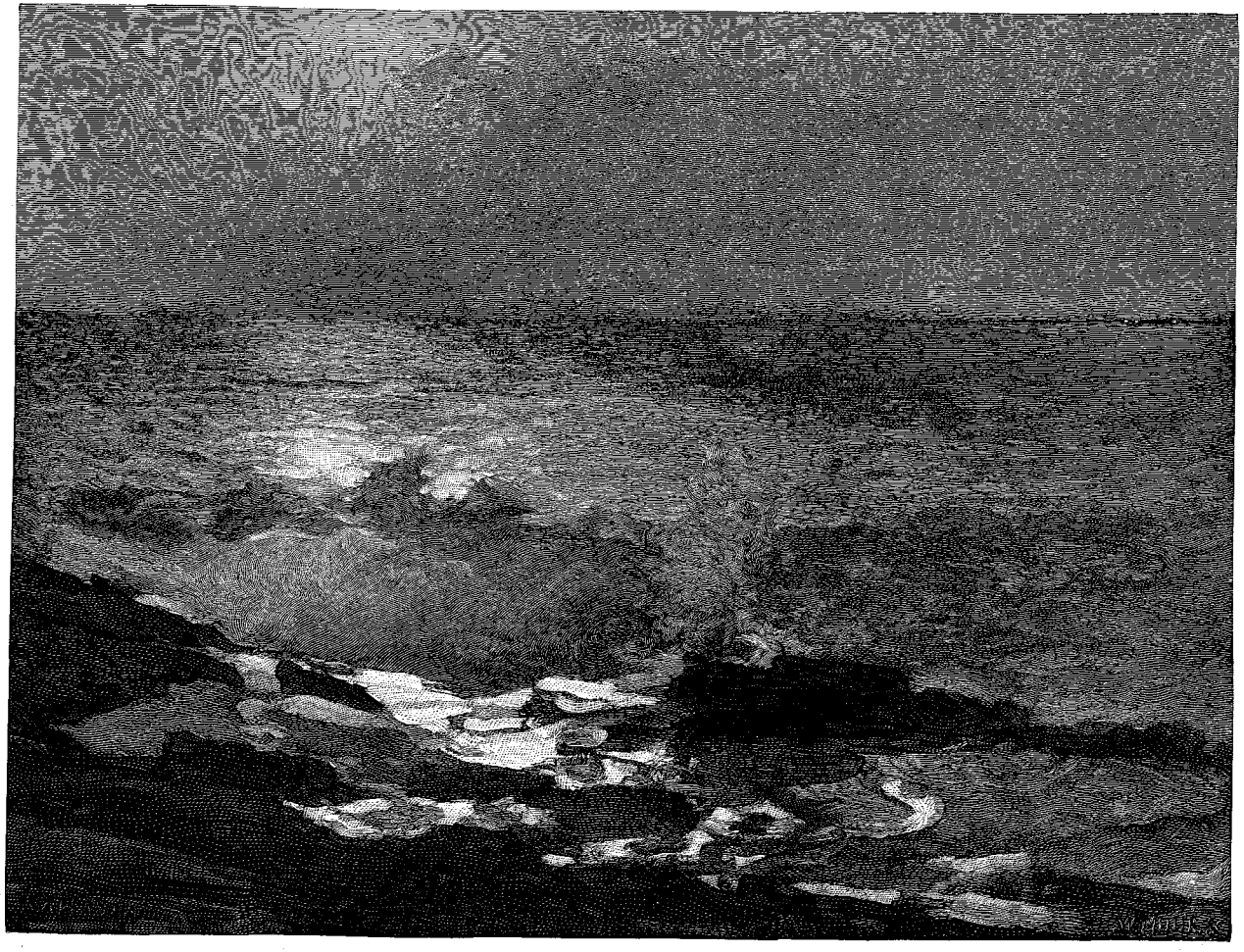
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To one great disadvantage of the bicycle in heroic situations it is perhaps wise though painful to call attention, in the hope that some remedy may be devised. You cannot sit still upon it. After a heroic action it is impossible to pose. When the hero has done the active part of his heroism he must ignominiously get off. That this will greatly limit the introduction of the bicycle into pictorial art cannot be doubted, and it is unfavorable also to the making of stirring addresses such as heroes affect. If Mr. McDonnell could have reined his smoking bicycle back upon its haunches while he handed his letter to Lord Rosebery with a few appropriate remarks, we might have had the scene preserved for us by the brush; as it is, a few words like these must alone embalm it.

THE element of companionship enters seriously into golf. It enters considerably into most games, so that the majority of us care more whom we play with than what we play. But one could play tennis with any player whose skill approximated to his own without much thought of his personal idiosyncrasies, for the net yawns and stretches between tennis players, keeping them apart; and while they are playing the action is too lively to permit the communication of anything but the ball. But a fit person to play tennis with is one thing and a thoroughly satisfactory person to play golf with is another. Ivan Putter, in whose society I had the good fortune to be thrown last summer, was such a person. This summer I did not have the advantage of his company, and I have grieved over our separation at many holes with wistful appreciation of his qualities as a golfer. It is true that he was no very great shakes with his clubs. I could drive farther than he could and put about as well, and though I did not win more than my share of games from him, I had always the solace of being persuaded that he was not really in my class at golf, and that any day when I was really myself and playing my game I could beat him. Somehow I was seldom myself and rarely played my game, whereas his game, such as it was, he was usually able to put up, so that the disparity between my estimate of his skill and my opinion of my own was not a real hindrance to our rivalry. But irrespective of his abilities with drivers and mashies he had traits of surprising value. For one thing he is an excessively lazy man and always arranged beforehand for a good supply of caddies both for himself and me, and he trained his caddies—which were casual boys picked up haphazard—so well that they were an example to mine, and the standard of efficiency of the whole squad was high. Then he usually spent the evening in reading the golf-rules and in making himself an authority on points of etiquette and play, with the result that my head was as little troubled with knowing the rules as it was with knowing the caddies. He took his game seriously, never trifling with a stroke, exulting when he made a good one, grieving when he didn't, and working hard all the time. And when he wasn't attending to his own game he was paying close attention to mine. That was perhaps his greatest charm. When it was my drive he waved out the four caddies, advised me as to my tee, and stood over the stroke. If it was a good one it was doubly glorious. If it was a miss or a foozle he helped me swear. His interest kept mine always warm, so that I held almost as much of my breath over his strokes as he over mine. He insisted on perfect order in turns, and indeed on every propriety the rules suggested; and when there was a ball lost he abandoned it with the same reluctance when it was mine as when it was his.

A railroad crosses the links where Ivan Putter habitually plays. Mindful of his deliberation, I have dreaded all summer to hear that he had been run over by the cars between the cow-pasture and the home hole. But I hope he may be spared, for since I played with him I have played with other men, men who scurry helter skelter across the fields, chasing their balls like terriers after tom-cats, men who know few rules and respect not those, men who pay little attention to their own play and none to mine, triflers, scorners of etiquette, ignorant and without a standard. They mean well enough, poor gentlemen, but how I wish they might be apprenticed for a time to Ivan Putter and learn to temper their methods with some of the graces of his admirable spirit.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ON THE COAST—MOONLIGHT.

ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM MILLER.

From the painting by Winslow Homer. By permission of the owner, Thomas B. Clarke, Esq.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED